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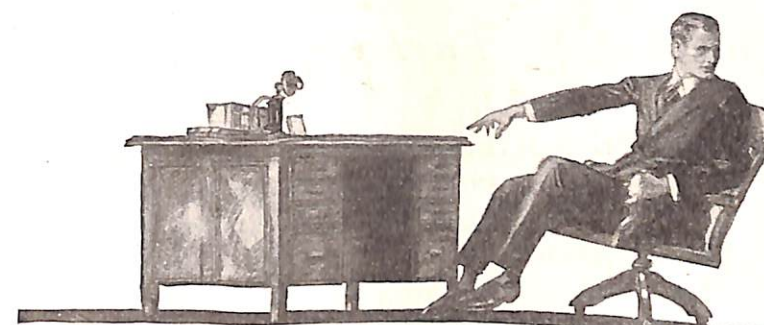
OUR DEAR CHILDREN *Then and Now*

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

SAMUEL MERWIN . . . DREW HILL
WALTER DELEON ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
AND OTHERS

You may be slipping, too—

and you may
not know it



AMONG THE MEN who have enrolled for the Alexander Hamilton Institute are 38,000 presidents and business heads. Here is the story of one of them which is rather unusual.

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"I don't think you need to tell me anything about your Modern Business Course and Service," he said. "A number of my friends have taken it. They are enthusiastic. I trust their judgment. Let me have an enrollment blank."

The Institute man laid it before him. He picked up his pen and then paused for a moment, looking out of the window. Abruptly he swung around again and wrote his name.

"I have been slipping," he exclaimed. "For some months I have been conscious of it. Conditions have changed in business since I began; problems come up that need something more than merely rule-of-thumb experience. I've got to have someone helping me here, and the easiest way to get really reliable help, I guess, is to take on your experts as my private guides and advisors."

We say this story is unusual. Why? Because he was slipping and

knew it. Thousands are slipping and don't. Every man in business is either lifting himself steadily, hand over hand, or he is slipping. There is no such thing as standing still.

There are four signs of slipping; four separate groups of men who ought to-day to send for "Forging Ahead in Business," the book which gives all the facts about the Institute's training.

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1. The man who sees opportunities for bigger undertakings, but who lacks the self-confidence to go ahead; who is afraid to reach out and assume responsibility; who knows that he lacks the knowledge on which to base large decisions. *The Institute can help that man.*
2. The man who has worked for many months without a salary increase. He has slipped; he may not know it, but he has. He needs some definite addition to his business knowledge, something to set him apart from his competitors, to make the men higher up take a new interest in him. *The Institute can help that man.*
3. The man who has stayed in the same position and sees no future. He may have had petty routine increases, but he has slipped. He is every day nearer to old age. He has been content with slow progress when the progress

might have been rapid and sure. *The Institute can help that man.*

4. The man who knows only one department of business. He may be a good salesman, but, if he knows nothing of accounting, banking, costs, factory and office management, and corporation finance, he will be a salesman always. He may be a good accountant, and never reach beyond the accounting department. The man at the top must know *something about everything*. *The Institute can help that man.*

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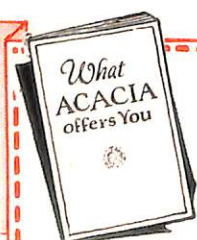
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PARENTS annually face the problem of guiding the ambitions of their children. Too many high school and college graduates hop about like human fleas before each lands in his appointed niche in life. Many eminent authors and stu-

dents of humanity are agreed on one point in the solution of this problem: Each human being is born with a predilection for some particular task and the chances favor his success in life if he follows this bent. Read *What Career Will you Choose?* By Earl Chapin May in the March Issue.

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Instantly, as the gangster turned, there was a shot, and Scarci collapsed. Two perfect murders had been staged in the police station.

Read

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

W

HAT is it worth? That is a question of paramount interest to every investor about each security which he holds or contemplates holding. Failure to secure a satisfactory answer has caused grief and heartburnings since prehistoric man first began to acquire personal belongings. The correct answer is simple. An investment is worth just what the holder can get for it today. This answer is the same for every kind of property as well as stocks and bonds.

Most of the mistakes which are made in answering the question come from confusing the value of an investment to the holder and its value to others. If its value to others is greater than its value to the owner, the latter naturally sells it. If it is worth more to him than others are willing to offer, he will hold it. But its actual value is just what he can get for it today.

Every investment has a prospective value entirely outside its real value. Stock may have a prospective value greater than its real value because business is expanding and its costs decreasing. It may be sure that a corporation which is not now making profits will make them when certain transportation difficulties are overcome. This is the case in some oil companies with developed output in far away districts. Another company, on the contrary, may have but a few more years of life even though, at the moment, it is paying high dividends. A case in point is a communications concern which has leased its equipment to another company and has its dividends assured during the life of the lease. The lease has but a few more years to run. It is doubtful if it is renewed and a question if any one else will want the property. Its prospective value therefore is less than its present value.

Prospective value always has a time element. But if a member of your family must have an expensive operation and you need cash at once, you cannot count on prospective value. You must take for your investment just what you can get.

Confusion of prospective value and real value has left many a widow and her children facing the world with only the most meager protection.

Scores of men will tell you they have a sound well rounded list of investments. But on examination it will be found that they have stocks and bonds which cannot be sold at any price or which if sold quickly must be disposed of at a sacrifice. No good thief would steal the Cullinan, the Kohinoor or the Hope diamonds. They could not sell them. They have prospective value but their real value is small. A man may have a country estate which cost him a million dollars but until he can find a customer willing to pay a million dollars, it may be a liability instead of an asset since he must pay taxes on it and pay to keep it up.

It is undoubtedly a sound policy for every

investor to select such investment mediums as can be turned into cash at a moment's notice. That is part of the functions of the legitimate stock markets and exchanges. These, by providing a free broad market for stocks and bonds, not only serve to establish their real value but check this by discounting also the prospective value of each stock and bond.

Investors frequently ask why such and such a stock is selling at a price so high as to yield investors only 2 percent on the investment. The answer may be that the market has discounted the fact that the earnings of the company are such that an increase in dividends or an extra distribution is almost certain. Also it may be that a stock paying 6 percent on par is selling at a price to yield 10 or more because one of the chief customers of the company involved is about to terminate its contract, and earnings are expected to fall off.

Nothing is sure in this life, especially in the stock market. Many have found out that promises are not entirely reliable. Stocks which "promise" to advance may drop instead. The only certainty about promises is that they will be kept—if advantageous to the promiser.

The promise of Hot Dog Luigi is a case in point. Luigi, believing that trade follows the dollar if not the flag, picked out a corner near a prominent bank to park his hot dog stand. He secured permission from the bank which owned the space. Luigi prospered and boasted of his success to a countryman.

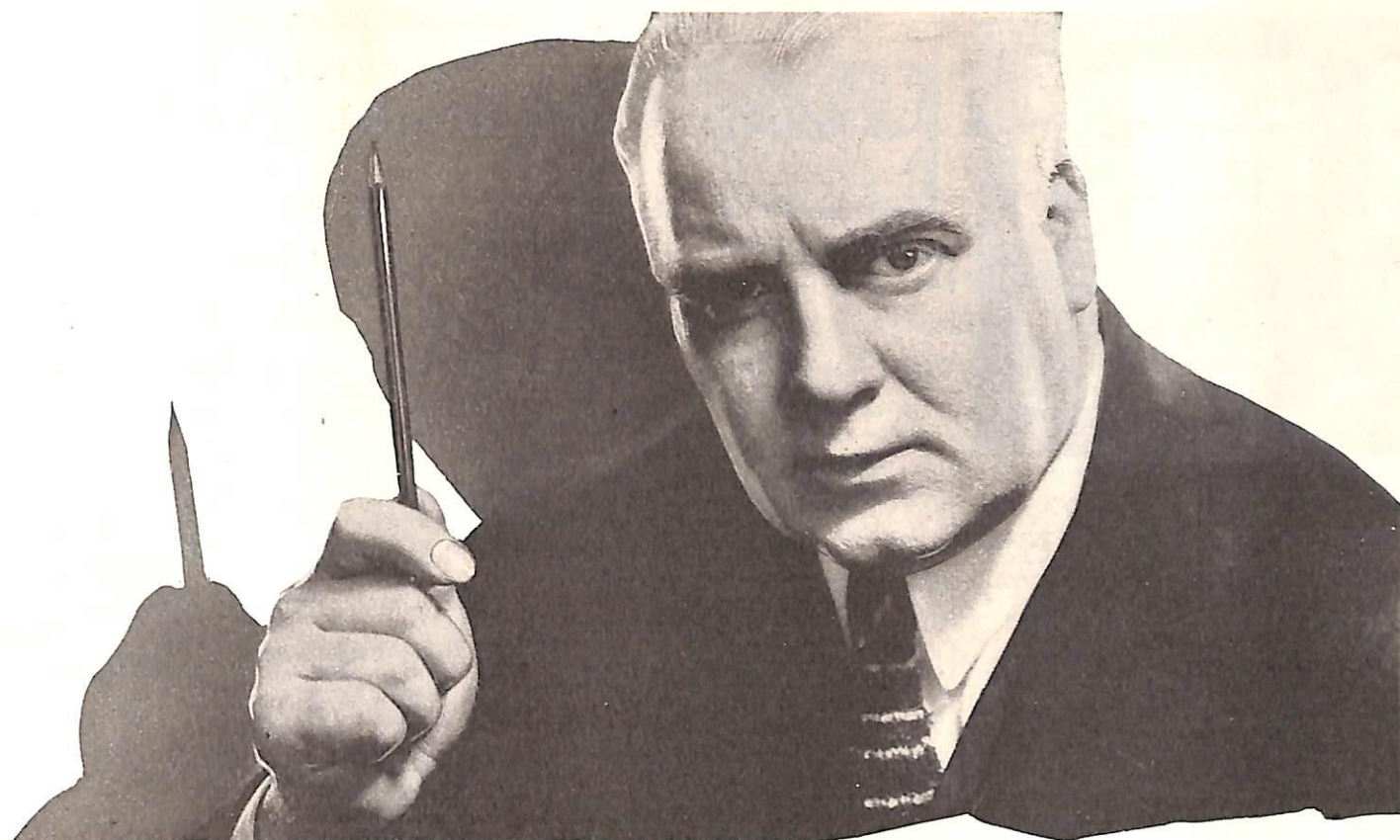
"First week I mak da feefty dollar. Next week eighty-five dollar. Next week ninety dollar. Not a week under da feefty," he exulted.

His hearer congratulated him fully, praised his business acumen and wondered at his good luck. Then he gently insinuated that since fortune had smiled on Luigi, the latter might be in a position to lend his friend twenty-five dollars.

"Empossible" shouted Luigi. "I lika you fine, Guiseppi. I trus' you weet all I got. But I gotta keep da promise to de bank. We gotta agreement, da bank and Luigi. I promise da bank if it no sella da hot dog, I no loana da money."

Service for Investors

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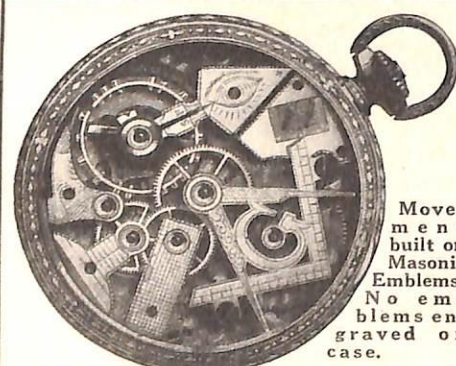
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The Joy of Winter Sports

By Anne C. Granbeck

WHEN the mercury in the sports thermometer begins to go up, that is the time to look about for a place that offers outdoor gaieties. Samuel M. Baylis has said,

"I sing you a song tonight, my lads
A song of the frost and snow;
Of the sport so rare and the bracing air
That quicken the pulse's flow!"

There seems to me to be no joy in the world equal to the sports provided by good old Winter.

It is not necessary to go too far either if you do not wish to, for right here, only so far as the Catskills, the Adirondacks and in New England there is an abundance of outdoor sport available.

In that equable climate of Denver, there is no rigid calendar of sports weather. During winter carnival days, while paradoxically the sun shines, there is even a chance for the golf enthusiast after the sun has melted the winter ice on a glacial formation. Here the professional and amateur may take their fill of snow-shoeing, skiing and tobogganing while a delightful jaunt to St. Mary's glacier provides a carnival frolic in snow banks. The lure of winter sports is yours within an hour's ride from Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo and other resort towns. The annual festival in the snow-clad Rockies in the Rocky Mountains National Park is something never to be forgotten.

Further west the wonderful Yosemite Valley offers a glorious comfort for the winter sports lover. This is one of our National Parks which is open all year round, mainly for winter amusements. Also in the far west, Lake Tahoe, atop the high Sierras, nestles among the evergreen forests and snow-clad mountains. All winter sports abound here.

To those who would northward go, Canada beckons. Kipling has called Canada "Our Lady of the Snows"—the vital daughter of the motherlands of Britain and France—for standing high on the King's Bastion, above the city of Quebec, it becomes during the three months of winter a matchless city of white romance. Montreal and Quebec, indeed, are places where winter sports reign. Lovers of scenery will thrill at the Canadian Pacific Rockies. The capital of Rocky Mountain Park, Banff, is famous throughout the world as one of the most beautiful and fascinating of mountain resorts. During a snow-fall it appears like magic fairyland. The sun shines on Banff in winter as well as in summer, and the blessed whispering chinook, that mysterious, soft breeze, comes down the valley now and again, but rarely ending the brisk, tonic-like air. Here you will find ski-jumping, ski-joring, snow-shoeing, carnivals, hockey, the famous dog derby, tobogganing and trap shooting. There is even swimming, but do not shiver, for the famous hot sulphur baths that are fed by the springs bubbling from the ground make it a warm pleasure in itself.

For those, however, who would go across the seas for their winter joys, synonymously with ice, snow and outdoor winter recreation, comes the word Switzerland. Who has not dreamed of watching the famous Olympic games at St. Moritz? Here in the high famous Alps one comes away rejuvenated.

Hilaire Belloc has described the unearthly impression produced by the Alps, "up there in the sky to which only clouds belong, and the last trembling colors of pure light have stood fast... and this it is which leads men to climb mountain tops." Those who are not keen about climbing may enjoy the fascination of looking upward to these thrilling heights. Switzerland is undoubtedly the playground of Europe in the winter time.

In France, one goes not to the north, but to the southeast or the southwest for winter sports. It is among the mountain ranges of perpetual snow, the Alps or the Pyrenees, the greatest variety of winter pastimes is found. The Queen, and most fashionable, is Chamonix in the French Alps. An elaborate program of winter sports and fêtes is arranged each season. In the Pyrenees, at Superbagnères-Luchon, the French Alpine Club annually arranges its championship contests. Peira-Cava in the Alps is only two hours from Nice. Leaving after breakfast in an atmosphere of flowers and palms, several hours of skating and skiing on the fields of ice can be enjoyed and still be back in a spring climate the same afternoon.

Practically all of the famous mountain districts have developed winter sport facilities in Germany. Nature has been kindness personified, endowing Germany with every advantage to make her a universal winter playground. The Bavarian Mountains, the Black Forest in its idealic solitude, the picturesque Harz, the romantic Riesengebirge are enchanting beyond words, with the deep ravines and gorgeous colored stalactites of ice, carved into fantastic shapes by Jack Frost. Even Berlin has become a winter resort. Last year there were fifteen rinks with artificial and eight with natural ice in Germany's capital.

Tridentine Venetia in Italy! Every tourist will love this. Picture the winter region descending from sacred frontiers as a huge mountain range to the waters of Lake Garda, within a short distance of Verona, near the sunny vales of Agordino, Cadorno and Ampezzano. Nothing can surpass the rich mass of ever-changing and enchanting natural beauty of this section.

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For Travel information send stamped envelope to Miss Anne C. Granbeck, Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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AND I agreed to start you in a big, new, money-making business of your own—WITHOUT CAPITAL OR EXPERIENCE—a business in which I have helped other ambitious men and women double, triple and QUADRUPLE their earnings, would you jump at it? YOU BET YOU WOULD!

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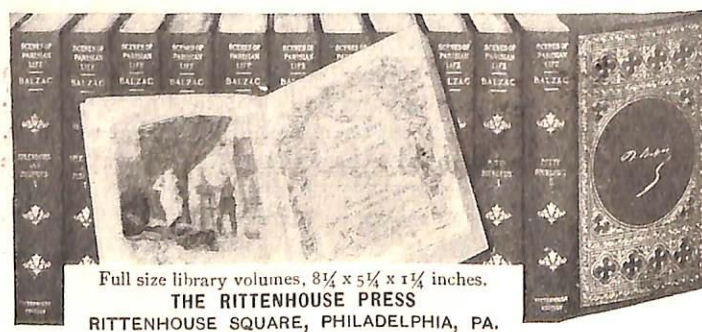
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1928

The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

[This is written on the deck of the Megantic close to the Equator. Four hundred and eighty splendid Shrine folks are having the time of their young lives—Shrine folks always lead young lives—on this wonderful Shrine cruise. We have watched the flying fish, we have felt laughingly sorry for you folks back in Canada and the States, ploughing through snow drifts while our ship ploughs through the blue waves under sunny skies.

[We have visited half a dozen countries with half a dozen different systems of finance, half a dozen different kinds of laws and half a dozen different standards of living. The one thing which has most deeply impressed me, as a business man, is how fortunate we are to be doing business on the American continent.

[All over North America a dollar is worth a hundred cents. We buy a yard which is without question thirty-six inches. A square yard of dirt out of an excavation, or a yard of delicate ribbon need not be remeasured. A pound contains always sixteen ounces and needs no reweighing. Every gallon contains exactly four quarts.

[We live in dependable countries where everything is standardized. We know exactly where we stand and exactly what our dollars will buy. There is little hazard in doing business in such countries.

[One thing which can never be standardized is humanity. But the brand of humanity we have in the United States and Canada is more nearly standard than in other countries. We have so long associated with standard dollars, yards, pounds and gallons that we have learned to give quid pro quo in service for what we get.

[I love to think of the button of our beloved Order as a hall mark of quality. I am proud to be at the head of an organization the symbol of which means that a man is standard in his community. Selected as we are out of the wonderful standard peoples of North America, I am happy that we are graded high even among such peoples.

[As I sit here watching the laughing happy throng of people playing on the deck of this magnificent steamer, I wish this boat were a super-ship, large enough to carry the six hundred thousand Nobles of the Shrine and their families; and the little crippled guests of every Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children, into these sunny waters.

[But you will have to take my good wishes instead. I give you greeting from the party and the hope that you will join us next year, if we come again.

Es Selamu Aleikum

Yours in the Faith,

Chas. W. Dwyer
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



"I CAN lick you." Wesley Stafford was nine years old the first time he said that to his brother, Brett.

Brett, an inch or two smaller, though a year older, dropped the rope of his sled and walked right up to him.

"Try it!" he challenged. "You come on and try it, Wes." Wesley sailed in. So they had fought it out alone there in the lumpy snow at the foot of the hill. Toe to toe, punch for punch, and not a word out of either of them.

For five minutes or so. Until finally Brett landed a stinging blow that sent his brother sprawling.

"Give up?" Brett gulped.

"No!" Wesley wiped the snow from his face, and was getting to his feet again, when a derisive voice shouted:

"Go on, Brett! Knock him down again—spoil his cutesy face!"

The brothers looked around toward the road. A boy about their own age stood there grinning at them. Some books he carried indicated that he was on his way home from school.

Brett Stafford turned and approached him with clenched fists. The other boy, sensing danger, dropped his books and put up his hands pugnaciously. Brett swung at him with all his remaining strength—caught him a staggering blow full on the chin.

The boy fell to his knees. He stared up at Brett in gaping

"Brett—suppose you apologize to her for that!" said Wesley, from the other end of the table—tight-lipped and sullen. "Suppose you make me—" Brett answered, red veins of anger in his eyes.

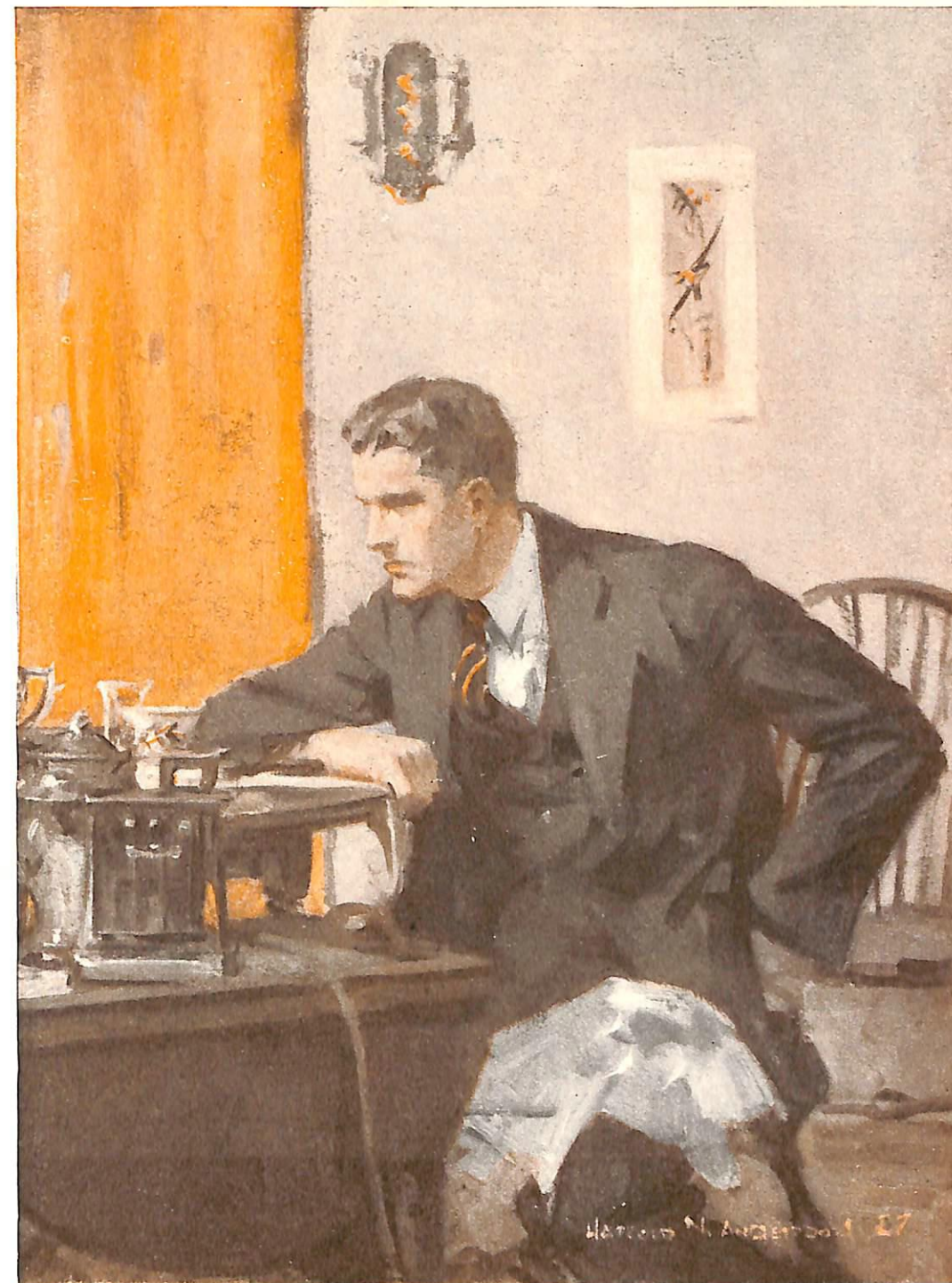
surprise. Then, seeing Wesley coming forward too, he scrambled up and ran off down the road.

"Yeh—you better run, buttinsky!" Brett yelled after him. The brothers eyed each other in silence. After a moment Wesley said: "Well, you didn't beat."

"Neither did you," asserted Brett. Countless times they fought after that. At the drop of a hat. No mere scuffles or wordy quarrels; always with their fists and everything they had. Into it. Sometimes Brett won, sometimes Wesley.

Right through school and college. Even now, at the ages of twenty-six and twenty-seven, they occasionally crossed blows. And five minutes later you'd probably find them splitting a bottle of ginger ale together down in the locker-room. No grudging aftermath ever. Fight—and over.

In no way were they alike. Not even a trace of resemblance between them—in features, build, or manner. Wesley—tall, athletic, debonair, with crinkly sandy hair, blue-black eyes,



HE WHO LOVES LAST

By Drew HILL

What happens when TWO BROTHERS fall in love with the SAME GIRL?

Illustrations by Harold Anderson

and a ready way of smiling, of blushing, that was decidedly attractive. To girls particularly.

But Brett. Well, you could call Brett stodgy to his face, and he'd simply shrug his heavy rounded shoulders and grunt. Like a bull-dog. He reminded you of one. Gruff, quick-spoken, snub-nosed, with a wide lower jaw and thick black eyebrows. Big-chested and short-legged. He played right through three Princeton football seasons—every game—and then never even scratched his nose. The first man to stand on his feet from a scrimmage. That kind.

Gruff, yes; and so crusty in the early morning that no one dared speak to him. But Lord! how you liked him—if you were a man. You liked Wesley, too. Only Brett got under you more. Something.

You could call Brett stodgy to his face. But you couldn't say it to Wesley—not unless you said it with a smile. Wesley could tell you what he thought of Brett, yes. He quite often did, too—in short, ugly words. Brett did the same thing about Wes. Yet underneath their apparent animosity toward each other was a bond of affection as firm and strong as steel. That neither would admit, however, for the world itself.

Their mother, a diminutive, soft-voiced, gentle-mannered woman, was the only person who could discipline them. With a glance, or a single word, she could stop them in the middle

of the warmest kind of battle. They worshiped her—vied with each other to do things for her.

Brett Stafford believed that his mother was the only woman in the world. That sounds peculiar, but so was Brett's whole philosophy of women. Of course he wasn't popular with them. Too brusk, often rude, too inclined to treat them as he would men. With no intention of offending; but simply that he looked upon them as human and not as feminine beings. There's a difference.

But he'd drive fifty miles to see a girl who amused him, or who could stand the gaff of meeting him on an equal footing.

He used to say this: "Take Wes, for example. How any girl can fall for that dumb line of his, I can't understand. It is dumb! He admits it. A lot of soft-soapy, meaningless blah. Yet they eat it up. And they tell Wes he's the most marvelous guy on earth . . . If that's what they think of a rabbit-eyed nut like him—well, why bother with 'em?"

And yet, if there was one thing that roused Brett's ire, it was to have his brother take a girl away from him. Wes always did it, as few as those girls were. Sometimes because he liked the girl, but generally for the sole purpose of showing Brett he could do it. Nothing underhanded. Right over the counter. He'd go to Brett and say:

"I like your little Gilbert friend. You go play with someone else."

Well, you can imagine!

Just how Patricia Hale entered the scene about this time was partly due to Wesley, partly to Mrs. Stafford. Poughkeepsie was only thirty-five miles up the Hudson River from Elms Ferry. Wes was driving up there all the time. Vassar. Though he didn't get around to Patricia Hale until her senior year there.

Anyway, Patricia mentioned Wes in a letter home to Seattle. The result was a letter from Patricia's mother to Mrs. Stafford. They were old school friends.

When the brothers came home on an early train from New York one Saturday, their mother announced:

"We're having Patricia Hale here over vacation. And Wesley, I want you to drive up to Vassar for her this afternoon. I phoned her that you—"

"But over Christmas, mother?" Brett—trying to get out of his overcoat, and hold on to a large bundle at the same time. "My Lord, why in—"

"Oh, pipe down, groucho," Wesley cut in. "You haven't seen Pat. She's a peach. Besides it's none of your darned—"

"Wesley—quiet!" She faced his brother. "You see, Brett, I spent a number of vacations at her mother's house years ago. And since Patricia can't go way home to Seattle, I thought it would be nice to—"

"Oh, all right, all right," Brett grumbled, stamping up the stairs with his bundle—a Salem shelf clock for his mother's Christmas.

It was close to one o'clock that night when Wes brought Patricia home, via dinner and the theater in New York. Long before that time, of course, Brett had retired. So it wasn't till breakfast the next morning that he first saw Patricia Hale. And that was Brett's bad hour.

He stood there at the entrance to the breakfast room and blinked at her. Baggy golf clothes. Hair barely combed. Lumpy necktie. Patricia met his gaze coolly. She was alone for the moment, Mrs. Stafford being upstairs, and Wes out with the car on an errand.

"Oh—you're Brett?" she said, and smiled. It would have taken most chaps' breath, that smile. Like a rose opening. Against a faintly flushed face. Big dark eyes. Closely-cut black hair. And just by looking at her hands you could tell that she was slender, lithe. The kind of hands that a man knew bespoke a different and greater strength than his own.

And Brett Stafford only scowled at her. "Who'd you think I was—?" he began testily, stopped, and shambled over to her. Sort of pushed his hand out like a paw, took hers, and dropped it instantly. "Well I . . . hello," he ended, and sat down.

"Nice morning," Patricia ventured. She was still smiling. "It's rotten! Muggy and gray every Sunday. Sick of it." Brett jerked his grapefruit toward him and glared around. "Now where in—"

"Sugar?"—smoothly. He merely nodded as she lifted the bowl from behind the coffee percolator and passed it to him.

"Who tied your tie, Brett?" "I did. Think you can do it any better?" "Yes. Want me to try?" "No."

Silence. Brett, hunched over his plate, eating quickly as though an unsavory task he wanted done with. Patricia, glancing out the wide casement window, finally turned to him again.

"I still think it's a nice morning," she insisted quietly. "Well, if you're crazy enough to think so—" Front door banging. A man's voice singing:

"—But her eyes, mouth, the tilt of her chin, A way about her—everythin'—"



Wesley, overcoated, smiling—breezed into the breakfast-room.

"Good Lord!" He halted with an apprehensive glance in Brett's direction. "How long's little boy gloom been entertaining you, Pat?"

"I'll gloom you, dumbbell—" Brett began.

But Patricia interrupted with, "Long enough, Wes," and rose from the table, laughing a little. "How is it out?"

"Great!" replied Wesley. "Sky's getting bluer by the minute. Let's go."

Patricia went to the doorway. Half-faced around.

"That ought to hold you, Brett," she said, and walked out with Wes.

Patricia, of course, left Brett alone after that—for a while. She ignored him as completely as her rôle of guest would permit her. Not that this bothered Brett. Furthermore, Pat was quite definitely the type of girl he didn't like. And he said so—to Wes, to his mother, to everybody.

There were enough parties given for Patricia Hale to keep her very much out of Brett's way. She literally took masculine Elms Ferry by the scruff of the neck. She could dance like a nymph, skate like the wind—flirt, and smile, and just look a chap into ecstasy. But she was Wesley's girl. No doubt about that.

She saved the best of everything for him. They went everywhere together. Night after night. Perfectly suited to each other. Same tastes. Same desires.

And Wes appeared ready to tear down walls for her. In



fact, his world was made up of Patricia, and no one else, since the first time he'd met her two months before. You only had to observe the pride in Wesley's expression whenever he was with her, to believe that he was going through with this affair to the finish.

Then, out of a clear sky, Patricia began to reverse her tactics. She deliberately set her cap for Brett. To rag him. Then, too, considering Wes, Patricia's move was inherently feminine.

It was Saturday morning, the day after Christmas, that trouble started to brew. Wes had ordered two horses brought up from the local riding school, and long before breakfast he and Pat were up and away. No snow on the ground, and the air just sharp enough to lend zest to the venture. And a glow to Patricia's cheeks. A sparkle to her eyes.

Coming home she began talking intermittently about Brett. "But what makes him like that?" she presently asked.

"Who, Brett?" Wes shook his head. "Darned if I know. He's always been that way."

"But yesterday morning—" Patricia frowned slightly, and shifted in her saddle—"well, I certainly expected he'd ease up a bit on Christmas. Why, the way he came down and handed that Salem clock to your mother—I thought he was going to tear her to pieces!"

Wes laughed. "Oh well, he's always hated Christmas, you know. Thinks it's more pagan than Christian. Anyhow, you noticed his present to mother outdid mine. Each year I plan to go him one better, yet he gets ahead of me every time. Funny kid, Brett."

Patricia's hands made a quick little movement along her

"Brett—please come over here—" Patricia asked in a low voice. Brett stood with his back to her, fumbling with his pipe. "No. Wes will be trotting over soon, and I—"

horse's bridle that brought his head up with a jerk.

"I don't see anything funny about it!" she declared impatiently. "I think it's a shame for that boy to go on believing he must make life miserable for everybody in the morning. It isn't really Brett. It's a habit. Haven't you ever tried to cure him?"

Wesley shrugged. "Never took the time, I guess." After a pause, he abruptly changed the subject.

"What'll we do this afternoon, Pat?"

Slowly she relaxed her hold of the bridle. Frown gone.

"You'd better get some sleep, Wes, if you're going to be worth a hoot to your firm next week. You've been a peach about everything, but I refuse to be a little pig."

"Plenty of jobs," he returned quite seriously, "but only one you, Pat."

They reached the house half an hour later. Raced up the

stairs for a hurried change of clothes; laughing, and calling to each other from their rooms. A few minutes afterward when Patricia came out and started along the hallway, she suddenly halted outside Brett's room.

Through the open doorway she could see, perched on one end of the mantel, a somewhat tousled and soiled white toy dog. Sort of chubby and about eighteen inches long. Exclusively Brett's, Pat had learned to her surprise, when she'd questioned Mrs. Stafford a few days before.

"It is inconsistent with Brett," Mrs. Stafford had laughingly admitted. "But he's had it since he was two years old. And you won't believe me when I tell you it's the most treasured possession Brett has. Why, that dog's never even been out of his room! No one would dare touch it."

For some unaccountable reason, Patricia had wanted that toy dog ever since. Or rather her persistence was unaccountable. Because she frankly and openly declared she adored the thing. Had teased Brett for it several times, only to receive his grumbling refusal—and the warning to leave him, and it, alone.

Yes, the devil was in Patricia now. Abruptly she crossed the room to the mantel, gathered the toy dog in her arms, and slowly descended the stairs.

Both brothers were in the breakfast-room when she entered. Brett slouched behind the newspaper. He didn't even look up. But Wesley saw her and dropped his fork in grinning amazement.

Patricia walked straight over to Brett.

"Hello, old pug-wug," she laughed, and straddled the toy dog on Brett's shoulder. "I've got Johnny here. You are going

to give him to me, aren't you? I really want him very much." "Dammit! you've got a nerve!" Brett half rose to his feet and swung around. Furious.

Patricia put the toy dog behind her. Other than that she never moved. Not an inch. And she was so close to Brett, had him in such a position, that he must either push her aside to retain his balance—or sit down again . . . He sat down—very slowly. Glaring at her.

Patricia, still motionless, said, "Sorry," in a low, even voice. "Brett—suppose you apologize for that!" Wesley, from the opposite side of the table—tight-lipped, sullen.

"Suppose you make me—" But Patricia's hand stopped Brett. The fingers, cupped under his chin, brought his head around, facing her again.

"Not to Wes—to me, Brett." She spoke in the same low tone. Fingers still holding his chin.

Brett made a move to pull her hand away—but stopped. His arm dropped back to his side—sort of listlessly.

"You see, a girl can't force you to," Patricia resumed quietly. "That's why it's sporting to do it—voluntarily." With just the trace of a smile she added: "And I'll do something for you in return. Come on, Brett."

IN THE minute's silence that followed, the tiny red veins of anger in Brett's eyes mostly disappeared. Something like surprise came into them. He shifted uneasily in his chair. Finally lowered his glance. Like a kid. But he came through. Beginning with, "Oh, look here, I'm not . . ." A long pause. Then: "Well, hang it then—I'm sorry."

And Patricia did an odd thing. She tilted Brett's chin a little higher, bent down suddenly, and kissed him—full on the mouth.

"For being a good boy," she laughingly explained. Placed the toy dog in his lap, turned, and sat down.

Wesley, who had risen from his chair, now stood perfectly still. A little pale, and his blue-black eyes narrowing a direct gaze at his brother. A different expression in them now. Jealousy.

But Brett didn't even glance at him. Seemed, in fact, to have forgotten Wesley altogether. He just sat there staring at Patricia. Flushed. Confused.

Patricia's mood became suddenly gay. She tapped her water glass and motioned Wes to his seat.

"Class is over, children," she laughed, "and there'll be no more school this afternoon. Wes is going to sleep—and Brett, you're going to play with me."

Brett stooped and picked up the newspaper where it had fallen to the floor. Rearranged the pages fumblingly.

"Got to fix the car," he mumbled, avoiding her glance now.

"Not all day?" "Well, no—but—" "Pretty please—?"

And Pat kept after him. Coaxing him with words that were like the strokes of a feather. Until Brett finally gave in. And all during breakfast Wesley sat with his eyes on his plate. Not saying a word except when Pat spoke to him.

Perhaps Patricia's subsequent actions weren't entirely deliberate at that. True, they started out to be. But that something in Brett must have got under her, too.

Then, too, from Brett's standpoint, a new twist of affairs presented itself. For the first time in his life, he saw an opportunity to take from Wesley what Wesley had always taken from him. At least he thought he saw.

No doubt Pat was a little unfair at first. But that was before things assumed serious proportions. Before she knew she'd gone beyond her depth.

And you couldn't blame Pat. Brett was an open challenge to any girl with the power to attract men. Nor could you blame Wes for occasionally venting his jealous feelings. He was too wrapped up in Pat to try to reason out her motives.

Last of all, you couldn't blame Brett for what happened. And what happened was simply that he woke up one morning with the abrupt realization that he wanted Patricia. Not—as he'd been believing—just to get her away from Wesley. But for her own self.

It was the morning before Patricia was to return to Vassar. All that day it snowed, and coming up on the train in the evening a number of the Elms Ferry crowd planned a coasting party for that night. Wes was entirely agreeable to the suggestion. Brett said nothing.

When they got to the house shortly afterward, Patricia

hadn't returned yet from a tea. Wes went upstairs to put on some heavier clothes. Brett soon followed him.

And crossing the upper hallway, he suddenly started to hum. Humming the only song he'd ever learned by heart:

"Sweetest little feller, everybody knows;
Dunno what to call him, but he's mighty lak a rose—"

Only Brett never hummed. He just didn't. Which was why Wesley called out in a surprised voice:

"Great Caesar! Is that you, Brett?"

Brett paused in front of his brother's door. Wesley looked up from rummaging in his bureau drawer.

"What's hit you all of a sudden?"

Brett shut the door behind him. "Pat Hale," he said briefly.

"Pat?" Wes straightened up. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you asked what hit me, and that's the only way I can explain it." In a crisper tone he added: "Besides—I'm going to take Pat tonight."

Wes stared at him a moment. Then shrugged, and laughed shortly.

"You?" But there was a forced note in his levity. In the way he spoke. "Mean to say that you've got the nerve to think that Pat will take you up?"

"Don't know. And it wouldn't make any difference." Brett's whole manner was decisive, assured—dogged determination.

"Point is, I want to get it into your thick skull that I like Pat."

"Yes?" Wes kicked the bureau drawer shut. Stood with his hands clenched. The smile had left his face. Every indication of a fight pending. In Brett's manner, too.

Yet strangely enough they kept their distance. Waiting—measuring each other warily.

Finally Wesley broke the silence. Brittle-voiced.

"All right, Brett. Only get what I'm telling you. Pat belongs to me, and I intend holding on to her—permanently. Understand? So I advise you to lay off."

Brett's jaw hardened and he slammed out.

There might have been serious trouble, of course, if Patricia hadn't used her head—and her instinct. The minute she came in and saw both brothers watching her from the living-room, she suspected something was in the wind. The stubborn, almost grim set of Brett's jaw as he spoke to her. Wesley's exaggerated swagger as he went over to take her things.

Certainly Brett's asking her to go with him on the coasting party put her instantly on her guard.

"Brett's being funny, that's all," put in Wes evenly. "You're going with me, Pat."

She glanced quickly from one brother to the other. Seemed to hold her breath a moment as she met Brett's eyes.

"But this is my last night, sillies," she finally said. "Naturally I'll go with both of you." Then she turned quickly and hurried upstairs.

They all left the house together about eight. Only this time it was Wesley who played the rôle usually allotted to Brett. He walked ahead, dragging a long sled behind him. Occasionally muttering under his breath. Brett, looking top-heavy in a loose-fitting mackinaw, hunched along behind with Patricia. Talking to her, but not looking at her. His eyes never left the middle of Wesley's back. His hands, bare, and stuffed into his pockets, were doubled into two hard fists.

PAT played the one game she should have. Squarely in the middle. Though there was a suggestion of tightness to her voice whenever she spoke.

A dozen or so of the crowd were already at the top of Elms Ferry Hill when they got there. No one, however, appeared to have started coasting yet.

"Don and Bill Ames have gone down to look it over," someone remarked.

Wesley shoved his sled over to one side and joined a group of girls. "Why, what's the trouble?" he asked.

"Oh, they say we may have to swing off the old road at Hixon's place. Can't go straight on to their driveway—"

"Yes, Fred heard their so-darned private bridge was still busted when they went to Europe."

Two figures appeared around the bend of the road, coming up the hill.

"Hey, hold everything," one of them, Bill Ames, called.

"Lucky we went down. The bridge is still a washout—clear drop of thirty feet to Hixon's stone [Continued on page 52]



(Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, Vice-Chairman, Democratic National Convention and Mrs. Harriman.

E A New Era for WOMEN

(What They Have Done In POLITICS

By Norman Hapgood

IN OUR survey of the field of women's new activities we have now arrived at a point where there has been a larger controversial element than in the other departments we have considered, or in those that remain still to be taken up.

Our last article, in the December number, dealt with education, a field in which woman has been traditionally active, and in which she is moving with comparative smoothness into new positions. Occasionally there is a slight cry of alarm. For example, when my own wife was made a member of the faculty of Dartmouth, a college for male students only, there was a slight temporary gasp, and then all was quiet. A few months later Dr. Alice Hamilton was appointed to teach in Harvard University and there was scarcely a ripple, although women students are not allowed in the Harvard Medical School.

Before that article on education came the opening of the series. It dealt with the women's clubs of the country, and women's clubs have existed for a long time. I can remember when the term clubwoman was likely to have a slight tinge of censure or satire in it, but there was never any serious opposition to the movement. There was never anything in that field comparable to the savage fight that preceded the admission of women to equal political rights with men.

In connection with the clubs we noted that this very large body of women had concerned itself with a number of ques-

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third article in a series of six of which the purpose is to give an idea of the newer activities of women in the modern world. The first dealt with what the women's clubs of the country are doing and the second with the enormously important topic of education and the effort to remodel it to suit our time. This article deals with women in politics—what they have accomplished. In the three articles to follow, as well as these three, each subject will be illustrated by being presented through the work of some able woman who is occupied in the particular field under discussion.



(Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, former President Women's National Democratic Club and one of the leading women in politics of today.

tions that are definitely political. The World Court, the Maternity Bill, Prohibition, and National Defense, all highly controversial, we saw taken up by them, as well as legislation of a different kind, connected with family welfare, health and morals, and not noticeably political.

That politics in the definite sense was the business of men was one of the most ingrained ideas of a preceding era. Nearly a century ago, however, Wyoming broke the ice in this country by giving the vote to women. Wyoming also signaled her emancipation by electing Mrs. Nellie Ross governor, tying with Texas and "Ma" Ferguson the record of the first woman governor. In granting suffrage other states followed Wyoming one by one, and some sympathizers with the movement thought the soundest, most educational, and in the long run most effective method of political progress was to keep on along the line of converting the people of each state. However, the opposite point of view prevailed. The Susan B. Anthony amendment, so named for the famous pioneer leader of the campaign for the vote, was put into the Federal Constitution in 1920. That the right to vote is not a sex right was thus settled, undoubtedly for all time.

The largest and most powerful organization engaged in

bringing about this result was the National Suffrage Association which, since the vote was won, been transformed into the National League of Women Voters, devoted to the purpose of helping women in methods of political work and in the promotion of measures of special interest to them as women.

A smaller and more recent organization, the Woman's Party, is devoted to pushing an amendment to the Constitution intended to make it mandatory to appoint women equally with men to all boards within federal control, a measure which has no chance of passing and so is not much discussed, and also to pushing a more live issue, which is the abolition of special protective legislation for women, which does become an issue every now and then in some of the states that have adopted such legislation, although the overwhelming drift of events is to adapt the industrial world more carefully to the special needs of women, rather than to refuse any adaptation on the ground of literal equality.

If one is to take a look at the situation regarding women and politics as it exists in 1928 it breaks itself up into a number of divisions, especially:

To what extent are women voting?

To what extent are they holding office?

To what extent are they affecting the behavior of men in politics?

More or less as a summary of those three—what seems to be their influence on the political tendencies of the nation?

The votes of women are seldom kept separately from those of men. Much can be told from registration. It is the general belief of political workers that they vote in considerably smaller numbers than the men, but the voting habit is on the increase with them while with the men it has for some time been clearly on the decrease.

It cannot be said that any large number of women have yet shown much interest in holding political offices. The two women governors I have mentioned took the places of their husbands.

There has as yet been no woman member of the United States Senate, except on a courteous technicality, President Harding appointing Mrs. Rebecca Felton to serve one day, which is not particularly fair to the first woman who actually wins a position, as one undoubtedly will before many years. In the House of Representatives the only woman to serve before the Federal Amendment was adopted was Miss Jeannette Rankin, of Montana. Since the amendment the following have been elected:

Miss Alice Robertson, Oklahoma; Mrs. Winifred Huck, Illinois, succeeding her father, the well-known William E. Mason; Mrs. Mae Nolan, California, succeeding her husband; Mrs. Mary Norton, New Jersey, twice elected; Mrs. Florence Kahn, California, elected to fill out the term of

Miss Elizabeth Marbury, once opposed to suffrage, has since become prominent in public affairs.



Underwood

Do You Know That—

Connecticut, a state that doggedly rejected woman suffrage, chose the largest number of women, sixteen, to sit in its state legislature in November, 1926?

Although the feminist movement got its headway in the West the East is leading in women office holders?



Underwood

Mrs. J. T. Pratt, New York's first woman alderman, elected with heavy plurality.

her husband, but reelected on her own; Mrs. Edith Rogers, Massachusetts, elected to succeed her husband, but reelected on her own; Mrs. John Langley, Kentucky.

In the various states in November, 1926, eleven women were chosen to sit in 1927 in State Senates and one hundred and eleven to sit in the lower houses. Peculiarly enough Connecticut, one of the states that had doggedly rejected woman suffrage chose the largest number of women, sixteen. It is also surprising that although the feminist movement got its headway first in the west it has been the eastern states lately who have seemed most willing to elect women. The small state of New Hampshire, for example, chose thirteen for last year's legislature, New Jersey nine, conservative Vermont eight, Ohio eleven, including three in the Senate, Pennsylvania six, one being in the Senate.

In Washington the best-known woman office-holder is the strikingly able assistant to the Attorney General, Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Mrs. Jessie Dell is a member of the Civil Service Commission. Mrs. Bessie Brueggeman is chairman of the Federal Employees Compensation Bureau, in the Department of Labor. Major Julia Stimson is head of the Army Nurse Corps. Mrs. Mabel Reinecke is a collector of Internal Revenue, being in charge of the Chicago office, covering the most extensive revenue district in the United States. Miss Grace Abbott is chief of the Children's Bureau in the Labor Department, Miss Mary Anderson at the head of the Women's Bureau, and Dr. Louise Stanley is chief of the Bureau of Home Economics in the Department of Agriculture.

Four states have elected women as Secretaries of State. One of them, Mrs. Knapp of New York, was the center of a furious scandal in the fall of 1927, at the same time that another woman, Mrs. Pratt, of the New York City Board of Aldermen, was running for reelection on an excellent record, and won. Indiana elected in November, 1926, the first woman State Treasurer, and Arizona and Mississippi have women auditors.

Although not originally a suffragist Governor Smith of New York has energetically backed the political rights of women since the amendment, and it was by his appointment that Miss Frances Perkins went on the State Industrial Commission, of which important body she is the head. Women State Superintendents of public instruction are found in Colorado, Idaho, Iowa, North Dakota, Wyoming, and Washington, all west of the Mississippi. Nine cities and towns have women Mayors, all west of the Mississippi except East Palestine, Ohio. There are a number of judges of lower courts, and Florence E. Allen is a member of the Supreme Court of Ohio. The full representation of women on the national committees of the political parties has been definitely important.

Women appear to have been appointed to office in counties more than in any other department of our governmental system. There is a reason for this, which was stated by the President of the Wisconsin League of Women Voters as follows: "It is apparent that the office of county superintendent of schools is as much a woman's job as a man's. Progress is in the right direction when women fill positions which they are best qualified to hold. It is possible that women will predominate in the smaller political units, the town and the county. These offices seem to demand just the combination of capacities and interest most likely to be found among women."

It is perhaps more unusual to find a woman holding the office of sheriff. There are three county sheriffs in Wisconsin this year. This is accounted for by the statutory provision prohibiting a sheriff from succeeding himself in office. These women recently elected to the position of sheriff are merely succeeding their husbands and thus by appointing their husbands deputy-sheriffs they keep the office in the family.

One of the most important fields of citizenship is jury duty. The jury in principle is one of the leading conquests of freedom. Its working in practise is injured by the low quality of the jurors, due to the unwillingness of busy people to go through the drudgery and the expense of time. Women are likely to have more time than men. They are interested in actual human cases. The talk in advance that they would not be detached from bias and guided by evidence has been dispelled by what experience we have had. Yet there is a strange amount of resistance to accepting this normal step ahead. Some of the prejudice undoubtedly comes from the exaggerated place taken in people's imaginations by sensational crimes, and the idea that the coarsest details of such crimes can be digested by men with less moral indigestion than by women. Women now have the right in twenty-one states, with two others uncertain on account of vague language in the statutes. In Vermont, which is one of the two states, the League of Women Voters has started to test the matter in the courts. In the few remaining cases of political disability, such as jury duties in some states, women are held back more by the doggedness of male office-holders, who kill bills in committee, than they are by prevailing sentiment as reflected in recent referendums. The well-informed and fair-minded League of Women Voters says: "Practically all legal barriers against the holding of public office by women have been removed."

In 1914 Massachusetts voted 473,744 to 266,377 to make women eligible for any office. In 1926 Iowa's vote to admit them to any office from which they were still barred was 239,999 against 133,929. Oklahoma is now the only state that has the

Mrs. Nellie Ross made a success of her job as governor of the state of Wyoming.



Underwood

Do You Know That—

The most popular political field for women at the present time seems to be that of county office holder? There are even three women sheriffs in Wisconsin?

Practically all legal barriers against the holding of public office by women have been removed?



Underwood

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, prominent New York woman, is active in politics.

word male among the requirements for Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, state auditor, attorney-general, state treasurer, superintendent of public instruction, or state examiner and inspector.

In the elections of this year one of the genuinely interesting features will be the contest of Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick for a place in the United States House of Representatives. Mrs. McCormick was brought up in the family of Mark Hanna, the national boss of the Republican party in the days of McKinley. She had a great deal to do with her husband, Medill McCormick, becoming United States Senator. She has been a gifted organizer in many branches of political work. If she succeeds in her present effort, there is little doubt that when the first favorable offering presents itself she will try for the United States Senate. At the same time the daughter of William J. Bryan is trying to go to Congress from Florida.

In this series of articles it is part of the plan not only to sketch the general field under consideration, but to select some woman to embody the particular activity and express herself concerning it. In politics there was an almost embarrassing choice of women fitted to speak for the movement, but the experience, ability and reputation of Mrs. J. Borden Harriman seemed to make her as good a choice as could be imagined. Nobody is more honest, or devoted to principle, or likely to be right. Her fitness to be a spokesman for women in political life is indicated by her activity in the suffrage cause, her connection with a reformatory, her Presidency of the Women's National Democratic Club, her earlier Presidency of the Colony Club of New York, her part in the campaign to elect John Purroy Mitchel Mayor of New York, her work in both Wilson campaigns and her nearness to President Wilson and the leading members of his administration.

She has held several other positions, including the chairmanship of the Committee of Women on Industry of the Council of National Defense during the war; but in truth the position of most fundamental importance, as showing what public responsibility may do to a woman, was her membership, by Wilson's appointment, as the only woman member of the Federal Industrial Relations Commission. This opened a new world to her. She had been born of the favored and fashionable class. This work made her aware of the lives and problems of the working class and wholly changed the direction of her thought.

So I asked Mrs. Harriman to state some conclusions about political life for women, as she had seen it herself. Here are some of the things she said: "More than half of my interest in politics is in specific things I wish to see accomplished. Originally this was not so. At first it was the other way, more than half of it being the interest of [Continued on page 65]

By Walter
De Leon

Illustrations
by Addison
Burbank

*Polly was hard to teach
she learned anything—
or love—it was*

For Keeps



"It means," shrilled Fifi, "either she leaves this theater—or I do. Do you think I'll stand being clawed—my clothes torn off—by a cheap chorus jane?"

POLLY got her break because Madame Rose (widow of Tom Carline the vaudeville comic; Carline and Rose, it used to be) wanted the home address of a certain variety actress who had bought some wardrobe at Madame Rose's Gown and Costume Shop on 45th street.

In care Sam Shart, the vaudeville agent, was the only address Rose had. She knew Sam wasn't giving up the addresses of his acts to anybody—much less modistes. But Rose wanted this particular address quickly and seriously enough to gamble for it.

Black-haired, blue-eyed little Polly More was the prettiest girl on Rose's payroll. Likewise the sauciest. The women in the sewing room called her many other things not so loving. But most of them had seen their best days, emotionally, while Polly was still under twenty. Anyway, her pert attractiveness,

her self-assurance and her perfect little figure gave Polly the call in Rose's gamble.

"Listen," Rose said, calling Polly into her office, "put this on"—an eye-pulling copy of a new French model. "Here's a pair of sheer hose, too. Your own pumps will do; they're new. I'll give you a hat in a few minutes. Go into one of the dressing rooms and put on a fresh make-up—plenty but not too heavy. Fix yourself to look like an actress."

"Yes'm. Just what kind of an actress will I be?"

"Only time will tell," Rose cracked. "The idea is—you're going to Sam Shart's office. Stay there until you see Shart himself. Tell him you are a professional friend of Daisy Cominge. You have a very important personal message for her and you want to get in touch with her today." Rose then outlined the details of her scheme for extracting from Sam

*—but once
like dancing*



either the address or the telephone number she wanted so badly. Made-up, dressed, Polly looked at herself in a long mirror—and couldn't pick a flaw in what she saw.

Catching sight of Madame Rose in the mirror, Polly turned. Rose didn't try to conceal her surprise and pleasure.

"Very good. You look the part." Spraying perfume on the French model, on Polly's black hair, putting a hat on her, giving her a showy bag—empty—Rose added last instructions.

"And listen, young lady; it's an address you're going after; not dinner dates from curb loungers."

"Sure," said Polly, walking out in a very close imitation of a Broadway ingenue who patronized the shop.

Getting a thrill out of every male stare she attracted, adoring her reflection in every shop window she passed, Polly was in no hurry to reach Sam's office.

"I wish I knew how to get into vaudeville," Polly wished, rewarding the politely enchanted gaze of an elderly gentleman with a demure smile.

Almost at that moment, in his private office, Sam Shart gave the answer to another girl.

"Anybody can get into vaudeville these days. The trick is to stay in after you get there."

Neatly plump, his twinkling dark eyes shrewd with the experience of twenty years profitably spent as an agent, Shart smiled at the young lady seated at one end of his desk. It was never hard for Sam to smile at a pretty girl. But looking at Fifi Biltman he found it easier than usual. Not that Fifi was any more beautiful or alluring than two or three other dizzy blondes he knew. He had never seen Fifi nor heard of her until she had brought her expensively scented self into his

office that afternoon. But what she had told him of herself, corroborated by her exquisite clothes and jewelry—and the size of the "Pay To Bearer" check she had placed on his desk—inclined Sam to look at her as an answer to prayer.

He had instructed his stenographer to telephone for one Duke Swift. When she reported Swift on his way to the office, Sam turned again to Miss Biltman.

"That's Duke." He pointed to a photograph on the wall, a curly headed young chap with a boyish, friendly smile and merry eyes.

Fifi's own light brown eyes warmed. "Frightfully interesting, isn't he. What's the color of his hair? Reddish? It would be. Who is he?"

"It used to be Swift and Chalmer—the most promising mixed double act I ever handled. Then Eileen—Miss Chalmer—had to marry—out of the business. That split the act. Duke hasn't found another partner yet. Between you and me, he hasn't tried. After working three seasons with Eileen—they thought the world of each other; like a brother and sister, y'understand. Duke's just superstitious enough to think he's had his partner."

"WHAT does that mean—had his partner?"

"I don't know if you'll understand. Good teams, like marriages, are made in Heaven and should never be split. No matter how good, how clever you are, there's somebody in the world who can make you better; cleverer.

"I'm going to get confidential for a minute. Duke is a very dear friend of mine. Whether he'll ever be a star or not I don't know. But I like him and he likes me.

"You I don't know. You don't need to work. In one way that's against you. On the other hand you say you've been very successful in amateur society shows. Duke knows he's got to get working again soon—before the Office and everybody forgets the success he made with Eileen.

"You're in a position to costume the act to look money. If you need private dancing lessons or a piano player to pound a couple of tunes into your head, you can afford it. You're a blonde like Eileen and just about her size. So I'm going to try to sell you to Duke."

Fifi dropped her glance to the check on the desk.

"No, you're wrong." Sam picked up the check and returned it to the girl. "I'm going to urge you to Duke because you've got no record back of you—of failure or success. Your social connections will be good publicity. But whether Duke takes you or not—that depends on how you strike him, personally, if you know what I mean."

"I think I do." Miss Biltman smiled, crossing her shapely legs and glancing at herself in the mirror of her vanity case.

When Duke arrived Fifi's eyes and smile registered genuine pleasure. While Sam briefly explained the situation, she decided that teaming with young Mr. Swift might open up some very attractive possibilities. Duke caught her frankly staring.

"I've just decided that you are really awfully nice," she laughed.

"I must show you my book of newspaper clippings," Duke kidded, looking her over completely from top to toe without showing any signs of bursting into loud, enthusiastic cheers. "Miss Biltman, why do you want to go into vaudeville?"

"The stage has always fascinated me. I've always known I'd enjoy its informal life."

"Do you know any more laughs?" Duke grinned.

Fifi felt she had made a misstep. How did one talk to vaudeville comedians?

Polly More entered the outer office. She inquired of the girl on guard at the telephone board if she might see Mr. Shart.

"He's in," the girl pointed to the door of the private office, "but he's busy just now. You'll have to wait."

On the other side of the door Duke rose from the leather divan where he and Fifi had been talking.

"I left my cigarettes outside—excuse me a moment," he apologized, making for the door. Reaching it he signaled Sam. As he grasped the doorknob, Duke turned his hand so his thumb pointed straight down.

When Polly saw Duke, hatless, come through the door marked "Sam Shart—Private," she tried to conceal her nervousness with a smile.

"Excuse me, but I'm a great friend of Daisy Cominge."

"So you're a friend of Daisy's." Duke smiled at Polly's seriousness. She was a cute little trick. "What's your name?"

"Polly More."

"Well, P-polly, I suppose Daisy told you I'm looking for a new partner and advised you to hop right down to see me. Is that it?"

"Not exactly. You see—"

The girl at the switchboard, answering a buzz from the private office, interrupted.

"Mr. Swift, the boss wants to know if you're coming back today?"

Duke grinned. "In a minute or two." He faced a reeling Polly. "Listen, Miss More, can you dance?"

"Sure."

"How is your singing voice?"

"Not so forte."

Duke grinned. "What are you so nervous about? Haven't you ever asked for a job before?"

"Sure, but I've never been able to do it laughing."

That gave Duke another ripple. "I want Sam to see you. Miss More. Come along." Taking her hand he led her into the private office.

"Look, Sam. Take off your hat, please, Polly. Now turn around—not so fast. Now smile at him, Polly; go ahead—he's harmless. Nifty, eh, Sam?"

Resentful at being ignored, Fifi Biltman spoke with a tinge of acid in her drawl. "Won't you introduce the—interesting young person?"

Duke saw the flush that swiftly crept up Polly's throat.

"Allow me," he said quickly, "Miss Polly More, my new vaudeville partner. Aren't you, Polly?"

"Sure," she managed, wondering if Madame Rose needed that address very badly.

A few afternoons later Polly found herself alone with Duke—and a portable phonograph—in a bleak rehearsal room.

"Now," he grinned, removing his coat, "begins the agony. What is your system of hysterics?"

"Hysterics?" Polly echoed blankly.

"Don't tell me you can learn a new dance routine without giving vent to at least one burst of temperament. It can't be done. I'll explain the lay-out of the first routine we'll tackle. We finish the song center; then walk eight counts to the left, right and left travels and back to center; do eight Russians upstage, eight draws to bring us down again, right and left kicks into the Windmill set, then a couple of Over-Sal's"—He stopped when he saw the absolutely empty expression on Polly's face. "Am I too fast for you? Come on, I'll show you."

In the next two minutes Duke guessed that the only stage dancing Polly had ever done had been confined to her dreams. He did not tell her so, because he really didn't much care.

When Madame Rose put that imported model on Polly she put an idea in Duke's head. In shows and vaudeville, producers had always used the tall statuesque type of girl to hang gorgeous wardrobes on. Duke's idea was to dress up a half-portion Venus. He would do the work of the act—attend to the comedy and songs. Polly's part would be to come on for the chorus of one song, the dance after another and a couple of short dialogue scenes, each time in a change of costume.

POLLY had vivacity and charm—besides extraordinarily pretty legs and feet. The difference in their sizes would be an entertainment asset. If she could learn what he could teach her—how to say lines, a few dance routines really no more difficult than the Charleston steps everybody had mastered—Duke could vision a somewhat different act to offer for the Booking Office's approval.

"Come on, sister, here's where your feet get educated. Now pick up that right puppy—always start on your right foot."

"Why?"

"Because Daddy tells you to. You're going to walk to your left. Ready? Right—left—right—Whoa! That's no way to walk on the stage. Listen, Fallen Arch, the ball of your foot and your heel should come down at the same time. Try it once more."

In the minutes that followed, physical temperatures quickly rose to the perspiration point, and mental temperatures soared to the boiling point. Laboring too hard, Polly finally became badly confused over Duke's explanation of a right and two

left kicks that led into the Windmill set. The first time they tried it, Polly lost count and swung a swift kick against Duke's shin.

"Very good," he said, limping to a chair. "I told you left leg; not the right. Try it alone now and see if you can kick yourself. Go—right kick—left kick—left kick—No! Must I wrap a flag around it before you know which your left leg is? Wait—I'll do it with you. Come on."

It was Duke's ankle she kicked that time. Be-

"Listen, Cinderella," said Duke, picking up the tiny slipper, "we got along great today." Polly just stared at him, slowly realizing that she was still his dancing partner, that he wasn't angry.



fore he could say a word, though, she began feverishly rehearsing herself. Her feet were puffed; hurt dreadfully; there was a singing in her ears and a throbbing in her head when finally she stopped for lack of breath.

"Think you've got it?" Duke inquired. "Don't let me hurry you."

"I can do it."

"I've seen these things go wrong before. I've still got another ankle—so let's take the routine from the very beginning."

Smoothly they started. "Don't hurry it," Duke warned as they neared the troublesome sequence. "Easy—one—two—three—"

Wham! The wrong foot—again on Duke's shin.

"Perfect!" he cried, clapping his hands in mock applause.

"You"—Polly exploded—"you wished that on me. You've been trying to get my goat all afternoon—saying all the meanest things you could think of. I don't have to go into vaudeville to be yelled at. I can get all the abuse I can stand at Madame Rose's. If you know so darn much why couldn't you tell I've never been on a stage in my life? After the month I've spent with you here today I don't want to go on the stage—not with you, anyway. When I first saw you, the way you smiled and everything, I thought—" she tossed her head, "never mind what I thought. But I know now how wrong a girl can guess about a man. And—there's another girl already has my job at Madame Rose's!"

Run down, she dropped into a chair, kicked a slipper off one tortured foot and buried her fevered face in the crook of her arm. Silence. When at length she raised her head she saw Duke stretched on the floor, propped on one elbow, resting,

idly turning over in his hand her little slipper. Glancing up, he grinned.

"Listen, Cinderella," reaching for her foot he put on the slipper, "let's go get something to eat. I'm hungry; aren't you? We got along great today, I thought."

Polly flashed a suspicious glance at him.

"I mean we broke the back of that routine in one session. That's very good. I'm betting you'll remember it, too."

Polly stared at him, slowly realizing that she was still Duke's new partner; that he was not angry with her.

"Sure," she said, gently massaging an aching leg muscle. "I'm funny that way. Sometimes I'm sort of dumb about learning a thing. But once I do learn it, boy, I learn it for keeps!"

When Swift and More broke in the act, in the things Polly had to do—not too many of them—she had been rehearsed so thoroughly that nothing short of complete collapse could have prevented her going through with them. Duke saw that the customers liked her. They did not realize—no more did Polly—that her inexperience was gumming many of his comedy points. For instance, her nervousness wouldn't let her stand still while Duke was talking. Mechanically, in words and

dance step—she made no mistakes. Wildly excited, she was prepared to accept hearty congratulations at the finish of the act.

"I think we've got something," was what Duke said as they bowed off. "Sam was out front. He'll be back—and tell us." Without further talk he began clearing the change table in the first entrance of her costumes.

"It's going to be very good, Duke," Sam confidently predicted. "Naturally the act needs working, but the line-up looks great. I could see you were fishing for laughs out there just now, but even so it's the best thing you've ever done; very funny."

"How was I?" Polly asked, confidently.

"You?" Sam smiled. "For a first performance, you did all right."

"All right? I was perfect! I didn't make one mistake."

Sam stared curiously at her. Then turned inquiringly to Duke.

"She has a couple of things to learn yet," Duke grinned, "but I'll say this for her. When she learns, she learns for keeps."

A line of anxiety showed between Sam's shrewd eyes as he faced Polly again.

"Confidence—even egotism—it's necessary. Nobody ever got far in vaudeville without plenty of it. From now on a lot of nice things will be poured into your ear. In those beautiful gowns—the way Duke has framed you in this act you'd have to be simply terrible not to look good. If you believe all they'll tell you, your head will swell up like a balloon. But remember this: the only way you can keep us all from making a great deal of [Continued on page 55]



Albert Davis
((Above) James K. Hackett, as a youngster. Old family portraits delighted in biding one's heritage of manhood.



Albert Davis
((Above) Elsie Leslie Lyde, as Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Burnett's story became famous; tall, short, fat and slim boys grew curls and wore sashes.



Albert Davis
((Above) The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had trouble with Josef Hofmann in the 90's.



((Left and Right) Fashions of a bygone age show feathers, hats and parasols and bustles and pantalettes to be the rule. Like mother, like child. Today the humorous reverse: Like child, like mother.



PARADE FOR APRIL—FOR ENGLISH NEWSPAPER DAILY



((Right) However free our children may be today, with their bobbed hair and bloomers and middie blouses, whenever an artist desires "tone" and "feeling" he paints the old-fashioned child. Here, George Bellows epitomized in this youthful figure all the quaintness of the past. Demureness was the word which characterized it.



((Left) The Victorian idea of a Merry Christmas. This scene of family unanimity shows the naïveté of the 70's. Note the quiet gesture of enthusiasm!

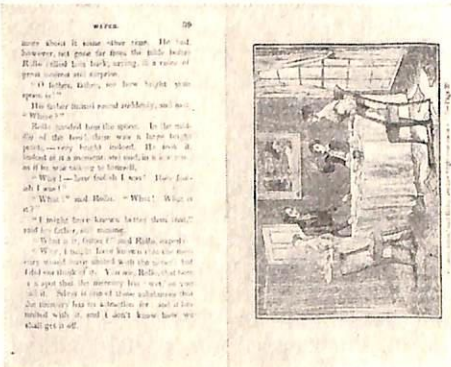
((Right) Mother's Spring mantilla and voluminous skirts. Give the child time; she, too, will sprout and bloom.



((Lower Left) The staid Puritans faced daily the danger of Indian attack. However hard the wooden benches of the Meeting House during divine service, the journey to Church for the child was an adventure.



((Right) Take a magnifying glass and look well at Rollo and his father. Dr. Jacob Abbott wrote informative stories for the young. Here Rollo shows his usual eagerness for knowledge. The Rollo books were the mainstay of the Victorian nursery; so was the Peter Parley series.



HISTORY

AS TOLD IN PICTURES



Our Dear Children—Then and Now

The sixth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES

I THINK it is a safe statement to make that we are all very fond of our children. There is no end to which we would not go in our lumbering Grown-up Way for their good (as we interpret it) and for their amusement (as we think it proper and wise for them). We have built up a whole system of Eugenic, Freudian and Antiseptic Theory which sees them safely into the world. We give them every chance, through Digestive Regulation, to expand. By their antics they afford us momentary pleasure through a limited number of years. By their demands they cause us infinite discomfort, which results either in their chastisement, or in the inviting of so-called experts to take charge of them, thus relieving us for our own seemingly more important duties!

From the Nurse, they are handed over to the Kindergarten; from the Kindergarten to the School. Now and again they are taken out of the nursery, brought to the drawing-room, and asked to perform. We are but grown-up children ourselves, eager to pull strings, to see healthy, rounded little limbs dance for us. Our children are our jumping-jacks, clever little fat-kneed, pink-toed mortals who are put through their stunts with no thought of what may be passing through their own little minds at the time—but paying their bounty to Grown-up Vanity which feeds upon the exclamation, "Behold our Offspring."

I don't believe that the Grown-up has ever observed children wisely or truly. We have merely observed them for the purposes of education. We standardize them, grade them, dress them according to sizes, meet the day's emergency with them, shape them for the life when they shall be as we are. We teach them to dance when their instinct is to dance; we teach them to play when their instinct is to play; we teach them to sing when their whole life is a rhythm. And we teach them badly.

From time immemorial, children have been dolls, subject to the fads of Grown-up fashion. If the problems of their little lives had been left to them, they might have changed the whole trend of history. One can't imagine them wilfully selecting a Puritan existence, with the stiff collars of a Puritan Sunday, and the hard benches of a Puritan education, where the fear of the Lord and the Broomstick somewhat overclouded their young love of life. Had they been dictators of their universe, instead of their elders, before whom they bent the knee and were silent, I doubt if they would have smilingly elected the fashion of curls that had to be combed and twisted into shape every morning.

To the credit of our children let it be said that they have made a magnificent thing out of a bad bargain. They once read their New England Primer, which didn't have a thrill in it, except what could be gathered from grave-stone pictures, and they converted the horrors of Sin into a magnificent adventure. Starved and beribboned, they once sat upon the horsehair sofa in the best parlor and converted forbidding chairs into a whole realm of fancy. Dressed for parties, with bits of cloth tucked away to wipe the dust of the road from their polished shoes, they have

thrilled over ribbon sashes or imagined a necktie some emblem of the Round Table.

For children may be said to have thrived robustly on the tragedy of Grown-up Theory about them. They have lived their lives when the door was shut and the parent was out of sight. The moment of release has ever been their true kingdom. Long hours of piano practise, recurrent periods of chores, errands that interrupted the important moments of play—these have ever been evidence of Grown-up rule. First in the history of Childhood, there were the earmarks of social custom—girls and boys were little Men and Women, silent and respectful. The Van Dyke era gave the boy the Van Dyke lace collar without the Van Dyke beard. Lady Jane Grey, and the girls for many a period after her, were encased in stays that were pulled tighter daily until their waists were of the fashionable lines. There came along the modern era when all boys had to be Lord Fauntleroy's, and then there followed the years when Parents wept as the curls fell beneath the barber's shears and were rescued (amidst family tears) for white boxes that once held wedding cake. Then a cartoonist shaped the fashion for boys, and they relished it because it smacked of a once forbidden hero, Peck's Bad Boy. Buster Brown became the fad, and all one had to do was to clap on a bowl and cut around it. Children have been what their times have made them. It's not so very long ago that we had the Kate Greenaway craze, a far cry to the Camp Fire Girls and the Boy Scouts in khaki.

Thus the Grown-up invented bitter medicine for the child to swallow. But something has curiously happened in these days of changing ways. There has been an entire alteration of the Grown-up's attitude toward the medicine once prescribed for the Young: medicine to regulate their morals, their social attitudes. You don't believe that the Grown-up has changed rather than the child? Let's see how we stand on certain questions!

I remember once reading an old-fashioned story for children wherein a little girl at play fell and sprained her ankle. Her solicitous father very naturally ran over to his prostrate off-spring with a parental desire to examine the hurt. But his daughter, properly nurtured in the ways of female womanhood (such as was then the rule), blushing covered her ankle with her skirt! Where, oh, where is the skirt these days with which to do so proper a thing! The fashions have surely changed.

In a book, "How to Be a Lady" (there was a companion, too, "How to Be a Gentleman," that would put Mrs. Hoyt's "Etiquette" to shame), I find the following: "Make it a rule never to read any book, pamphlet or periodical till you have first ascertained from your parents, teacher or minister, that it is safe and worth reading." Thus was the Young Idea reared in the ways of goodness, and under such tutelary charge, for one had to be subservient to the Grown-up standard of right and wrong! It may be argued, with justice, that present Youth has certain moral lapses; that the recognition of right and wrong is difficult in these

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

days of subtle explanations. And there is also a truth in the statement that the young of old usually knew which side of the fence faced Heaven and which side faced Hell. But Parental Authority has undergone a change today; Father and Mother have somehow had stolen from them some of the dignity which gave them authority, which made them the Court of Final Appeal. If you have ever had the delicious experience of reading the Rollo books, you will understand that Parenthood in those immaculate stories stood for all there was in the sky and on the earth beneath worth knowing about. Rollo turned to his father as we turn to the Encyclopedia or to obnoxious Books of Knowledge.

The little heroes and heroines of yesterday, in the presence of their elders, were expected to give vent only to their wonder as to the marvels of the universe. If you do not know Rollo's father, maybe you are familiar with Peter Parley! Hearken: "Said James: 'Before you proceed, Mr. Parley, to show how the works of nature prove the wisdom and power of God, may I ask one question?' Always a question! In another book, Robert Merry's Museum: 'Mother, I want you to tell me something: what is heat?' Always the panting thirst for information. But was the child in those days really after scientific knowledge? Or was the Grown-up Theory after the Child? Compare such stilted manner with the radio experts of eight or nine today. It may be argued further, that after Youth has studied about aerials and airplanes, the young mind goes no further in its tribute to the unfathomable power behind the marvels of science. The usual slant of the old-fashioned mind was to discover beauty as a proclaimer of God's presence. Mrs. Trimmer, a quaint old lady with a passion for educating youth, used to write stories that pointed a moral as well as giving fact. Was it not in one of her gentle nature stories that the little boy confessed that he used to catch flies and pull their wings off until his father's microscope showed them to be susceptible to pain? The fine old microscope was good for something!

I suppose that we call things old-fashioned because they sound strange to ears keyed to different tunes. In a "Manual on Elegant Accomplishment," probably fashioned by some feminine hand selected to guide Youth, I find the injunction: "Shoes of flaming colours, we need scarcely say, are extremely vulgar." Yet this truth has been trodden underfoot for many a year and is truth no more. Nor would children be so instructed today. Another book of inspiration, of the year 1848, called "Anecdotes for Girls," contained this bit of startling transformation which shows how long, how ardently reform has to work and how sentimentally behavior was appealed to in the past. Quoth the unknown author: "Every time, therefore, that a lady takes a little wine, or a little cider, or a little beer, she is converted into a distillery." Such was the lesson for Youth manufactured by their elders in the days gone by.

There were people in our grandfathers' time who actually went to extremes to develop the moral and physical life of children. They had heard no doubt of the Spartan test, and in more subtle manner they experimented with their boys and girls. If they didn't have children of their own, they adopted them and proceeded to bring them up as they should go. A Mr. Day, immortal author of the even more immortal story "Sandford and Merton," adopted in his bachelor home two girls. In their daily dozens they were forced to bare their arms and have hot sealing wax poured

upon them without uttering protests. Thus, thought Day, their power of repression, their conquest of nerves, would be encouraged. But when one of those girls was older, the preceptor fell in love with her and she turned him down flat. For which, thanks be, say we all!

The modern child is much more a citizen of the world than he was when our fathers and mothers were young. We no longer talk baby-talk to the infant in the crib. We say "automobile" and are most likely asked in return something about the crank case or the ignition spark. The little girl who once rolled hoops in the park has a scooter. Boys are in touch with the latest devices in radio and aviation. They read the papers and follow adventure in the making. They may not know as much as they used to about Julius Caesar, but they can tell you how many miles Lindbergh has flown and what sort of a motor the Spirit of St. Louis carries.

Into such broadened realms, the parent cannot enter with too many restrictions. The unfortunate thing is that so many parents, nonplused regarding the New Freedom, stay away and merely meet their children at meals. Childhood is one of those necessary stages that everyone has to go through: the sooner it is over—so we say in these rush times—the better. I can remember the period when boys were kept little boys until they rebelled. From long clothes to kilt skirts, then to knickerbockers, and no long trousers until one went up for college entrance examinations! I recall reading of the fights that little girls—in the era of frilled pantalettes—used to have for every inch of lengthening skirts and for the auspicious shortening of curls into coils. There was no sophistication about these changes; there was celebration over every stage of childhood!

Today one recognizes no such transformations. Children step from the baby carriage into the world, and while they lose much of the joys of childhood, they develop individuality and initiative of their own. There is no longer any deference to what Mother or Father might think. Youth has become human, but also has grown to be practical and independent. This is the urge of education. But it has been a long time coming. I recall a Bishop of England asking for the suppression of "Mother Goose" because it brought into the nursery religious intolerance

in the verse about the unfortunate individual who wouldn't say his prayers. I know of others who deplored the use of fairy tales in the nursery because they were based on lies. We always have the pessimist who would do away with Santa Claus. There are always theorists who try to clip the wings of fancy! Peace advocates annihilate leaden soldiers in the nursery; squeamish mothers buy versions of "Little Red Riding Hood" that have no cruel ending, since they fear the child will stay awake at night in terror of wolves. Teachers hasten to explain that there were no giants. So the child has become matter of fact.

But with all our adult theory which has changed with the years, there are unchangeable things about the child: he has much the same games, marbles come with the crocuses and footballs with the chrysanthemums. His pockets contain the same riff-raff of strings and bits of machinery and stones as they did of yore. And the rag doll of our grandmothers is blood relation to Raggedy Andy or Raggedy Ann. Yet somehow the period of childhood is not so long as formerly. Today there are very close connections, as time goes, between youthful lips and the lipstick.



((Above)) Girls no longer like to trail dainty fingers in the water, and let the boys have the fun.

((Below)) Up-to-date toys replace dolls and hobby-horses. Electricity rules the nursery. Railroad magnates begin in rompers.



((Below)) The ambition of all boys is to learn the secrets of wig-wagging. If they can't do it with flags, they can with their toes. You can't down the ingenuity of a Boy Scout under any difficulty.



((Above)) A scene modeled after the Indian pow-wow. Only, instead of a War Council, this gathering believes in burning the Fires of Friendship. A new way of telling bedtime stories.



((Above)) Mythology tells us much of the craft and craftiness of dryads. The modern dryads picnic according to improved methods.

((Left)) Camp Fire Girls wear ceremonial aresses. Good deeds, faithful service have their insignia. The beads you wear measure your noble worth.



((Right)) The modern fire-worshiper knows how to do without matches. Flint and sun-glasses are at his service on all occasions.



((Above)) Boy Scouts are Daniel Boones of 1928. They are as wise as Cooper's scouts, as expert as engineers in the open.



((Above)) Camp Fire Girls build bridges as easily as they sew or knit. The active girl is the order of the day.

Photographs Courtesy of the Boy Scouts and the Camp Fire Girls

((Below)) Camp Fire Girls are all of them Young Dianas. The hand that stirs the cake or rocks the cradle is just as expert when it comes to handling bows and arrows. So much for out-door sports.

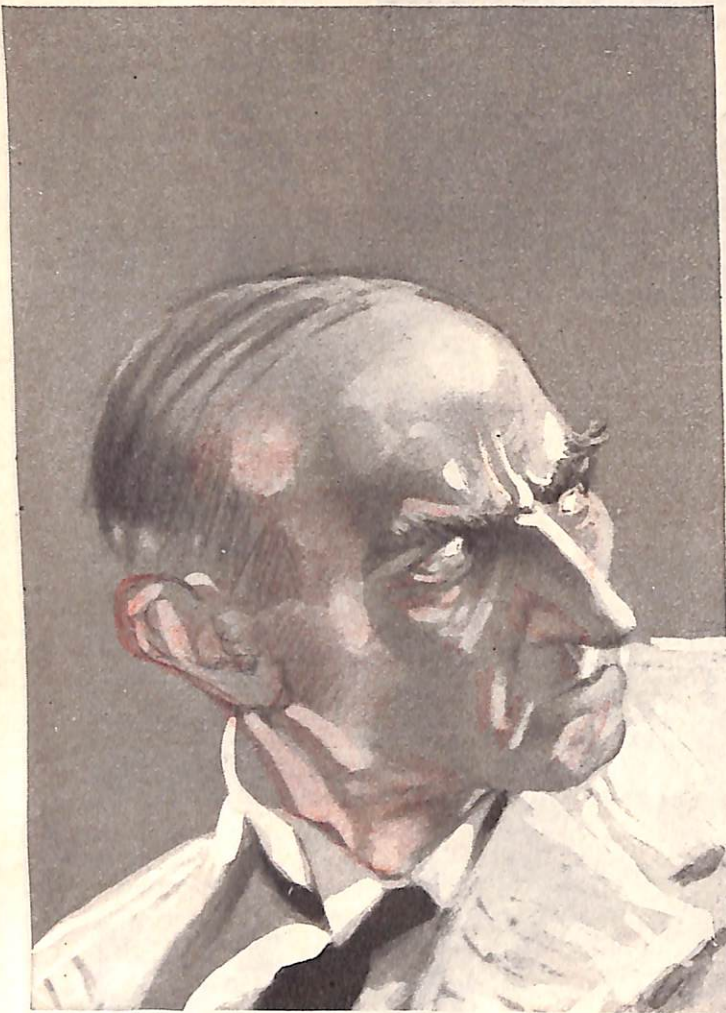


SPLENDOR CITY

*Luck and Love smiled
on a youth who asked
just so much and no more
from the Florida land boom*

By Albert Payson
TERHUNE

Illustrations by David Robinson



*J. Q. Fragen wanted to forbid the match
and order this brash youngster away,
but all he did was make static noises
through his nose.*

SNOW white against green foliage arose the wondrously beautiful sub-tropical city; a glimpse of fire-blue southern ocean flashing behind it.

Public buildings of shimmering marble, with carven minarets and fretted towers like frozen music, soared into the azure sky.

Beneath them stretched out miles of exquisitely modeled dwellings, girt by emerald lawns and shaded by palms and bowered in hibiscus. Homes—homes—homes! Perfect homes. An earthly paradise.

The sole flaw in the glorious city—if indeed so marvelous a creation could have a flaw—was that it did not yet exist.

True, it was complete on paper; also in the forty-by-sixteen-foot painting which I have described with such clumsy inadequacy. Incidentally, the groundsite was there. Nothing remained to add thereto but the public and private buildings and the palm-girt boulevards and the parks and the fountains—and the home-buying populace.

When these minor details should be added, Splendor City would be indeed a reality. At present it was chiefly a dream. But it was a lovely dream; one to make a home-seeker catch his breath and then clutch at his checkbook and fountain pen.

Splendor City was to adorn a tract of land in southern Florida within easy reach of the ocean and of Miami and of Palm Beach and of the East Coast Railway. Behind it were shrewd men and millions of dollars. Behind it also was Vision.

In its geographical center was the fly in the ointment of civic growth; or rather there were two flies. They were parcels of land, separated by a furlong from one another;

and each of them three hundred by one hundred feet in area. Long years ago, H. Abiff Jubell, of Connecticut, had fared southward with an invalid wife; to the then half-developed village of Coconut Grove, in Dade County, Florida.

There, in an all-night poker game, he had stripped a sportsome Floridian of the latter's ready cash and had annexed a pile of I. O. U.'s. The Floridian had prevailed on the Connecticut man to accept two pieces of land, a few miles distant, in lieu of redeeming the I. O. U.'s.

H. Abiff Jubell liked Florida. Vaguely he planned building a winter home there. This seemed a good chance to buy land for his future residence. In short, he accepted the deeds for the two parcels, and handed back the I. O. U.'s. Then, on horseback, for there was no road, he went out to view his new estate.

He found it a rattlesnake-haunted pine-barren, studded with dwarf palmettoes. To him it seemed the abomination of desolation. He recorded his deeds, stuck them into his strong-box; and put the experience down to profit and loss. Glumly he paid the negligible taxes as their yearly bills came in. It was against his New England nature to let anything go by default or to have his name figure in a delinquency sale of land.

Twenty-five years later, when he and his wife came back to Florida for a winter, Jubell found there was a new and huge, if partly fictitious, value on desolate pine-barrens. He grinned, and held on. When the promoters of Splendor City approached him with glittering offers of cash or stock for his lots, he shook his head.

He was well pleased that a boom city should uprear itself on every side of his property.

Hence the dual flaw in the laying out of magnificent Splendor City.

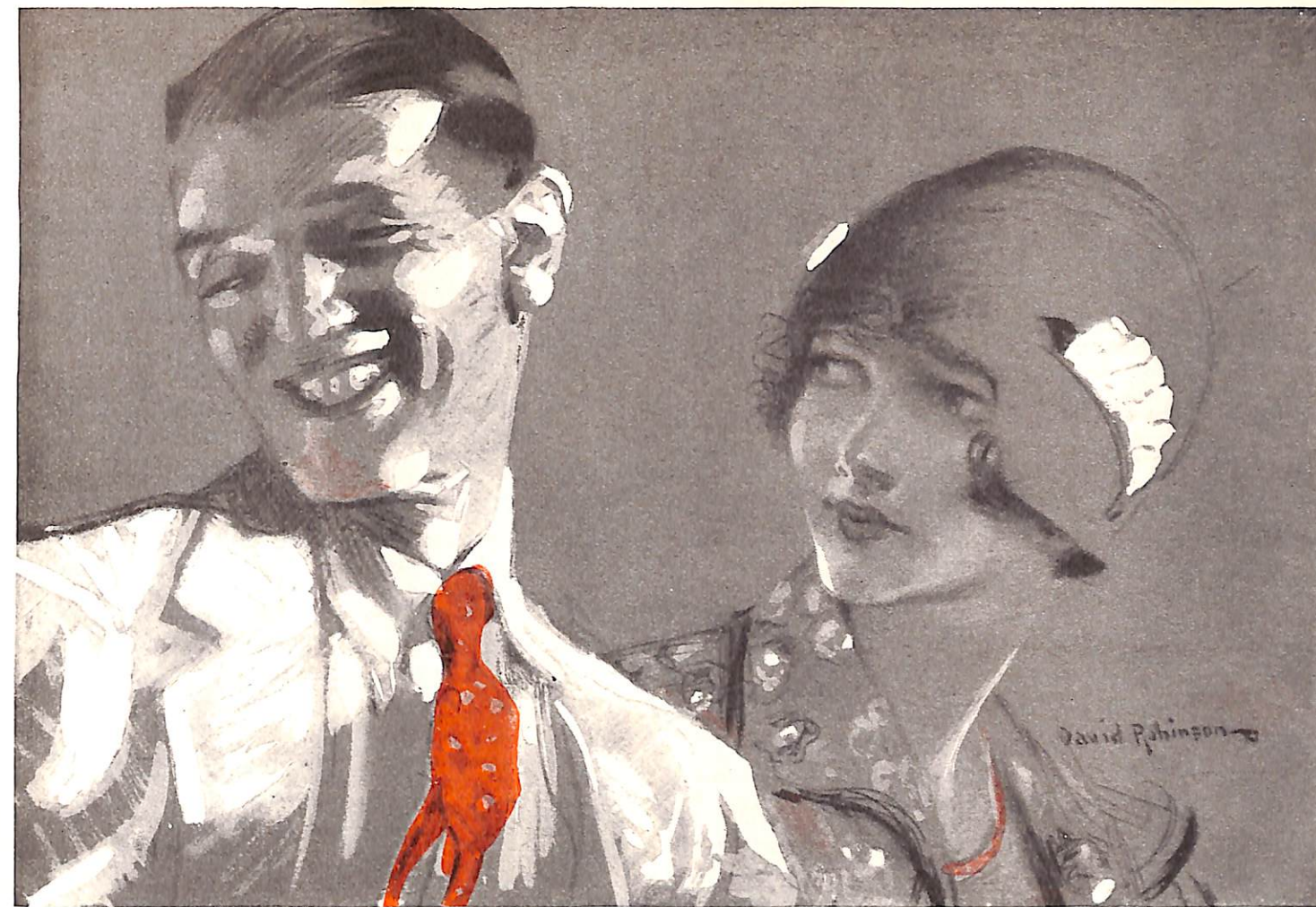
It was during this ultra-boom winter that three residents of Beemis, Wisconsin, swelled the ranks of northern visitors to southern Florida. They were Grant Harter and Maida Fragen and Maida's rheumatically venomous uncle-guardian, J. Q. Fragen.

Grant Harter was perhaps the most impecunious resident of Beemis, who still wore a white collar and shaved every day. J. Q. Fragen was Beemis's richest citizen; and he had ever looked upon Harter's timid suit for Maida's hand with eyes which would have made the historic glare of Richard III seem a foolishly affectionate simper.

Grant came to Florida early in the season, driving a moribund truck and with almost no money. A night-driving bootlegger smashed into his truck, destroying it; and giving Harter enough damage money—or hush money—to start the Beemis youth in a very small way in the real estate game.

Because Grant happened to find an honest realtor and because of egregious good luck, he was able to turn two or three sensational little tricks. At the end of two months he was worth between \$7,000 and \$8,000.

During the same period, in that flush season, many another investor had cleared twenty-fold as much; and a few others



*"Sorry there isn't room in the one-seater for you, too,
Mr. Fragen," said Grant, beaming on the sour
visage of Maida's uncle.*

were ruined. But to Harter, his own \$7,500 seemed untold wealth. It was almost a hundred times as much money as ever he had owned, hitherto, at any one time.

It impressed Maida Fragen even more than it impressed Harter. It made J. Q. Fragen look upon the despised youth almost as though Grant were a fellow-human, and to treat him with something distantly approaching civility. Maida and J. Q. had not come to Florida until Harter was in the flood tide of his bushleague prosperity.

They had rooms at the Royal Palm Hotel, Miami, while Grant still stuck thriftily to the hall-bedroom at the Y. M. C. A. But he was spending more of his spare time at the Royal Palm than at the Y. M. C. A. This to the grouchy disgust of J. Q. Fragen and to the open delight of Maida.

"I don't know why I don't tell that young whiffet not to come around here any more," fumed J. Q., one morning, as he and Maida were sitting on the Royal Palm veranda, reading the four-day-old news in a home paper. "He's a pest. I don't know why I don't forbid—"

"Maybe it's because you don't own the hotel," ventured Maida. "That may be one reason, Uncle, dear. Another reason may be because you know it would make me dreadfully unhappy. A third reason may be because he wouldn't stop coming here to see me, even if you told him to. Then, another reason may be that, down in the bottom of your heart, you are beginning to like him and to have all sorts of respect for the way he is making good. Oh, there are lots of reasons! He—"

"That's what I can't understand," grunted J. Q., as if he were airing a personal grievance. "I can't see how such a mutton-head can make money. Why, every one of his deals was a fool deal. But every one of 'em netted him some cash. A fool for luck, they say. Now I've been here pretty near a month, and I haven't gotten hold of a thing that's made me a penny. I don't know how Harter does it. I s'pose I gotta let him keep on coming to see us, while we're here. But the minute we get back home to Beemis—"

"I'm afraid you'll have to keep right on letting him call on me, there, too," spoke up Maida with a rush of courage to the heart. "Because, you see, he wants to marry me. I've been meaning to tell you. But—"

J. Q. Fragen burst in upon her maidenly confession with a sound such as might perhaps be expected from a turkey-gobbler if his tail feathers were pulled violently at the precise moment he started to gobble.

"And," pursued Maida, before the snort could merge into sizzling words, "and I want to marry him. In fact," she summed up the situation, primly, "in fact, we want to marry each other. And we're going to, just as soon as he makes enough money. He says that's what he came down here for."

"If that shrimp sets foot in this hotel again, as long as we're here—"

"Hello, folks!" hailed a slim youth in an almost firsthand pongee suit and newly-whitened sneakers. "Reg'lar old he-day, isn't it? I'm running out to Solaris, in one of English's roadsters, Maida, to look at a lot there. Want to come along? Sorry there isn't room in the one-seater for you, too, Mr. Fragen," he ended, politely, as Maida jumped up in eager acceptance.

J. Q. Fragen glowered from one to the other; making static sounds, the while, through his nose. This was his cue to soar to avuncular heights, and to forbid the match and to order Grant Harter from the veranda and to tell Maida never again to speak to the brash youngster. Fragen knew his cue, and he tried manfully to rise to it. But, somehow, all he could do was to sound like a radio on the eve of a thunderstorm.

Harter beamed down upon him; then fell into step with Maida as she hurried toward the distant steps at whose bottom waited the dented and unwashed roadster. The girl knew the rare value of a timely retreat.

"J. Q. didn't act so overglad to see me, somehow," observed Grant as he helped Maida into the shabby car. "But then he never does. Funny, how this Florida air seems to change a feller! Back in Beemis, when J. Q. used to look at me like that and make those V-shaped noises through his nose at me, I used to crumple all up and get to wishing there was some tree to climb. But down here it don't seem to register with me

at all; except maybe to make me want to laugh. I wonder what's the reason."

"I think," mused Maida, "I think you have just about seven-thousand-five-hundred reasons, Grant; and every one of them is a brand new dollar. There seems to be nothing like soft money, to act as a buffer against folks' crankiness. But you mustn't mind about Uncle. At heart he's really an old dear. He—"

"I guess that's about it," agreed Harter, ponderingly. "Yep, that's it. I remember, now, a chap back home said once that your uncle had took his heart out into the back yard, forty years ago, and buried it there. I wouldn't wonder a mite but what that heart of his is just awash with the milk of human kindness—if anybody was to dig it up and find out. But—"

Grant broke off sharply; slamming down both brakes and veering to one side. The runabout had left the business and the hotel section of Miami and was traversing a wide avenue devoted to Mauresque houses set far back in their own grounds.

Out from the gateway of one of these mansions' lawns a gray Persian cat galloped. Close at the feline's heels ran an elderly and black-swathed woman, almost sobbing in fright, and calling quaveringly, "Kittykittykitty!"

But Kittykittykitty paid no heed. On she frisked, across the avenue, and directly in front of Grant Harter's fast runabout.

Through a miracle of skill and luck, Grant evaded her by a mere matter of inches; bringing his car to a slurring halt and stalling its engine. The cat sped on; the black-clad old woman still in earnest if futile pursuit.

And now a new element added itself to the chase. A big mongrel dog, padding along the farther sidewalk, caught sight of the fleeing gray cat. Blithely he dashed after her.

At sight of the dog, the woman in black shrieked shrilly. The cat took one swift look backward, then bolted for the nearest tree—a smooth-boled Washington palm, at the sidewalk-edge. She reached the tree, a bare yard or so ahead of the mongrel; and clawed her way up its polished trunk.

Grant Harter went over the side of his car, without so much as opening its door. He landed, by good fortune, on his feet; and he rushed for the tree. He was not overly concerned with the cat; having a strong idea the Persian could take care of herself. But he had had a glimpse of something else—a something which had sent him diving out of the runabout and to the storm center of strife.

He had seen the dog gallop past the feeble old woman, in his pursuit of the cat. He had seen the woman make a futile grab for the beast, in an effort to stay him from catching her pet. He had seen the dog slash viciously at the outflung old hand, as he whizzed past the human who was seeking to stay him.

Harter knew the woman would follow to the tree-foot. There, she might well seek to drive away the dog that was dancing furiously about its base in an effort to leap up to the treed cat. Should she do so, he believed the savage mongrel was quite capable of turning on her. Hence Grant's own mad haste to reach the spot before real tragedy could set in.

He gained the tree a stride or so ahead of the weepingly excited woman. As he did so, something dropped as from the sky; landing with a plop on Grant's head, and clinging painfully there.

The pet cat was unused to tree-climbing, and least of all to the climbing of a tree as smooth as a barber-pole. Just before she could reach the safety of the lowest fronds, her claw-grip slipped or else her untrained strength gave out. She fell. Landing on Grant's head and shoulders, she clawed herself to a halt in her descent.

The dog leaped avidly at her, as she perched on Harter's shoulder, spitting and squalling pitiful defiance down at her would-be destroyer. Grant stepped back, thrusting out one arm to fend off the mongrel. The dog leaped ragingly for the cat. His teeth closed on the man's forthstretched forearm, tearing through coat-and-shirt-sleeves and into the flesh beneath. The bite seared, red hot, like a giant hornet sting.

For the first time in his animal-loving life, Grant kicked a dog. As the brute leaped afresh at him and at the cat, Harter's left boot-toe smote him heavily in the underbody. With a gasp the mongrel collapsed to the sidewalk. Then yowling with pain he scrambled up, tucked his wolflike tail between his legs and scuttled away at top speed.

The old woman and Maida Fragen reached Grant's side, at the same moment; just as he was seeking to unfasten the cat's curved claws from their panic-grip on his shoulder.

"Oh, you're hurt!" cried Maida, beside herself with fright. "Oh, you're safe!" quavered the woman in black.

Maida was addressing Grant. The old woman was addressing the Persian cat. Both spoke at once. With some difficulty, Harter disentangled the frightened cat from his shoulder and handed her to her hysterical mistress.

"I never let her out," the woman was exclaiming to both of them and to nobody. "Never. It's too dangerous, with all these cars and dogs everywhere. When she slipped past me just now, at the front door, I— She is all I have left," she added, hugging the gray cat to her and talking above the top of the Persian's furry head. "If she should be killed—"

Then she caught sight of Harter's torn and blood-stained sleeve over which Maida was bending. At once, she ceased to be a foolish old cat-addict, and waxed sane.

"Young man!" she charged. "That wretched dog bit you!"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Grant, "that's just what I was beginning to suspicion. First I thought maybe it was a mosquito. But—"

"You were hurt," she continued, unheeding, "cruelly hurt. Hurt in saving my own dear cat from being torn to pieces. Come into my house, and I'll dress it, myself. Don't hang back. Do as I say. I was a trained nurse when Mr. Jubell married me. That was thirty-five years ago, but I know I can still dress a wound better than most of these youngsters that are turned out by the gross, from the training schools. Come along with me."

"Thanks," said Grant, amusement getting the better of his hurt. "If you can spare a little witch hazel."

"For a dogbite? You're crazy. Come along."

Leading the way, and carrying her cat with a tyrannical firmness, she set off across the street toward the lawn gate through which she had followed the leaping Persian.

"By the way," suggested Harter, as they went, "may I bring this young lady along in with us? She is Miss Maida Fragen. Of Beemis, Wisconsin. I'm—she—we're going to be married, Miss Fragen and I. My name is Harter. Grant Harter."

Without checking her hurried if



unsteady stride, the old lady nodded acknowledgment of the introductions over her shoulder.

"My name is Jubell," she made answer. "Mrs. H. Abiff Jubell. At least—"

She paused, and did not renew the sentence. Grant guessed why. He, as well as everybody else in Miami, had read, two months earlier, of the death of H. Abiff Jubell, of Connecticut; the winter sojourner in Florida whose refusal to sell his Splendor City holdings had caused so much annoyance to the promoters of that earthly paradise.

Then they were indoors, in a wide and cool hallway; and Mrs. Jubell was sending a maid for hot water and cloths and iodine. In this recrudescence of her olden nursing job, she lost her age and her puttering semi-senility.

"Sit down, there," she bade Harter. "Take off your coat. It is ruined, by those torn places and by the blood. So is the shirt. Now, I'll tell you a secret that'll maybe save you from getting scared stiff whenever you're bit again by a dog; and that'll keep you from hydrophobia scares, too."

"When a dog bites you—a healthy dog—wash out the wound with hot water—suck it first if you can get at it—then wash it out with hot water and dry it. Then paint it thick with iodine. Then forget all about it. That last part is most important of all. Forget it. If the dog is sick, or if he is supposed to be mad (which he isn't, once in a million times when he's supposed to be), use carbolic acid, instead of the iodine. Wrap cotton on a match and dip it in carbolic and then swab the bite with it. It'll hurt like the very mischief, but it will cure you. So!"

She wrought skilfully and fast, with her knobby old fingers,

as she washed and painted and dressed the hurt. The bite was not deep. As she finished she said:

"There! That's as well as any newfangled nurse or any up-to-date doctor could have done it. It'll be sore and stiff and maybe throb a little. But don't go letting yourself fret or

we leave it this way: when your husband's estate is settled up, if you ever decide to part with those Splendor City lots of yours s'pose you give me first chance at an option on 'em. If that's not convenient to you or if you don't ever want to part with 'em—well, no harm's done. What do you think of that?"

Maida Fragen was gazing star-eyed at her inspired lover. It was a look such as is reserved only as tribute to divine genius. In it was wondering adoration.

But Mrs. H. Abiff Jubell was staring at the youth with quite a different expression. Out of her wizened face the friendliness had ebbed, leaving an aspect of tired disgust.

"Oh, my sakes!" she ejaculated wearily. "You're another of 'em! I figured I'd met one real man down here at last—and now you turn out to be only just a real estate shark!"

"I'll be bidding you good day, ma'am," responded Harter, getting groggily to his feet. "I'm sorry if—"

"He's not a real estate shark!" flashed Maida, in the same breath. "You have no right to call him one, either. He is the honestest man I ever met. Come along, Grant; unless perhaps Mrs. Jubell will let us pay for dressing your arm. We'll both be better satisfied if she will. I—"

"Hold on there, you two cross brats!" commanded Mrs. Jubell. "If you'd had my experience of people camping on your doorstep and wearing out your 'phone and flooding your house with letters—all about those miserable lots—your own temper wouldn't be so very good, either. And you'd go up in the air, when anyone tackled you about them. I didn't mean any harm. But I'm sorry you are one of 'em Mr. Harter."

"I'm not," denied Grant, sulkily. "I'm in Florida to make money. But I'm making it honest. I'm no shark. So—"

"To make money!" she scoffed. "My husband explained this kind of money-making to me, over and over. He had no patience with it. He told me how men get options on sand-lots or buy 'em outright, not so much because the lots have any value, as hoping to sting the next chap into taking the land off their hands at a big profit and then to saw it off on still another buyer for a bigger profit."

"No, ma'am," contradicted Grant. "I don't aim to do anything like that. I'm not daffy about being a millionaire. I came here for just one thing: I came to get a stake big enough to let me go back home and put up a really first-class garage and service station out on the Wentworth Development, at Beemis. There's a dandy site there, just at the corner where the new state road joins the Beemis pike. The section's growing up, thick. There'll be a mort of motor travel in a few months, when the state road is finished. I can make a grand living there; if I can raise the cash for my plant."

"I know motors; even if I don't know anything else. When my stake is made I'm going north. I need something like \$30,000 to do it right. I've got \$7,500 already. I wouldn't have pestered you about that Splendor City property of yours, if I didn't want to get back to Beemis in a hurry and get my garage business started, so I can marry. I can get the agency of a couple of good makes of cars, too; when I start a garage at that corner. Why, it beats Florida real estate all hollow!"

He stopped, belatedly aware that enthusiasm over his life-dream had betrayed him into a long and probably uninteresting harangue.



"I figured I'd met one real man down here at last, and now you turn out to be another real estate shark." The wizened old face showed disgust.

worry. It will heal nicely. You're a good boy, Mr. Harter. 'Tisn't one chap in fifty who would risk a bite just to save a poor cat. There's not one in a hundred who would get out of his car to keep a cat from being chased. I—"

"I didn't," answered Harter. "It was you I was trying to keep from getting hurt, ma'am, not your cat. I don't care a lot about cats. I saw that cur snap at you and I knew he'd tackle you when you got to the tree where the cat was. That's why I—"

"H'm! Well, it's all the same. Maybe some folks would think it was all the better of you. Now, listen here, young man: You've put me in a quandary. You ruined a nice coat and a clean shirt, to help me; and you got a bothersome sore arm, too. What am I going to do about it? I've lived long enough to know you aren't the sort I can slip a twenty-dollar bill to—or even a hundred-dollar bill—to square myself. But yet I just naturally can't let myself stay in anybody's debt. What'm I going to do?"

"Do?" repeated Grant blankly. "Why, nothing at all, ma'am. It's all done. And now I and my lady friend must be jogging. I'm thanking you for fixing up my bit arm so nice. We—"

"Nonsense!" snapped Mrs. Jubell. "Why, if it wasn't for you, Tootsy here would be all tattered to pieces! And she's more to me than any human, ever since I've been left alone. And if it hadn't been for you, I'd be most likely as badly torn up as the cat. That dog showed what he could do, at his best; when he jumped for you that way. He'd likely have killed a weak old lady like me. No, sir. I'm in your debt; and I want to get out of it. How—?"

"Well, ma'am," suggested Harter, in the grip of an audacity that wellnigh choked him, "if you really feel like that, suppose

"Well," he finished lamely, "we'll be going, ma'am. And thank you. Come, Maida."

"That property out there doesn't have to wait till the estate is settled," said Mrs. Jubell, suddenly, as they were halfway to the door. "It doesn't belong to the estate. My husband turned over all his real estate to me, years ago; the time he was afraid he'd lose that lawsuit over his patent; and have to pay all the back royalties. It's mine. I'd have got rid of it, as soon as Mr. Jubell—left me—only my back was got up by all the pestering the real estate gave me. I don't want the measly land. But I wasn't going to give those sharks the satisfaction of nagging me into selling it. I don't need the money, either. I got plenty. And I don't want to hold the property for a fortune it isn't worth."

She hesitated again, stroking the cat in her arms and frowning at Grant's hurt. New England thrift and human gratitude were at fierce war, within the old heart. The battle ended in a compromise.

"LOOK here!" she rapped out, seeming to grudge each syllable. "Here's what I'll do: My husband took those two parcels of ground in payment of a \$150 I. O. U. back in 1896. Up to a few years ago, the taxes were almost nothing. Then they began to run up. I figure I can make a fair profit on his \$150 and on the taxes and the interest on it all for the past thirty years, if I sell you the two parcels, outright, at—" The words seemed to cause her an acute pain, but she bore bravely on, "at precisely fifteen-thousand dollars. There! Take it or leave it."

Grant and Maida gaped, openmouthed. Then Harter recovered his breath.

"It's only fair to warn you, ma'am," he stammered, "that you could get several times that much from the folks who are promoting—"

"I know that, as well as you do, boy!" she retorted. "Perhaps a good deal better. Now, then, I've made you my offer. You say you have \$7,500. I'll take that and your satisfactorily endorsed ninety-day note for the other \$7,500. How about it?"

"There won't be any note!" burred Grant excitedly. "Inside of twenty-four hours you'll have cash for the whole \$15,000. And," he added, deliriously, "inside of two months, I'll be breaking ground for my grand big garage! And, inside six months, this young lady and I—"

"I'll make out a memorandum," said Mrs. Jubell, sourly, "and you can give me your check for \$1,000 to bind the bargain."

In a daze, Grant and Maida began their drive back to Miami. In Harter's pocket was the memorandum and with it a receipt for his part-payment on the land.

"Five hundred men would advance me the rest of the price," Grant was saying, ecstatically, to Maida, "on the strength of this memo. But I've got an idea. See what you think of it, dear. I want to keep this in the family. I want to make a hit with your uncle and to make him quit thinking of me like I was a red-haired epileptic stepchild with a hare-lip. I want to get in right with him; since you and I have got to live in the same burg with him all our lives. It'll be a lot comfortable for you."

"I'm going to J. Q. with this proposition: I am going to buy one of the two parcels with my own \$7,500; and I'm going to let him buy the other. That'll keep I and him out of partnership and out of squabbles. Each of us will have our own plot of a hundred by three hundred feet. Each of us can dispose of it as we like. What do you think of that, hey?"

J. Q. Fragen received the proposition in much the spirit he would have shown if he had been invited cordially to part with his seven remaining indigenous teeth. But when, casually, he mentioned the offer to his realtor as a sample of idiocy, that authority replied with so fervid and expert an oration that Fragen tottered back to Grant as fast as his rheumatic legs could carry him. With tremblingly eager fingers he scribbled his check for \$7,500.

Thus, the two Beemis came into possession of tracts of land for which the Splendor City promoters had besought Mr. Jubell in vain. Grant Harter wasted not an hour before listing his half of the purchase with Rohn & English, the most steady and ultra-conservative realty firm of Miami.

Within a week, to the firm's disgust, Grant sold the hundred-

by-three-hundred-foot tract to the Splendor City Corporation for \$45,500, spot cash. This in spite of English's almost tearful protest that the land occupied a "key" position in the city's map; and that by holding out for a month or two Harter might have increased the purchase price by fifty percent.

"I'm not aiming to make a fortune by putting on the screws for a couple of months," decreed Grant. "I've got, right now, a crazy big price for that passel of sand and snakes. I'm writing today to buy the corner lot for my garage, up at Beemis, and to tell a building firm up there to get ready to go to work on it in a rush. I'm starting north, this week. I'm through."

J. Q. Fragen was openly contemptuous when he heard what Grant had done.

"You're a boob!" he snorted. "And you'll always be a boob. Why, if you'd come to me for advice, I could have put you on to something that'd net you a clean hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar profit on your lots. That's what I'm aiming to clean up. Most likely more."

"They may be pretty loony, that Splendor City outfit," argued Harter, "but they'll never pay \$150,000 for your land. Perhaps somewhere close to \$70,000, English says, if you wait long enough and play your cards right. But not—"

"English is a fool," declared Fragen. "He may understand real estate. But he doesn't understand human nature. I do. That's how I'm going to mulct that goldshirt crowd for \$150,000, plus my outlay."

"Your outlay?" queried Grant, puzzled. "What outlay is there?"

"I'm going to build on that land of mine," replied J. Q., smiling happily. "Fact is, I've broke ground, today, for it. They approved my building plans, too, the C'mittee. Not that I'd have cared if they didn't. I picked out the style of bungalow from their own map. Picked out the one that'll fit my plan best. Wood and adobe and long and wide and only one story. Two high chimneys and a lot of windows. 'Spanish-California Modified,' the booklet calls it. It'll sure be plenty modified before I'm through. I'm rushing the work on it."

"But it'll cost you a heap to build it," objected Grant, in perplexity, "especially with all these freight embargoes and such. You can't build it under—"

"It's \$21,000 complete. To be erected within—" "With the \$7,500, that's an outlay of \$28,500," computed Grant. "You can't hope to sell or to rent for another three years or so, till the rest of the city is built up more."

"I don't aim to," J. Q. assured him. "I'm aiming to clean up my outlay and another \$150,000, inside three months."

"But how? If—"

Fragen dropped his voice.

"Give me your word to keep your mouth shut, and I'll tell you. You keep your promises. I know that. It's one of the things that's kept you poor. How about it?"

Harter gave the required pledge; curiosity gnawing at his vitals. Maida promised with equal solemnity.

"The minute my bungalow gets finished," confided J. Q., "it's going to stop being a bungalow. It's going to be a factory. A glue factory."

"What!!!"

"JUST that," chuckled J. Q. "It all came to me, in a flash. I looked up the law on it, too. They can't touch me. If I build a glue factory next to a man's home, he has a legal kick. But if he builds a home next to my glue factory, he has no legal kick at all; because he knows beforehand what he's going up against. Well, there isn't a single home in all Splendor City. They've got their \$75,000 Administration Building and their \$45,000 office and their \$60,000 rest'rnt-and-rest-rooms-and-lecture-room. But not one of those is a dwelling house, and not one of 'em is within a half-mile of my land. Mine is the first bungalow to be actually built. So the law is with me. Get the idee?"

"I—I hope I don't," faltered Grant, slightly nauseated.

"You wouldn't. But any financier would. Here's the last obstacles been taken away to the straight-off building up of Splendor City. Those folks have got more than five million dollars invested there. Good. Along comes I, and starts a fine and high-smelling glue factory, in the very middle of where they're selling their best lots. The trade wind will spread that goshawful smell over the whole city. Not even a

goat would consent to live in such a scentsome place."

"But—"

"It'll be worth close to \$200,000 to that bunch of stockholders to buy me out. I'll sell at a clean profit of—"

"A—A WHAT kind of profit?" put in Harter, feebly.

"And," went on Fragen, triumphantly, "when I go back to Beemis in the spring, I'll tote back with me something like \$150,000 or more, as a soov'nir of my Florida winter. Not bad, hey? Those fellers will have to pay me my own price for my land and for my pretty little glue factory; or else they'll have to lose their whole investment. They—"

"Are—are you going to have a horse?" asked the dazed Grant.

"A horse?" echoed Fragen, angrily puzzled at the odd question. "No. Of course not. What in blazes do I need of a horse? If—"

"Jesse James had one," explained Harter, mildly. "But then of course he was just a piker, I suppose. Drop in on me at the garage in Beemis, won't you, when it's built? I am to make a mighty good business of that."

"And Uncle," chimed in Maida, "we've got a secret to tell you, too, in return for yours about the glue factory. It's a lot sweeter secret than yours. Grant wanted to tell you, right off. But I said to wait till you were in a good humor. You hadn't ever yet been in that kind of a humor, I knew. But there was always a chance you might be. And now you seem happier over your factory scheme than you've been over anything else, this year. So I think the right time has come to tell you."

"Well?" grunted J. Q.; crankily on guard.

"Grant and I were married, yesterday," said Maida, in much pride. "Here at Miami. And I'm going north with him, this week. Won't it be fun helping to boss the building of the garage and picking out a house to rent? I knew you'd be ever so pleased," she ended, wistfully, as Fragen's rage-choked throat began its wonted creating of static noises.

While Grant Harter waited for his wife to finish making

the breakfast coffee at their tiny garage-side bungalow in the Beemis suburbs, six weeks later, he picked up a copy of the morning paper. Idly he glanced at it. Then, with mouth agape he read and reread a single half-column telegraphed news story on its first page.

After which he made his way, bewilderedly, to the kitchen door and addressed his coffee-making bride.

"It's bust!" he babbled. "Bust to flinders! There's a long piece in the paper about it. Florida's lost her grand big balloon of a boom. Florida itself is as solid as a rock, and full of grand investments; and it always will be. But the boom is bust, and some banks are shutting."

"Oh!" gasped Maida, round-eyed. "But—"

"But that's not the tenth of it—for you and me. Floranada is on the rocks and so is Oceanwold. AND SO IS SPLENDOR CITY! Splendor City has failed for more'n \$6,000,000. Flatter'n a disc-record. Not a cent on the dollar. Poor old J. Q.! There he is with \$28,500 in the hole, and nothing to show for it except a nice spicy glue-factory in a wilderness where nobody's left to eat glue! I wonder ought I to write and offer him a little loan. We could spare—"

"Grant Harter!" cried Maida in exasperation. "Haven't you any spirit, at all? After all the kinds of a fool he called you, for being content to pull out when everything looked brightest! After the way he tried to hold up Splendor City! I'm ashamed of you, dear. Honestly, I am. At least,—at least—I would be if I wasn't so proud of you. But you aren't going to offer him a cent. He's richer even now than we are. He—"

"Gee!" mourned Grant. "I'd have swore the Florida boom was going to keep right on forever. Nothing seems safe any more. It—it kind of makes me feel scary about our own garage business, girlie. I wonder—d'you s'pose folks will all stop having automobiles? All at the same time and before we can save enough to live on our income? If they do—we're goners, I and you, Maida. I wish I'd ordered chuck steak for supper tonight, instead of sirloin."

SHRINE SERVICE RECOMMENDS TO OUR READERS

BOOKS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: No claim is made that this list includes all new books worth mentioning. We offer it as a list that may be of assistance to those seeking helpful and entertaining books. We will be glad to buy any of these books for readers. Address Shrine Book Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

America Finding Herself. By Mark Sullivan. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$5.00. Colorful cut-back to the first years of this century—Roosevelt, Standard Oil and the battle of the trusts, Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," the motor horn sounding Dobbin's death knell, the old songs, Mr. Dooley, the Wright Brothers. Profusely illustrated with cartoons and photographs of the period.

George Washington: Rebel and Patriot. By Rupert Hughes. Wm. Morrow & Co. \$5.00. The second volume of Mr. Hughes' biography, covering the period, 1762-1777. Sounder than the first. The character of Washington is made to shine against the self-seekers by whom he was surrounded.

Father Mississippi. By Lyle Saxon. The Century Co. \$5.00. A fascinating "biography" of the Father of Waters and the great valley, from the time of Hernando de Soto to the present day, including a report of the recent flood. As thrilling as the best fiction.

John Paul Jones. By Phillips Russell. Brentano's. \$5.00. The life of an American fighter and man of action, told with spirit and color.

Andrew Jackson. By Gerald W. Johnson. Minton, Balch & Co. \$3.50. "An epic in homespun." A life story packed with drama and danger, in backwoods, on battlefield and in the White House.

Adam and Eve. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.50. The story of the first triangle, told with wit and spirit.

They Also Serve. By Peter B. Kyne. Cosmopolitan Book Corp. \$2.00. A rancher's horse is the hero.

Forlorn River. By Zane Grey. Harper & Bros. \$2.00. An exciting Western tale.

The Bellamy Trial. By Frances Noyes Hart. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.00. A thrilling mystery yarn.

Jalna. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50. A family narrative, interesting in every character.

The Vanguard. By Arnold Bennett. Geo. H. Doran Co. \$2.50. A witty whimsical yarn, with more talk than action.

The Nuptials of Corbal. By Rafael Sabatini. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2.50. An animated costume yarn, set in the French Reign of Terror.

PLAYS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: This list of New York theater offerings is published to give Shrine readers a suggestion as to what is best. We will gladly arrange for seats to any theater, provided it is understood that we have no inside ways of getting preferential seats. Address Shrine Theater Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

The Plough and the Stars. By Sean O'Casey. Hudson Theater. A poignant Irish drama of the Dublin revolution of 1916. Humor and tears, with supreme acting. "Juno and the Paycock," by O'Casey, has been added to the repertory, with the promise of Synge's "Playboy of the Western World."

The Doctor's Dilemma. By Bernard Shaw. The Guild Theater. A brilliant play with a brilliant cast. Will be succeeded soon by Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions."

Escape. By John Galsworthy. Royale Theater. The vital scenes in the life of an escaping convict continue to thrill audiences.

Jedermann (Everyman). Production by Max Reinhardt. Century Theater. A badly Teutonized version of a beautiful morality play; but Reinhardt does marvels to make you feel its spiritual quality. "The Death of Danton," a Revolutionary play, is about to be produced.

The Merchant of Venice. By Shakespeare. George Arliss as Shylock and Peggy Wood as Portia. So close is this Ames production to its first night, that it will be settled here by the time you get this advice to see it—if you like Shakespeare. If not, go to "The Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare done in modern dress at the Garrick Theater, with a Ford car and the Shrew.

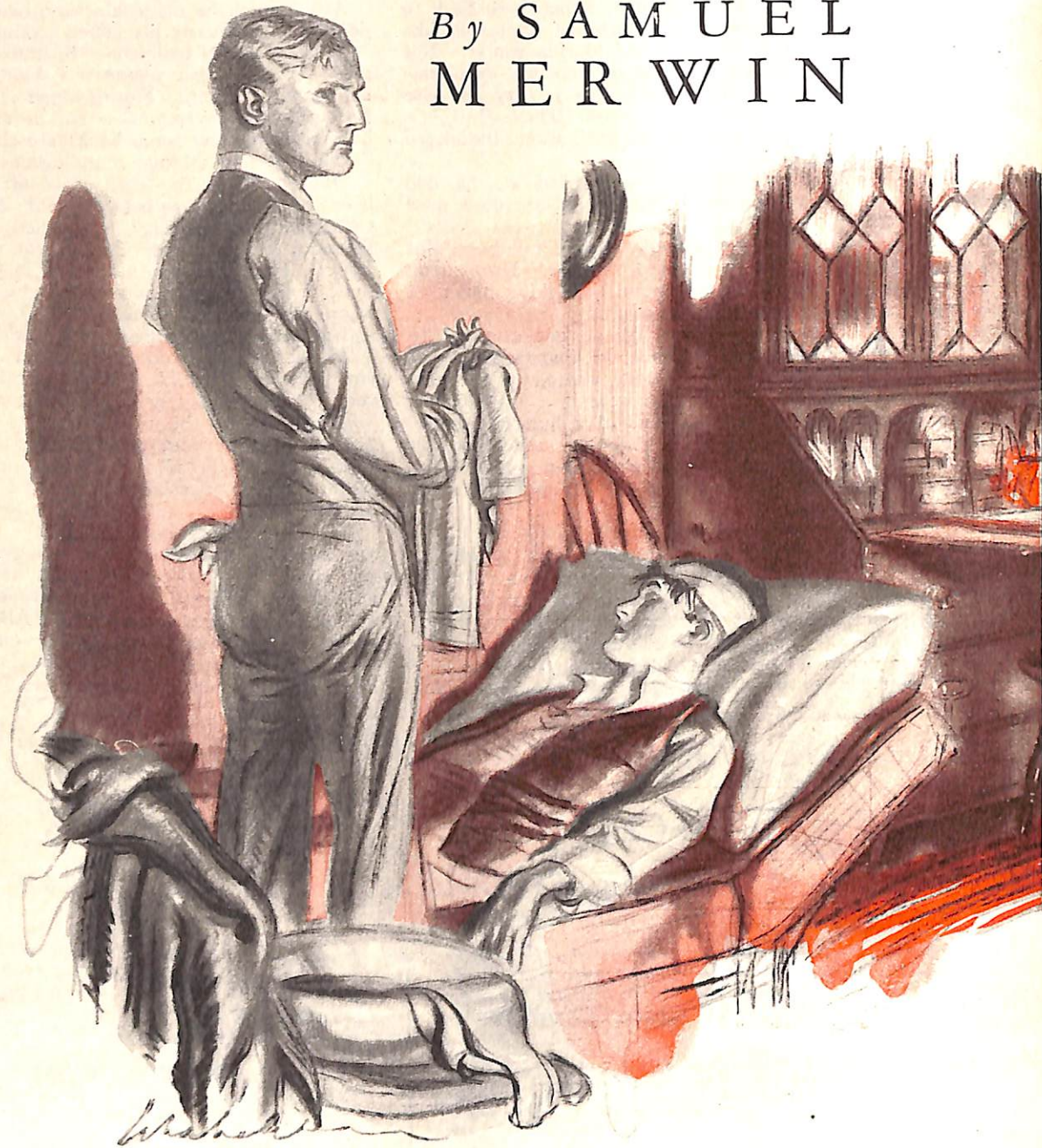
George White's Manhattan Mary. With Ed Wynn. Apollo Theater. Wynn still persists, amidst excellent fun-making, in advertising himself as the "perfect fool" with pretty girls. If you don't want Wynn, there is Eddie Cantor in the "Ziegfeld Follies" at the New Amsterdam Theater, and a sure fire revue, "The 1928 Artists and Models," at the Winter Garden, with Ted Lewis.

Successes still running. Helen Hayes in "Coquette." Billie Burke in "The Marquise." Walter Hampden in "An Enemy of the People." And the Winthrop Ames repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," "Mikado" and "Pirates of Penzance."

Plays that were to be produced by Christmas. George Kelly's "Behold, the Bridegroom," starring Judith Anderson; "The Royal Family," by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber, with an excellent cast headed by Haidee Wright; "The Wedding," by Philip Barry, with Madge Kennedy.

JAZZLAND

By SAMUEL
MERWIN



What Has
Gone Before—

ACKLAND CENTER, like the fine old New England town it was, had much to be proud of. Even strangers—speed-mad motorists who flashed through the town on the straight road from New York to Boston—paused to admire the eighteenth century elms and the well-preserved white houses. They paused also to buy farm products from the Bagot wayside stand, with pretty Martha Bagot, a product of quiet old Ackland's high school, serving them. Her older sister, Stella, a handsome highspirited girl, had broken away from home ties, going first to college and then to New York where she had made quite a brilliant place for herself on the editorial staff of a magazine.

Gradually "hot-dog" stands and filling stations began to seep in, disfiguring the main street, but the last straw came when the town found one of its fine old mansions being turned into a roadhouse. "Jazzland," its bootlegging gang of owners called it. "Ackland's sore spot" was what Ham Pew, editor and owner of "The Ackland Age" called it in his vigorous editorials against it and all it stood for, not only despoiling the town, but reaching into its homes—it was no secret that girls of the town were lured there. The Pews, Ham and Homer, had inherited the paper from their father who, before his death,

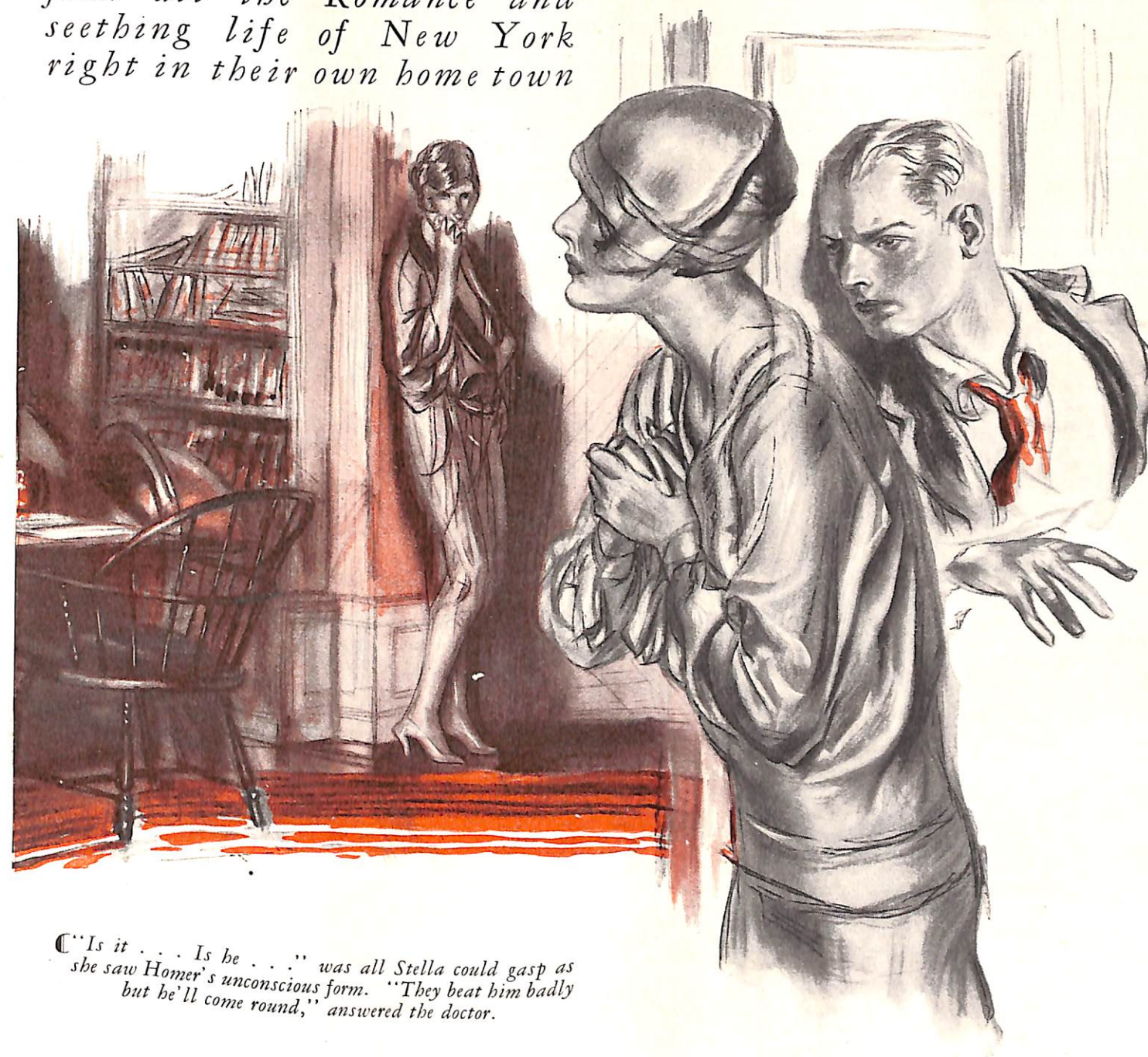
had made the paper famous. With his lovely little sister to worry about, Ham's hatred of the roadhouse was all the fiercer, especially after detecting the fumes of liquor on her breath. Homer, the younger brother, did not quite see how Ham could hope to win out singlehanded as most of the townspeople, especially Joe Harmer, their most prominent citizen, seemed to be philosophical about it.

Ham decided that as long as Homer didn't see this matter in the same light as he did, it would be a good time for him to run down to New York and have a "try" at it, as Homer had always wanted to do. Homer was delighted but worried because of a threatening telephone message demanding that Ham stop his attacks on the roadhouse. In New York Homer got in touch with Stella Bagot, whom he had known in school at Ackland, and was surprised to find how lovely she had grown. He told her about Ham's fight with the roadhouse crowd and she decided there was a magazine article in it. The next morning she was stunned to receive word that Ham had been murdered and that Homer was on his way home.

Stella Bagot had received the commission from her editor to go to her home in Ackland and write the article about Ham Pew and his fight against the Jazzland invasion of his town.

A Boy and Girl with their backs to the wall suddenly find all the Romance and seething life of New York right in their own home town

Illustrations by
R. F. Schabelitz



"Is it . . . Is he . . ." was all Stella could gasp as she saw Homer's unconscious form. "They beat him badly but he'll come round," answered the doctor.

Among the interesting literary people she had met in New York there was a famous author by the name of Ernest Hallam. Stella, flattered by the attentions of this fascinating man of the world, this "free soul" who scorned the conventions, unconsciously began echoing his extremely modern ideas. When he suggested that he drive her up to Ackland, stopping off overnight somewhere, she demurred, but asked that he drive her straight home and give her time to think things out.

Stella found Homer Pew grim and determined to carry on for his murdered brother. A disturbing visit from the important townsman, Joe Harmer, under the guise of strong friendship, was rightly interpreted by Homer as an effort to buy the Pew newspaper, The Age, as a means of stopping its attacks on Jazzland. After Harmer's departure from the Age office another threat came over the wire. Homer, leaving Stella and the office staff, started for home, and a few minutes later a police call came into the office from Homer's house.

HURRIEDLY Stella started the Ford. The hatless, hard breathing man leaped in beside her. The rows of shops about the green were dark. Not a creature was visible, not a car moved.

A number of cars were parked in front of the Pew place.

The house was lighted up. A group of men, some in bath gowns over pajamas, stood in hushed manner on the shadowy lawn. There was a policeman in the street, and another on the porch. This latter wasn't inclined to let them in at first; then he recognized the asthmatic one, and said, "All right, Mr. Asbury."

The little gray woman, standing within the screen door twisting her hands Stella recognized as Mrs. Carver, the Aunt Emma of the Pew household. She looked at them, as they entered but didn't speak.

They had laid Homer on the couch in the library. Dr. Bilford appeared to be bandaging his head.

It was a spacious, peaceful room. The bookcases reached from the floor to ceiling. Old-fashioned steel engravings in heavy frames. A hushed pervasive sense of the past.

Stella felt another living presence. It was Kitty Pew, standing rigidly in a window alcove. She'd been crying.

The Doctor looked up. Then bent a questioning gaze on the newcomers. Stella, overcoming a shortness of breath, explained "We've come from the Age office."

"Oh, it's Stella Bagot. I didn't place you at first." He smiled. "Is it" . . . Stella's voice . . . "Is he . . ."

"He'll come round all right. They beat him up pretty badly."
 "Who did, Doctor?"
 "Three or four men. I didn't get much of a look at them. They ran out through the Swan place to the back street. By a coincidence I had just come in from a call. I heard Homer shutting the door of his garage. Then a scream." He glanced toward Kitty; but the girl neither moved nor spoke. "I gather that she heard the men and got up and went to a window. She saw them jump on him."

Homer stirred. Mumbled. The Doctor and Stella moved to his side. His eyes slowly opened, and looked, with a puzzled expression, from one to the other. Then he groaned softly.

"Head ache?" asked the Doctor.

"Splitting . . . What happened?"

"You took something of a beating, Homer. But there's no bones broken."

Homer made an effort to lift his bandaged head. "No, my boy, you just lie still. I'm going to telephone over to the hospital for a nurse."

"But good Lord! I don't need a nurse!"

"Just a couple of days. I'm going to keep you under observation. Best thing for you right now is to obey orders."

Homer's eyes closed again.

Kitty sobbed. Stella, her nerves on edge, started. The girl rushed out and ran upstairs.

"I'll go telephone," said the Doctor. "Don't let him try to get up."

Stella sank into the chair alongside of the couch. Asbury moved nearer.

"My head isn't any too clear," began Homer.

"Don't try to think," said Stella. She couldn't move her eyes from that tousled, bandaged head. A warm, excited impulse came to take it into her arms. But that wouldn't do.

He was speaking again. "The thing to do is to get this right into the paper. Better telephone Ben to stop the press, Asbury."

"As soon as the Doctor is through," replied that person, wheezily, and stepped out into the hall.

"I'll attend to it," said Stella.

"Oh, will you? That's good of you."

She laid a trembling hand on his arm. "Please leave everything to us." She mustn't cry. "I'm working for the Age now, you know." If she sat here much longer she'd be stroking that bruised head. So she got up. "We'll put it in a box on the front page."

"Will you? That's the stuff. It's wonderful of you, Stella, to . . ."

The Doctor reappeared. "It will be an hour or two before we can have the nurse here. Will you watch him, Stella."

"I'm afraid I must go back to the office, Doctor."

"Well, I'll speak to Mrs. Carver. Poor woman." This in a low tone. Then, to Homer—"I want you to lie here till I get back."

Asbury reappeared. "Ben's holding everything until we get down there. Is there anything particular you want us to say?"

"I've got it pretty clear in my mind," said Stella.

"Just be sure you hit hard," said Homer.

STELLA could write. And on this occasion the subject matter blazed in her brain. Within an hour the proof was corrected, and the run of the paper under way again. Miss Curry proved to be so shaken that Asbury took her home. Left alone in the office, Stella dropped for a moment into one of the swivel chairs and pressed her hands against her hot cheeks.

A strong light was thrown suddenly in through the front window. It was an automobile heading in to the curb. She heard a door slam. A figure appeared at the screen.

"Oh, Homer!" she cried, rather weakly. "You shouldn't have come!"

He was hatless, and still bandaged. But he smiled. "I'm perfectly all right, Stella. Thought I'd better have a look at what you've done."

"I'll get the proof," she said.

He dropped down at his desk, painfully. Returning with the proof, she stood by while he read it.

"That's fine, Stella. Bully. Maybe it'll make them think. I hope so."

"It ought to. But really, Homer, you shouldn't have . . ."

"Oh Lord! I couldn't just lie there. How about you? Aren't you all in? It's well on in the morning."

She sank into the chair at the other desk. "I'll admit I'm limp. But I'm too excited to go home."

"It is exciting. I've been thinking pretty deeply, stretched out there. Thinking over what it seems to be all about . . . H'm! Poor old Ham!"

He spread a firm hand on the desk, pressing it down. Stella, regarding him, found her eyes filling. "Do you know, Stella, I realize that I'm not like Ham. We're going through with this fight, of course. We're going to run that roadhouse out of town. But when that's done, I rather think I'll just devote myself to trying to make the old paper snappy and interesting again."

"You'd better go back, Homer."

"I will, in a few minutes . . . One definite move occurred to me. I'm going to get up a petition for a special town meeting to thrash out this Jazzland business. The selectmen may oppose it. It would be easy for them to take the position that I'm just a pestiferous young troublemaker. If they do try to stop me, it'll be necessary to get a hundred signatures. But it ought to be possible to find that many voters on our side. The selectmen have power to close the place as a nuisance, and maybe we could force their hand."

"IT WOULD help," mused Stella, "if we could get a little real evidence of liquor being sold out there."

"It would. A lot. But I'm going to start in tomorrow, anyway, on that special meeting. There's no other way of bringing it to an issue."

"I could get signatures," said Stella.

"I believe you could. Stella, I can't tell you how wonderful it is to find you . . ."

"I don't want to be thanked any more," she broke in, shortly.

"All right. I'll stop." He fell silent. He was leaning forward now, elbows on the desk, his head in his hands.

There was another car at the curb. A man in a gray suit came in; youngish, sinewy of figure, with a squarely blocked-in face.

"I saw your lights Mr. Pew," he said, "and wondered who was here. How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I'll be all right, soon as I've put away a night's sleep."

Stella, struggling to control nerves that had suddenly gone edgy, said—"Homer, will you please go straight home and get it?"

"Yes. Oh, this is Mr. Wilbraham, Miss Bagot. Miss Bagot is here to do an article on the case. And incidentally she's helping me a lot."

Very quietly Wilbraham took her hand. For a moment she felt the blue eyes fixed on her. Then he turned to Homer.

"They got away," he said. "There were three men. They had a car parked under the trees near the Swan house. Did you see them at all, Mr. Pew?"

"No," Homer was holding his head again. With an effort he looked up. "No, they were behind me. I seem to remember hearing voices."

Stella glanced quickly at him. "Did you recognize any of the voices?"

"Why . . . yes . . . that's odd, come to think of it . . ."

"The husky, high voice? Thick speech?"

"Yes. Absolutely!"

Stella turned, with a momentary uprush of the earlier excitement, to Wilbraham. "It was the man who telephoned the warning just before. We both heard it then."

"And," put in Homer, "it's the man that telephoned the other warning." His head sagged forward on his hands.

Stella got up, quickly. "Homer," she cried, impatiently, "You simply must get home."

"I'll drive him over in my car," said Wilbraham.

Stella had Homer's arm and was helping him to his feet. Wilbraham took the other arm.

"But how about you, Stella?" asked Homer gently. "You're all in, yourself."

"I'm all right. I'm going now."

The two of them put him in the detective's car. She felt childishly angry at that man for breaking in on them. She'd wanted to drive him home herself. Warily she got into the Ford and drove out the state road.

That nervous edginess possessed her more strongly. And her thoughts were rather wildly out of hand. Gripping the shaky wheel and peering out at the dim highway, in her mind's



"What are you up to?" Stella asked. "It's all hours, and you know how the folks would feel if they knew."
 "They never let me have any fun," the younger sister was sulky. "It's been like a prison!"

eye she saw Homer lying on the couch in that hauntlike library . . . that pitifully beaten-up face and the tousled hair. Queer how she'd itched to get her hands on him, mother him.

"Emotionally he doesn't know I'm alive," she thought. Then started, and glanced off at the roadside. Had she spoken aloud! "You're a wreck, Stella Bagot." This frankly aloud. "And a good deal of a mess, I'm afraid. You've got to call Ernest up

before eleven tomorrow—today. How about that? What are you going to say to him? It's pretty pressing."

She drove in around the house and put the car up. Another sudden wild thought came, a still more unsettling thought—"What if I should go and fall idiotically in love with that thoroughbred boy. I might. Those things happen. He wouldn't look at a Bagot, of course. Not here in Ackland. I'd have to be in New York to impress him."

A sob shook her. This wouldn't do at all. What was the matter with her! She simply must get some sort of hold on herself.

A car stopped out on the road. She could hear low voices.

Were they after her too? Well, what of it? She walked deliberately around to the front. The path led by the shed, past the open arch where cords of wood were always neatly piled. A figure stood in the shadow of the arch, then began climbing. Then she saw that it was a girl.

"Martha!"

The girl dropped to the ground. "Stella! My word, but you scared me!"

"You don't have to climb up there. The front door was left open for me. Sit down a minute."

Side by side, on the top step of the porch, they fell silent. Then Stella asked— "What are you up to, anyway? It's all hours."

"Well . . . you have to have a little fun."

"You know how the folks would feel."

"Well . . . oh, they don't understand!"

"You've been drinking, Martha."

"Not much. I never take much."

"On the loose, aren't you? Hm! I'll admit it's rather a shock. I suppose you've been off dancing somewhere."

"YES, I have." Then hotly— "I don't see that you're in a position to talk. You went away."

"Oh come, Martha!" She'd have to say something. The girl saw it all wrong. She herself had never run wild, flapper fashion. Quietly, guardedly, she went on— "I went to college, Martha. I worked harder than you have any idea of. And then when I got to New York I took a responsible job."

"That's all very well. But you're not fair, Stella. They've kept me home here. It's been like a prison. Never any fun. They've taken it out of me to balance up for what you did to them . . . Well, I'm going up."

"You'll find a box of candy on the hall table."

"Oh . . . thanks, Stella. Well, I'll say good morning."

Stella dragged herself up to her room. Something had to be done about Ernest. A sane course thought-out. He seemed a curiously remote figure. But he'd be waiting, from ten to eleven, for her voice.

She wrote on a sheet of paper— "Please wake me at ten—" and pinned it on the outside of the door. She'd have to allow time to dress and get down to the center. Call him from a booth at Breckeridge's.

When her heavy eyes opened they rested on her mother standing beside the bed with a tray.

"I didn't have the heart to wake you before, Stella."

"What time is it?"

"The noon whistle just blew."

Stella sat up. "But, mother . . ."

"I saw your note, dear. But when the Age came and we realized what you'd been through, we both thought you'd better sleep. It's pretty bad, those attacks. I don't know what we're coming to."

"It's awful." Stella sipped her coffee. She'd have to think quickly.

"A man called up, Stella. A little after eleven. He seemed anxious to get in touch with you. He . . . he wouldn't give his name. Boston call."

It was rather awkward. Stella sensed anxiety, and hesitant questions. She decided on activity as the best defense.

"I wonder if father could let me have the Ford."

"Why, I suppose so. But must you dash right out again, dear? Don't you think you'd better rest?"

"I can't mother. Not now, while all this is going on. My place is right in it." She tried to smile reassuringly. Above all she must get away from the house. Ernest might call her again and talk in a way she couldn't meet with complicated evasions.

She dressed hurriedly, kissed her mother and fled. She found her father greasing the Ford, and greeted him cheerily.

"It's pretty bad about Homer Pew," he remarked.

"They almost killed him."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes. I went right out there from the Age office . . . Oh Father, it just occurred to me—this place they call Jazzland—how did the Parmenters come to let them have it?"

"They didn't. Fred Parmenter died last year. When Mary found out what they wanted it for, she refused to sell. It took some courage. Fred didn't leave her any too well fixed. She didn't think it would be good for the town."

"But if she refused to sell, how did they eventually get it?" Stella asked.

"That was odd. I don't think it is understood around town. Mary came over here one evening, before she went South, and told me about it. She felt rather badly. Henry Harker's little farm was next door, you know. He told Mary he wanted to enlarge his place and took a three months option. Paid five hundred dollars down."

"Where did Henry Harker get five hundred dollars?"

"That's the question."

"The Jazzland people simply made him their agent, then?"

"I can't say. Apparently somebody did. They bought his property, too."

"Oh! Where is he now?"

"California. He just quietly went away. It was a rather sharp trick."

Stella considered this bit of information as she drove down to the center. She stopped at the Age office. Miss Curry and Asbury were there. They reported that Homer was better, and would be about by Monday. Then she went into Breckeridge's and called up the Boston Hotel. It was hot in the booth, and she felt tired and confused. She'd have to brace up. Meet the situation. Finally she heard Hallam's voice, and spoke with nervous quickness. Explained how her mother had failed to waken her. Adding— "But, Ernie, you simply mustn't call the house."

"But here I am, marooned in a dead town, and not even able to get in touch with you."

"We're in touch now, Ernie." This wasn't very satisfactory. She'd have to say more. "I'm a wreck, Ernie. I went through all that dreadful business last night."

"But how about us. Am I not to see you?"

"Of course. Don't be silly."

"Well . . . when?"

Rather desperately she came out with— "How about this evening. For a little while. I've simply got to get rested up. But we could drive somewhere for dinner."

"Well—" He was cross. Really she couldn't blame him. "Well, I suppose that's something."

A bold new idea was shaping. This was more like it. She'd simply have to be active. "Listen, Ernie! You can help me. I want to go to a particular place near here. Drive out to Coventry. I'll be at the railway station there by six-thirty."

"Well . . ." a long silence . . . "It isn't exactly what we've talked about, Stella. However, I'll be at the Coventry station at six-thirty."

So much was she committed to. She went out to the street. She'd have to do something between now and six o'clock. Something active. She found herself wondering if Homer knew the details of that curious transaction of Henry Harker's. Perhaps she ought to run out there and tell him. She wanted to see him. It was an urge.

Martha was on her mind. And the home that apparently couldn't be held together. Her parents, and the evasions that couldn't be got around. They'd never understand Ernest. Never in the world. "I was a fool," she thought, "to undertake this job. I'll never be able to stick it at home. If only I could be surer of myself! Just to be honestly, hopelessly in love with Ernest would be a relief. I wish I'd stayed in New York!" Her eyes filled.

SHE got into the Ford and drove, in unhappy, fatalistic mood, to the Pews. Mrs. Carver said she thought Homer would see her. In a moment she was ushered into the library.

Homer got up from the couch. And another man rose. Mr. Wilbraham.

"It's good of you to look in on me," said Homer. The bandage was gone, but there was a strip of plaster on his forehead. She looked at the bruised face.

"Still got my war paint on," he added, with a grave smile.

"How are things with you, Stella?"

"Please lie down again," said she.

"Oh no. I'm perfectly sound."

"Is there any trace of those men?"

"No. My notion is that they're pretty sure of their protection in this county, or they'd never have gone at me so soon after the murder. I don't know what Mr. Wilbraham thinks. I feel he agrees with me." [Continued on page 78]



EDITORIALS

THE SUCCESS OF A TEMPLE DEPENDS UPON THE PERFECT COOPERATION OF EACH UNIT

THE advertising department of any newspaper feels that if it were not for the money it brings in, the newspaper could not live. The editorial department will tell you in confidence that if they didn't make a fine newspaper, the advertising department could not exist. The manager of the circulation department will tell you that if he did not get the circulation the editorial staff and advertising department would both be out of a job.

Each one is right. The factory end of any large organization believes that the sales force and advertising department are mere parasites on production. The sales department believes that if they did not sell the stuff, the factory wheels would stop turning. The advertising manager lights a fresh pipe to explain that if it were not for his clever advertising copy they would neither sell nor manufacture their product.

Each has his claim to accuracy. If it were possible to catch the Captain of either the Patrol or the Legion in a moment of frankness he might tell you that if it were not for the work of his unit the Ceremonials of his Temple would be as sad as a pauper funeral. If the leaders of Band, Orchestra, Chanters or Oriental Band could be induced to express a frank opinion they would say that without the work of the men under their charge, a Shrine meeting would be a grand flop. The Floor Team and the Divan would look down shyly, scrape the floor with one toe and explain that without them there couldn't be a Ceremonial. In the Recorder's office you find that the others are all badly mistaken. He believes that the bunch he has hustling for petitions is what makes the big Ceremonials of the Temple a possibility.

Each of these, too, has his right to his claim. In the Shrine, as in business organizations, different departments are interdependent. Each must do its part. The success of each is dependent on the perfect cooperation of the others. Woe be it to that Temple the units of which work not in absolute harmony, each with a full appreciation of the part played by the others.

In the business world, the remedy for a department which does not cooperate fully is simple. You chop the head of that department off the payroll and that is that. But in the Shrine all work is unpaid, done out of love for the Order. Men who are truly loyal to the unit to which they belong are properly proud of it. They feel that it is highly important. Such feeling is necessary for the success of each unit.

In this service of love, we can learn from the service for pay. In business organizations it is the custom to hold regular conferences of the heads of all departments before any change is made in policy.

When the Potentate calls together the heads of each unit when a Ceremonial is being planned, consults each as to the part his unit will play and lays out a program after consultation, there is little chance for jealousy or friction between units.

Each unit is the creature of its creator, the Potentate. They are responsible to him and the power which places can replace. Should any unit head be so remarkable a Noble as to get a false idea of his or his unit's importance, and in so doing, fail to cooperate with the others, the remedy is obvious. A general consultation of all units will prevent misunderstandings and only in case of a misunderstanding can Shriners disagree.

"Tis not the thing ye do for yourself, Oh Queen, 'tis the thing ye do for others that makes the pillow soft when ye come to bed."

HAS THE SHRINE MOTION PICTURE, "AN EQUAL CHANCE," BEEN SHOWN AT YOUR TEMPLE YET?

HAS the film been shown in your Temple? There are many films, of course, but the film, from a Shrine standpoint, is "An Equal Chance," done by some of the best actors in Hollywood. They donated their services; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made the picture without a penny charge except net cost of production.

Devoid of maudlin sentiment, it is a story of a crippled child, full to the brim of happy tears and joyous laughter. The generosity of Noble Allen Ratterree of Al Malaikah made it possible. It is a gripping story wonderfully photographed, showing just a bit of the work the Shrine is doing for the little cripples.

No Noble can sit through its twenty minutes of heart throb without being a better man and a better Shriner. No Ceremonial but can be helped by making this film an early part of the program.

The film has a triple purpose. First, that Shriners may contribute at their own good time and through their own Temples for this most worthy cause. Second, that Shriners be encouraged to visit the nearest one of our hospitals, knowing that in so doing they will not see a chamber of horrors full of tears and suffering, but a paradise of happy children being cured forever of devastating diseases. Third, that Shriners who have money beside that they wish to leave to their immediate families, will remember the hospitals in their wills. A Noble work, surely!

This film has such dramatic quality, such heart throbbing interest, that it would be a splendid feature for any moving picture house. It is a fine example of the cinematic art and well worth showing anywhere.

Nothing could better illustrate the work which the Shrine Hospitals have done for the fifteen thousand crippled children on this continent. Nothing could more impress on us the needs of the three hundred thousand untreated crippled children which now suffer because their parents are unable to pay for proper surgery.

A note to Reynold E. Blight, 2632 West 7th street, Los Angeles, California will bring you prompt information as to the ease with which you can get this film.

The greatest water power known to man is a woman's tears.

With the Imperial Potentate

BASKING in the sunshine somewhere in the West Indies, the Imperial Potentate is enjoying a well earned rest. For the last six months he has been traveling almost continuously, paying official visits to Temples in all parts of the country. In three tours he visited eighty Oases, then went to Miami to be present at a big Ceremonial Session, to select the hotel for Imperial headquarters, and to see for himself what was being done to prepare for the meeting of the Imperial Council there next May. What he saw and learned evidently con-



Filmer of Islam Temple, San Francisco, and Chief Rabban Arthur W. Gluckman, High Priest and Prophet, Noble and Mrs. Walter Emerson, and Noble and Mrs. Forest Langenour of Ben Ali Temple, Sacramento, Cal. At Los Angeles, Potentate Lane D. Webber and Past Potentate and Mrs. W. F. Ludington of Al Bahr Temple, joined the Imperial caravan to guide it safely to San Diego, where Al Bahr's Divan, Band and Patrol and a large gathering of Shriners welcomed the Imperial Potentate and escorted him to the Hotel del Coronado.



(Above) Potentate Julian D. Harries, who was host to the Imperial Potentate on his visit to Islam Temple, San Francisco.

(Left) The present and the past. Imperial Potentate Dunbar and Noble Albert B. McGaffey, senior Past Imperial Potentate.

(Right) At Asbland, Ore. Samuel Baker, Potentate, Hillab Temple, the Imperial Potentate, and Fontaine Johnson, Potentate, Ben Ali, Sacramento.

(Below) At Los Angeles. L. V. Youngworth, Imperial Chief Rabban; Past Imperial Potentate McCandless; Noble Dunbar; Potentate Crabill of Al Malaikah.



One of the features of the lavish hospitality displayed by the Shriners of this Oasis was a motor trip to the Temple's camp and clubhouse in the Laguna Mountains, fifty-seven miles from San Diego. There, about 6,000 feet above the sea level, a reception was held and a most enjoyable time spent. In the evening the Temple gave a dinner, reception and ball in honor of the distinguished visitor. At the dinner, a handsome marine clock was presented to Noble Dunbar.

Elaborate arrangements for the reception of the Imperial Potentate at Los Angeles had been made by the Nobles of Al Malaikah Temple, and for three days, from the time he left the caravan which brought him from San Diego, until he departed to continue his tour, there was something doing every hour. A special reception committee, headed by Past Potentate Louis M. Cole, Recorder George J. Ramsey, and a host of Shriners, with the Band, Chanters and Patrol, welcomed Noble Dunbar to the Oasis and led a parade, escorted by motorcycle policemen, to the Biltmore Hotel, where the first of several receptions was held. In the afternoon the Imperial Potentate, his daughter and others in the party visited some of the movie studios, and in the evening one of the biggest Ceremonial Sessions in the history of the Temple was held. The Faithful crowded the Mosque eager to greet the Imperial Potentate. The pageant, in which more than 300 persons participated, was the outstanding feature of the [Continued on page 83]



(Above) Noble Dunbar was made honorary member Portland, Ore., Fire Bureau on his visit to that city. He is shown with Fire Chief Lee Holden.

vinced him that Mahi Temple and Miami were well able to take care of the thousands of Shriners who will make the pilgrimage to the annual gathering, for he expressed satisfaction with the progress that had been made and with the plans now fast being carried to completion.

With this important matter off his mind, the Imperial Potentate, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar, boarded the steamship Megantic at New York, on the night of January 16th, for the cruise sponsored by THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. On the steamship is a large party of Shriners and their families who, with the Imperial Potentate, are enjoying the entertainments aboard ship, and receptions, sightseeing trips and other amusements at the ports where stops are being made. The cruise will end February 7th. A few days later the Imperial Potentate will start on another tour.

His reception by Temples on the Pacific Coast was a round of enthusiastic demonstrations. From San Francisco, the last Oasis covered in the accounts of his tours, the Imperial Potentate journeyed to San Diego. In the Imperial party besides Miss Dunbar and her companion, Mrs. George W. Tingley, were Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless of Aloha Temple, Honolulu, H. I.; Imperial Chief Rabban Leo V. Youngworth, Potentate Sim W. Crabill and Chief Rabban Kenneth H. Gillette of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles; Past Potentate Walter S. Sugden of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, W. Va.; Past Potentate George



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

W E of the south, often called ancestor worshippers, are like potatoes—all that is any good of us is under the ground! Yet I know a Maine Yankee who is as much of an ancestor worshiper as I. A Past Potentate of my Temple, he was made a Shriner in his bedroom down in Maine. We hear now and then of some prominent man who was made a Mason "at sight." This man was made a Shriner when he was twelve years old. Still more unusual his Father made him a Shriner although the old gentleman was not himself a Noble! He was only a Blue Lodge Mason.

This youthful Past Pote committed some boyish sin like playing hookey. When his Dad had punished him he was blue as a policeman's pants.

He sneaked off to go swimming with another lad also in bad at home, suffering from a sense of parental injustice. At the swimming hole they saw a sailor. On his right arm was tattooed a flag. On his left forearm was tattooed a lady with even less clothes than they wear today. She had outstripped her time as it were. But the big show was a four masted schooner tattooed on his chest. The ship was so large and covered so much of him that when the sailor laughed or yawned the picture became all out of focus.

The old song says "you can beat a tattoo but you can't beat a tattooed man"; certainly not when it comes to fascinating a couple of boys. The sailor and the imaginary wrongs at home made them decide on a desperate step. They would run away to sea. They depicted to each other how sorry their families would be when they were gone; how they would return some day with full rigged schooners tattooed on their broad chests; they discussed wearing earrings like the pirates pictured in their books.

Armed with a few sandwiches and leaving a note saying they were running away to sea, they set out to walk to the

nearest port. They walked all that day; at night they "laid out" under the edge of a straw stack. In the night a rat, a snake, a bear, or some other nocturnal animal ran across their faces. The two kids crouched under the edge of the straw stack, scared stiff till daylight.

"Came the dawn" as the movie captions say it. They went away from there with noses turned toward home. Having no food, they stole some raw turnips, which added stomachache to their other troubles. At sun down of the second day they reached home again, foot sore, weary and fully expecting the licking they deserved.

The boy Past Pote was properly hugged by his mother who told him to sit right down and eat. He got food past the lump in his throat with difficulty. His father was ominously silent until after supper. Then he said kindly, "Sonny. You must be tired after your long walk. If I were you I would go to bed."

Tired and sleepy, young Past Pote went into his little room off the parlor. He was soon undressed and in bed. Almost immediately he heard a "Swish!" as a great splash of water blurred his window pane. A moment later this was repeated, and again a third time. Wondering he went to the door and out of the house to see why water splashed against his window.

Outside his window stood his father, wielding a stew pan. He was dipping water out of the rain barrel at the corner of the house and swishing it up against his son's bedroom window. Amazed the boy asked his father what he was doing.

"Oh! You out here?" said father. "Well, son, you were away at sea for so long I was afraid you could not sleep without the noise of the waves. I was trying to put you to sleep, knowing you were tired!"

Ashamed, humiliated, his dramatization of himself punctured, he slunk back to bed wondering if his father would tell the story around the village. He felt like he had hugged a cactus.

[Continued on page 67]



WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE THOMAS C. McRAE
Sahara Temple
Pine Bluff, Ark.

One of the enthusiastic Shriners in Arkansas is Noble McRae of Sahara Temple, Pine Bluff, who has just celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday. He is a lawyer, and has been in the public service for more than forty-eight years. In 1877 he was elected to the Arkansas Legislature and was a member of the House of Representatives from 1877 to 1879. He was a Presidential Elector in 1880, chairman of the Democratic State conventions in 1884 and in 1902; a member of the Democratic Congressional Committee from 1888 to 1902; national committeeman, 1896 to 1900, and for eighteen years a member of Congress, serving from the forty-ninth to the fifty-seventh sessions from the Third Arkansas District, retiring of his own volition in 1903. He was a member of the Arkansas Constitutional Convention, in 1918, and served two terms as Governor of the State.

Noble McRae's home is at Little Rock, Ark., but that does not keep him from taking an active part in the affairs of Sahara Temple. Since his retirement from politics, he finds his greatest pleasure in active participation in Masonic work, and especially with the work of the Shrine.



NOBLE WILLIAM R. WILSON
Mecca Temple
New York City

Mecca Temple, the mother Mosque, has many celebrities among its members, and it is especially resourceful in the matter of providing entertainment of an unusual character for its members. One of the principal reasons for this is William Ranney Wilson, Director of the Temple who, before he became one of the editors of The New York Times, a position he has held for twenty years, was a dramatist, and was identified with many of the Broadway successes of that time. He is one of the best known Masons in New York City, and has had many honors conferred upon him. Among these include his appointment as Grand Representative of Maryland in the Grand Chapter, R. A. M., of New York; Grand Steward of the Grand Lodge of Masons of New York, 1926-7; Illustrious Master, Columbian Council No. 1, R. and S. M., 1925-6; Master of St. Cecile Lodge, No. 568, 1923; High Priest, Corinthian Chapter, R. A. M., 1924; Commander, Ivanhoe Commandery No. 36, K. T., 1924-5; Master of Ceremonies, Chapter of Rose Croix, New York Consistory, Scottish Rite. To his various titles should be added that of Past Master on Entertaining, for he holds an enviable record in this line of activity, the greater part of which is in the cause of Masonic charities.



NOBLE A. H. STRICKLAND
Abdallah Temple
Leavenworth, Kans.

Potentate Arthur H. Strickland, of Abdallah Temple, Leavenworth, Kansas, does not spend all his time in Masonic activities. You might think so, because a man who, at thirty-eight, is not only Potentate of his Temple, but a Past Master of all the Masonic Bodies in Kansas City, Kansas, from the Blue Lodge right through the York and Scottish Rites, must have been pretty busy. But Noble Strickland has just been reelected City Finance Commissioner of Leavenworth for another four year term, and his political



future is considered by those who know him to be as full of promise as his future in Masonry—about which there cannot be much argument. He is a K. C. C. H., a member of the Red Cross of Constantine, and a Past Patron of the Eastern Star. Also, he is one of Abdallah's Representatives to the Imperial Council.



NOBLE FRED BRUNKHORST
Tripoli Temple
Milwaukee, Wis.

Milton said: "Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie." This must have been the influence felt by Fred Brunkhorst who, at the tender age of twelve years, went to Europe to become a pupil of some of the old masters. He remained seven years, making a study of the violin at Prague under Professor Bennewitz, and at the Prague Conservatory of Music, under Professors Foerster and Anton Dvorak. Returning to Milwaukee, he spent several years on the road as musical director of an orchestra, then for fifteen years he was director of the Alhambra Theater orchestra. In 1912 he organized the Tripoli Temple Band, and is still its Band Master and Captain. In 1916 he organized the first Knights Templar Band in Wisconsin. When the Shrine Band Directors' Association was organized he was elected Vice-President. In 1923, he was appointed Director and Captain of the Milwaukee Police Band. Now Noble Brunkhorst is given much of the credit for the high reputation won by Shrine bands.



NOBLE J. FRANK DAVIS
Alzafar Temple
San Antonio, Texas

It is axiomatic that a Shriner will make good. This is especially true in the case of Noble J. Frank Davis of Alzafar Temple, San Antonio, Texas, who, with far more than the average man to contend with, surmounted these difficulties to arrive at the top and remain there. Today he is well known as a novelist and short story writer, and he is the author of a play that has been one year on Broadway. When Noble Davis left Boston in 1913, after working on the newspapers there for many years from reporter to managing editor, his condition was considered hopeless. Because of overwork he had contracted tuberculosis of the spine, and was sent to Texas. It was a sad farewell, but since that time, he has written letters of condolence to at least eight widows of the twelve newspaper men who bade him good-by. In Texas, operation followed operation in the fight for life, and during the struggle he began writing magazine articles. After a



WITHIN THE SHRINE



time his work went over and since 1914 he has written seventeen novels, 150 short stories, four one-act plays, and "The Ladder," a Broadway success. Noble Davis is the only living author of a Masonic degree. This is the ceremonial section of the 20th degree, which was adopted by the Northern Jurisdiction some five years ago and is commonly referred to by Scottish Rite Masons as the "American Degree." He is a member of the Commandery and Consistory, holding the rank of Knight Commander of the Court of Honor, conferred by the Supreme Council of the Southern Jurisdiction.

NOBLE THEO. E. BURTON
Al Koran Temple
Cleveland, Ohio

One of the Shrine's distinguished bachelors is Noble Burton of Al Koran Temple, Cleveland, whose notable career embraces service in both houses of Congress, and membership in many commissions of great importance, both domestic and international. He is now a member of the Interparliamentary Union; he served as Chairman of the National Waterways Commission created by Congress, from 1909 to 1912, and was a member of the National Monetary Commission which had much to do with the creation of the Federal Reserve System. He was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the Republican Presidential nomination in the convention that nominated Charles E. Hughes, in 1916, receiving the unanimous support of the Ohio delegates. He is a famous writer upon finance and international law. Noble Burton is an enthusiastic Shriner and never loses an opportunity to attend a Ceremonial Session. As he spends much of his time in Washington, he is a frequent visitor to Almas Temple.



NOBLE RICHINGS J. SHAND
Ansar Temple
Springfield, Ill.

Colonel Shand, Past Potentate of Ansar Temple, Springfield, Ill., has been made happy by the recent announcement of a British scientist, that Mary, Queen of Scots, was not guilty. While the finding is a bit late to be of service to the maligned lady, it has cleared the escutcheon of the Colonel, who is a direct descendant of the Stuart clan. Noble Shand has a unique Masonic record. He was the first Thrice Potent Master of a Lodge of Perfection, the first Most Wise Master of a Chapter of Rose Croix, the first Commander-in-Chief of a Consistory and the first Potentate of a Shrine Temple. He has refused re-election to any office, except that of Potentate, which was necessary after constitution to attain



the title of Past Potentate, and he never has held any other offices in either of these bodies. He was a 32° Mason only three years before being crowned a Thirty-third. He was made Sovereign Grand Inspector General in 1909.

Noble Shand has served in all grades from private to Colonel of his regiment, and was Major of the Third Illinois during the Spanish War. He was appointed Adjutant General of Illinois in 1910, and United States Property and Disbursing officer in 1905, both of which positions he still occupies. He is a Past Commander, Spanish War Veterans, Past State Commander, Military and Naval Order, Spanish War, and belongs to the Elks, Woodmen of America, Red Men, Rotarians and several social clubs and other organizations.

NOBLE ARTHUR F. HALL
Mizpah Temple
Fort Wayne, Ind.



Fort Wayne, Ind., has a human dynamo at work in the person of Noble Hall, Past Potentate of Mizpah Temple, whose powers of endurance apparently have no limit. His principal occupation is to guide the destinies of the Lincoln National Life Insurance Company of that city, and one of many activities, according to his own admission, is to get money for some worthy cause, especially from those who have plenty but hesitate to part with any of it. For many years he has taken a leading part in all civic undertakings. He is Chairman of the Rural Development and Good Roads Bureau, Chairman of the Fort Wayne Foundation, a fund created by voluntary donations to be used for civic purposes; a Director of the Family Service Bureau, General Chairman of Fort Wayne's Community Chest Campaign, State representative on the Board of Governors of the National Aeronautic Association, and a Governor of the Fort Wayne Art School and Museum. This represents only a few of his activities, for he is a member of the local Rotary Club, the Hoosier Automobile Association, the Elks, and is a Trustee of the Young Women's Christian Association. As a director and Trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association, he served as Vice-Chairman of its building committee. He was a leader in the campaign to reorganize the Fort Wayne Commercial Club into the present Chamber of Commerce, and served as President of the Fort Wayne Country Club. He is an active worker in the Scottish Rite Bodies of that city, and is a leader in the Red Cross and Christmas Seal campaign. On Sundays he attends Trinity Episcopal Church, of which he is Treasurer and a Vestryman. His only worry is what to do with his spare time.

NOBLE HANFORD MacNIDER
El Kabir Temple
Cedar Rapids, Ia.



From a bank to the battlefields of France was a notable event in the career of Noble MacNider of El Kabir Temple, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He was prepared for it, however, for he had served on the Mexican border with the Iowa National Guard in 1916 and 1917, and when America entered the World War he was among the first to enter the service. Assigned to the 9th United States Infantry in August, 1917, he was engaged in several battles and won swift promotion, coming home a Lieutenant Colonel. He received the Distinguished Service Cross, the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with five citations, and the Italian Croce al Merito di Guerra. In 1921 he became National Commander of the American Legion. Noble MacNider is a successful banker of Mason City, Iowa, and followed his father's footsteps in Masonry and in the Shrine, in all of which bodies he is an active worker.

What the HOSPITALS Are Doing

IN ADDITION to the treatment of patients within the hospitals, the various units conduct clinics and do a vast amount of good among out-patients. It has been found that the afflictions of many children can be relieved in this manner, and this branch of activity is rapidly becoming an important phase in the general work carried on by the fifteen hospital units under the supervision of the Board of Trustees.

Some Temples are planning to establish convalescent homes in connection with the work of the hospitals. Already some units are extending their after-care facilities and include in their work special classes in bedside teaching, vocational guidance, occupational therapy, social science, and public health. Temples that send children to the Twin Cities Hospital are considering the establishment of a convalescent home. The Kendrick Home, which is conducted in connection with the Philadelphia Unit, has been in operation several months. Recently it received a gift of \$10,000 under the terms of the will of William S. Enoch, who was a prominent manufacturer of Philadelphia.

Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, Tenn., and Wahabi Temple, Jackson, Miss., maintain several beds in a hospital at Memphis for the treatment of crippled children of the poor. Recently Nobles of Al Chymia, led by Potentate W. B. Hill, visited their little wards, and the Temple's Band gave a concert. Part of the entertainment was supplied by the clown band, which made a great hit.

Moolah Temple, St. Louis, has a 365 Club. Any Noble may become a member by sending a voluntary contribution of \$3.65 (a penny a day for each day in the year) to the Treasurer, Past Potentate J. J. Wuertenbaeher. The fund is used to furnish ice cream on Sundays and holidays to the patients in the St. Louis Hospital Unit; to supply shoes for the straightened feet of discharged patients, and to pay their railroad fare to and from St. Louis when parents are unable to do so.

The Women's Republican Club of Illinois gave a benefit concert for the Chicago Hospital Unit on November 15th, which was a great success. When the event was being planned, Mayor Thompson, who is a member of Medinah Temple, visited the hospital and presented a mascot in the form of a toy bulldog to the little patients chosen to assist in the sale of tickets.

The little patients in the Spokane (Wash.) Mobile Unit recently received a supply of clothing that will last them for several months, due to the activity of a committee of Ivanhoe Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, at Hillyard, which had charge of a sewing bee.

An organization composed of the wives, daughters and sisters of Nobles of Bagdad Temple, Butte, Mont., meets once a week to make bandages and other equipment for Shriners Hospitals. December was a busy month for the members, for in addition to the usual supplies, they sent out packages of toys in time for distribution before Christmas. The work is carried on under the direction of Mrs. J. J. Carroll, who has been re-elected chairman of the organization.

Nobles of Moslem Temple, Detroit, Mich., are caring for eleven little crippled children in Detroit hospitals, from a fund raised by individual subscriptions. Several other Temples are doing work of this kind to help relieve the waiting lists at the regular Shrine hospitals.

Noble Leonard Loehr of Medinah Temple, Chicago, has been appointed a member of the Board of Governors of the Chicago Hospital Unit, to succeed Noble Timothy M. Avery, who resigned recently.

Besides doing its share in the support of the fifteen Shrine Hospital Units—about

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of November, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	204
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	202
Number of beds occupied by patients	738
Number on waiting lists.....	1,890

"Leedy," Chicago Unit's war orphan, sponsored by American Legion, whose Honor Society "Forty and Eight" made gift of \$1000 to Chicago unit.



\$3,000 a year—the Nobles of Al Kaly Temple, Pueblo, Col., raise \$2,000 a year for the treatment of little crippled children of the poor in their own Oasis. A recent report shows that thirty-six cases already have been cared for. A separate fund is now being raised to insure the continuation of this charitable work.

The campaign of Zem Zem Temple, Erie, Pa., to raise a fund of \$300,000 for its own hospital for crippled children, closed with a total of \$310,312.50. One-third of the money will be used to lift the debt on the hospital and to purchase additional equipment; one-third to defray operation costs over a period of years, and the remaining third will be set aside as the nucleus of a permanent endowment fund. The Nobles were assisted in raising the fund by Noble Frank L. Bynum of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, Mo., of H. B. Ehler & Company, organizers of campaigns of this character.

Shriners of Tampa, Fla., are interested in a plan to establish a unit for the treatment of crippled children at the new municipal hospital in that city.

A new brand of fun was introduced recently at the Springfield Hospital, when members of the Master Barbers' Association went there in automobiles to cut and trim the hair of the little patients. The kindly wielders of shears were greeted joyfully. "Please, mister, cut it short in back, but [Hospital News, Continued on page 74]

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

In this department will be found News of Temples and all subsidiary bodies

Editor's Note: To find the news of your Temple look for the name of your Temple in black type. Under that name you will find the news of your Temple and all of its units.

DIRECTORS TO MEET.

ELABORATE preparations have been made for the convention of the Shrine Directors' Association, to be held at Peoria, Ill., on February 16th, 17th and 18th, and indications point to the largest attendance in the history of the organization. Mohammed Temple will be the host, and Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland of that Temple, who heads the arrangements committee, has prepared a program that will keep the visiting Shriners busy during the entire three days of their sojourn in that Oasis.

Practically every Temple will be represented at this year's convention, and many will have their uniformed units there. A special train will go from Baltimore to Peoria with Nobles from Eastern points. The city will be decorated in the Shrine colors in honor of the event, and everything will be done to make the gathering a notable one in Shrine history.

Announcement has been made that the big Ceremonial Session will be held in the State Armory. Great interest centers in this, one of the most important features of the convention, for many new thrills are promised by the men who make them, and many new, weird and fear-inspiring devices will be introduced—all designed to make stronger the test to which all sons of the desert must submit in their pilgrimage to Mecca. This part of the Ceremonial, according to the committee in charge, will stand out as one of the most thrilling ever attempted.

At their sessions the Directors will discuss several important matters, among them the adoption of certain changes in the desert scenes. An effort will be made to establish a uniform heat for the sands, and it is understood that a rule will be adopted forbidding detours on the desert when shifting sands are encountered. Several innovations will be proposed, and ideas exchanged with the object of making the Second Section of the Ceremonial still more attractive to the Nobility.

Several committees are at work under the general direction of Noble Ireland to make the convention a success.



The special committee of Recorders which met in Washington, D. C., on November 17th to confer with Imperial Recorder Price. They are here shown on the steps of the incomplete George Washington Masonic National Memorial which is being erected at Alexandria, Va.

Bottom Row (left to right)—J. W. Barber, Syria; W. M. Cooley, Kerbelia; James H. Price, Imperial Recorder, Acca; F. W. DeLaney, Mahi; L. H. Swan, India. Top Row (left to right)—J. F. Gerschow, Moslem; Deane R. Lynde, Ararat (of The Shrine Magazine); H. E. Lunsford, Ararat; E. W. Jacobs, Aleppo; F. L. Walker, Almas.

Present officers of the Association are: President, Noble P. E. Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig Temple, Des Moines, Iowa; First Vice-President, Noble Theo C. Treadway, Al Amin, Little Rock, Ark.; Second Vice-President, Noble Earl N. Swan, India Temple, Oklahoma City, Okla., and Secretary-Treasurer, Noble Louis C. Fischer, Omar Temple, Charleston, W. Va. Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy of Medinah Temple, is chairman of the Board of Governors.

CAAD, DULUTH, MINN.

Another net gain in membership will be reported for the year just closed. The Luncheon Club has elected Noble Clyde W. Stilson, President. A series of weekly entertainments to continue to Easter, has been arranged. The Temple's Band is giving a series of Sunday afternoon concerts at the Mosque for Nobles, their families and friends.

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

The Faithful were out in force for the last Ceremonial Session of 1927, which was marked by the introduction of some new features in the Second Section. Tribute was paid to the memory of Noble George H. Smith, Recorder for nine years, whose sudden death came as a shock to the Nobility. The Chanters gave a concert recently which was a great success.

Potentate Herbert W. Whitworth, members of his Divan and a large party of Nobles, made up a caravan and journeyed to Santa Rosa December 3rd, where they were guests of the North of Bay Counties Shrine Club at a dinner and entertainment. Many Shriners from this Oasis attended the benefit football game arranged by Islam Temple, San Francisco, for the benefit of the Shriners Hospital there.

ABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KAN.

Potentate Arthur H. Strickland led a pilgrimage to Holton, where the Shriners had rounded up a crowd of heathen. The Ceremonial was one of the best ever held away from the Temple, with Nobles there from all parts of the State. A large caravan went there from Topeka, led by Past Potentate J. A. Steinmeyer.

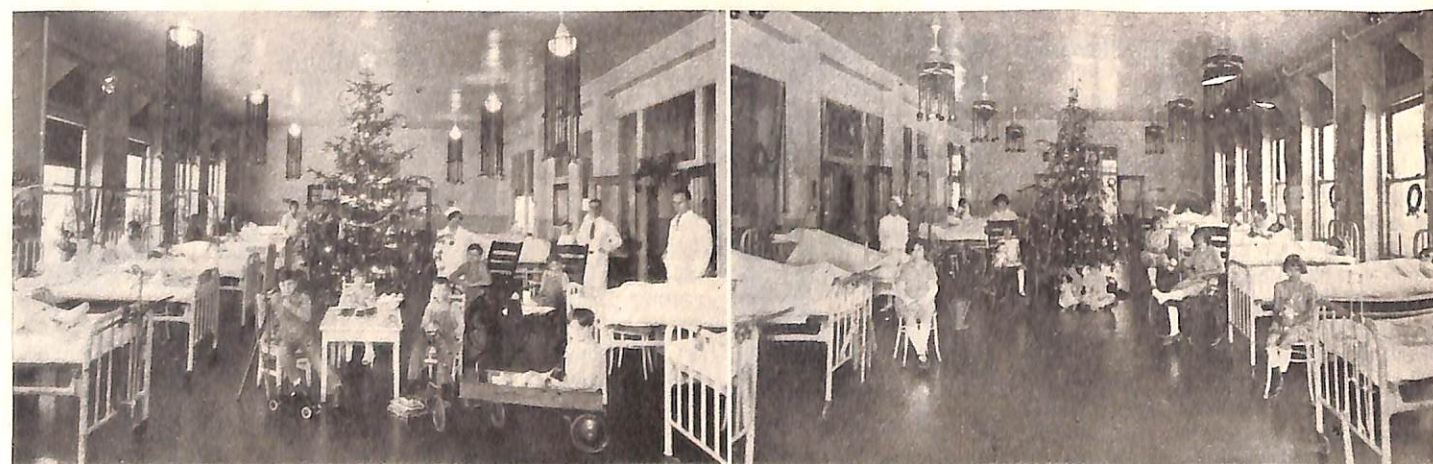
CABOU BEN ADHEM, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

Caravans from Rolla, Joplin, Nevada, and other points in the State journeyed to this Oasis for the big Ceremonial Session, December 2nd. There was a record attendance of Nobles who expressed enthusiastic approval of the manner in which the novices made their pilgrimage across the hot sands. The session closed with a banquet and ball.

[Shrine News Continued on page 44]



Left to right—Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, chairman of Mohammed's reception committee for entertaining Directors' Association; Officers of Directors' Association are: Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, Chairman of Board; Percy E. Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig, President; Louis C. Fischer, Omar, Secretary-Treasurer.



These two photographs are typical Christmas morning scenes at each of the Shriners Hospitals. They were places of delight, each with its gorgeous big Christmas tree, its toys, and best of all, its joyous little patients, their afflictions forgot through the successful efforts of every one connected with the hospitals to make them happy.

ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

[Continued from page 43]

ACCA, RICHMOND, VA.

The new Mosque has been dedicated and there is rejoicing among the Faithful who now possess one of the finest Temples in the country. Imperial Potentate Dunbar took the leading part in the ceremonies, and the event gained additional distinction by the presence of many of the Imperial officers. Potentate James H. Price, who also is Imperial Recorder, welcomed delegations from a score of Temples, some of them accompanied by uniformed units, who joined in the celebration which marked the realization of the dream of years. An account of the dedication and the Mosque Ceremonial, will appear in the next number of The Shrine Magazine. Acca's Band gave a concert at Blackstone recently for the Shriners of that town and vicinity. The Sphinx Club has announced several entertainments for the Winter.

CAFIFI, TACOMA, WASH.

The Temple will be forty years old next August and already plans are being discussed for a big Ceremonial Session to celebrate the event. A feature of the last Ceremonial was the visit of the Divan, Band and Patrol of Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash. The event also was marked by large representations from Afifi's Shrine Clubs. The Nobles are now settled in their new home in the recently completed Masonic Temple.

CAINAD, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

Shriners were out in force to welcome the Imperial Potentate on the occasion of his recent visit to this Oasis. A steady downpour of rain failed to dampen their enthusiasm and hundreds waited to greet him at an informal reception before the official entertainment program started. Details of the visitation will be found in the account of the Imperial Potentate's tour.

CAKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.

Many of the Faithful accompanied Potentate Clark Field and members of the Divan in a pilgrimage to Ponca City, where a Ceremonial Session was held for the benefit of a score of heathen. The local Shriners provided elaborate entertainment for the visitors.

CALADDIN, COLUMBUS, OHIO

With the Imperial Potentate as guest of honor, and the Faithful of this and hundreds from other Oases gathered to welcome him, the Ceremonial Session on December 17th shattered all former records in attendance and in the enthusiasm displayed. It has been the custom to extend the sessions over two days, but a change was made in this case and the entertainment was crowded into one day to give all the Faithful an opportunity to greet the Imperial Potentate. The musical production for the occasion was called "Our Mary." It was the sixteenth show presented by Nobles Ray Zirkel and Earl McCullough, as part of the programs which have made Aladdin's Ceremonials famous. The sands of the desert were at just the right temperature for the pilgrimage of the heathen and the succession of thrills were absorbed with great enthusiasm by the Faithful. The work of the uniformed units

"SUNNY JIM" VINDICATED

Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless, affectionately known as "Sunny Jim," has won a sweeping victory and complete vindication in his fight against a tax ruling which, because of certain charges made, attracted much undesirable publicity. In a unanimous decision of the Justices of the Supreme Court, District of Columbia, a peremptory order of mandamus was issued which not only reversed the former ruling of the United States Board of Tax Appeals, but directed that it be stricken from the records.

In his tax returns for 1921, Noble McCandless claimed a loss resulting from the sale of mining stock. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue refused to allow the deduction. An appeal to the Board of Tax Appeals brought a hearing at Los Angeles before Division No. 3, which resulted in a decision in favor of Noble McCandless. According to a report of the litigation, the Commissioner refused to accept the ruling, and at a session of the Board, in Washington, the decision of Division No. 3 was overruled, and charges of evasion of taxes and intentional fraud were made.

The Supreme Court ruled that this proceeding was highly improper and illegal, the Congress having provided that the decisions of any of the divisions of the Board applied to those of the Board itself. The law also provides that in case of review, the plaintiff must be notified of the hearings and allowed to attend them, must be provided with a transcript of the evidence and that the hearings shall be public. None of these things was done, it was declared, and Noble McCandless said that the first he knew about his case having been reviewed was when the charges appeared in press dispatches. He then carried his case to the Federal courts, won it, and in addition, was awarded all costs in the action.

brought praise from the Imperial Potentate. The distinguished visitor was the center of an enthusiastic demonstration and the Nobles crowded around him after the session to greet him personally. The reorganized Band went to Mt. Vernon recently and gave a concert for the Baldwin Shrine Club. The members and Potentate William D. Murphy were guests of the Club at a dinner. The Columbus Shrine Club gave an entertainment at a luncheon on December 15th. Noble A. H. Leaman has resigned as Sec'y-Treas. of the Chanters, and Noble J. F. Pixley has been chosen to fill the unexpired term.

Potentate H. P. Wood was host to the Imperial Potentate on his recent visit to Zubrah Temple, Minneapolis, Minn.



CAL AMIN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Forty-two novices crossed the sands at the last Ceremonial Session in the old year. The Temple now has a membership of approximately 3,700, which shows a gain of 282 in 1927. The gain in 1926 was 261. Among the recently created Nobles were two judges, a superintendent of schools and a former Adjutant General of Arkansas.

CAL AZHAR, CALGARY, ALBERTA

A large class of novices was led across the sands of the desert at the last Ceremonial Session which was marked by an unusually large attendance of the Nobility. Many visiting Nobles were welcomed by Potentate W. S. Davidson. The charity ball and banquet was a great success.

CAL BAHR, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Shriners gathered here from many miles around to join those of this Oasis in welcoming the Imperial Potentate on his tour to the Pacific Coast. Potentate Lane D. Webber and members of the Divan kept the distinguished visitor and his party busy keeping up with the entertainment program. An account of the visitation will be found in that of the Imperial Potentate's tour.

CALEPPO, BOSTON

A large party of Shriners of this Oasis, with their families, and many from other Temples, are now at sea enjoying Aleppo's cruise to the Mediterranean. The tourists are expected home on March 3rd. The Temple is planning to send a large delegation to Miami to attend the Imperial Council meeting. It will be escorted by the uniformed units, and the famous Drum Corps.

CALGERIA, HELENA, MONT.

A feature of the recent Ceremonial Session, which made it one of the best held in several years, was the participation of the Divan of Bagdad Temple, Butte, Mont., in the work. This assured an unusually severe test for the novices, greatly to the delight of the Faithful. The Temple will celebrate its fortieth birthday next month. A dance to raise a fund for improving the grounds around the Mosque met with success. Hundreds of tulip bulbs have been planted, and it is planned to beautify the property with an elaborate arrangement of flower beds.

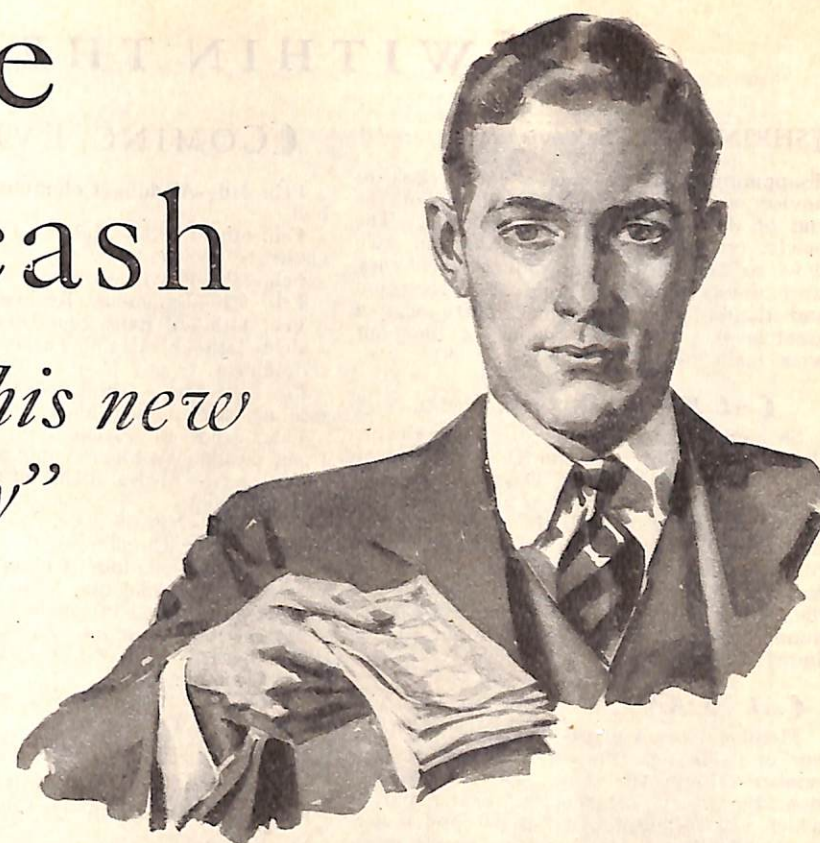
CALHAMBRA, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The Faithful crowded the Mosque for the recent Ceremonial Session with the expectation of experiencing some new thrills. They were not [Continued on page 46]

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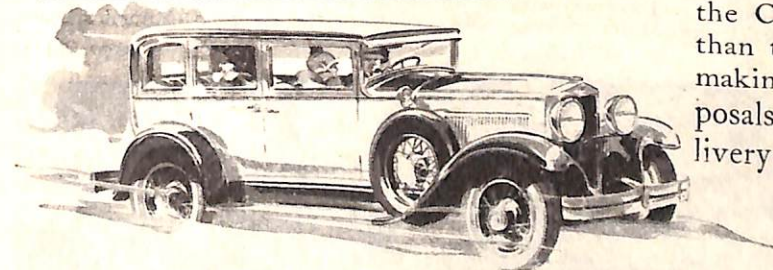
"I'll give
\$2,500 cash

To drive this new
Hupmobile away"



Insistent buyer offers Large Premium for The Six of the Century

The New Hupmobile—The Six of the Century—has educated more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life". Names and full particulars may be had on request.



In the earliest days of the automobile people booked their orders in advance. They willingly lined up and awaited delivery.

Such things never happened again until the New Hupmobile Six came to startle and delight a motor-sophisticated world.

People are actually standing in line to buy the car that public acclaim has christened The Six of the Century. More than that—they are making amazing proposals to hasten delivery.

A man walked into a Hupmobile dealer's salesroom and offered \$2,500 cash to drive away the New Model on display.

Hundreds of dollars extra for immediate delivery!

Strange things like this, scores of them, are happening throughout the country. There has never been anything quite so astonishing, quite so exciting in motor car history.

It is hard for the public to believe that so beautiful, so capable, so complete a car does not cost well beyond \$2,000—which will surely be your re-action as soon as you see The Six of the Century.

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles,
\$1345 to \$1555 f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

NEW
HUPMOBILE
The Six of the Century



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44]

disappointed. There was a large class of novices and all were accounted for at the end of the journey across the desert. The newly created Nobles were allowed two days to get back to normalcy when they were guests of the Temple at a reception and dance. The Christmas party was a great success and many homes of the poor were made happy as a result.

CAL KALY, PUEBLO, COLO.

Shriners turned out in force to welcome the Imperial Potentate on the occasion of his recent visit to this Oasis. Potentate E. T. Shepherd, members of the Divan, the Patrol and Band, formed the reception committee and escorted the distinguished visitor to the Temple. A banquet and ball were features of the entertainment program. At the reception, which was held in the Mosque, hundreds of the Faithful paid honor to the Imperial Potentate.

CAL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Members of Ashland Shrine Club held one of its best parties on the night of December 7th, in Cleveland. After a reception, the guests attended a theater party, which was followed by a supper and dance at the Hollenden Hotel, where rooms were reserved for the night. The following Nobles are officers of the Club for this year: President, Harry R. Gill; Vice-President, Charles C. Spies; Secretary, J. Floyd Stahl, and Treasurer, C. E. Jamison. The Shrine Luncheon Club, which has a membership of 2,500, has endorsed the movement for a borough plan of government for Greater Cleveland.

CAL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES

One hundred pilgrims seeking the light found refuge in this Mosque after a hazardous journey across the desert sands at the recent Ceremonial Session at which the Imperial Potentate was the honored guest. The session opened with a spectacular prologue, and was one of the most elaborate ever held in this Oasis. The Temple is sponsoring a series of ten popular light operas, each to run a week. The semi-monthly vaudeville shows continue to draw large audiences. Potentate Sim W. Crabill, in response to many requests, has opened these performances to the public. Three thousand Shriners and their families attended the recent minstrel extravaganza given by the Hollywood Shrine Club. Members from a score of Shrine clubs were present. Details of the reception to the Imperial Potentate will be found in the account of Noble Dunbar's tour.

COMING EVENTS

Feb. 3rd—Aladdin, Columbus, Potentate's ball

Feb. 6th to 18th—Moslem, Detroit, Mich., circus

Feb. 8th—Ismailia, Buffalo, N. Y., ball

Feb. 9th—Damascus, Rochester, ball

Feb. 14th—Al Bahr, San Diego, Cal., ball

Feb. 15th—El Zagal, Fargo, N. D., entertainment

Feb. 16-18th—Shrine Directors' Assn. meeting, Mohammed, Peoria, Ill.

Feb. 22nd—El Kalah, Salt Lake City, Utah, George Washington dance

Feb. 22nd—El Karubah, Shreveport, La., costume ball

Feb. 25th—Nile, Seattle, Wash., party at Lake Ballinger Clubhouse

March 2nd—Aladdin, Columbus, ball

March 2nd—Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich., Ceremonial and ball

March 19th—Tadmor, Akron, O., circus

March 21st—El Zagal, Fargo, N. D., entertainment

March 24th—El Mina, Spring Ceremonial at Galveston, Texas

March 30th—Bedouin, Muskogee, Okla., ball

May 1st, 2nd and 3rd—Fifty-fourth annual Session of the Imperial Council, Miami, Fla.

May 6th—Sesostri, Lincoln, Neb., Ceremonial

May 24th—Sudan, Ceremonial at Raleigh, N. C.

CAL MENAH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

There was a large attendance of the Faithful at the last Ceremonial Session of the old year, many coming from far distant points to help convert a group of heathen. The Temple gave a theater party recently, which was followed by an entertainment and dance. After the performance, Potentate L. L. Gamble introduced Dr. W. A. Bryan, who spoke of the great work being accomplished by the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children.

CAL SIHAH, MACON, GA.

The last Ceremonial Session of 1927 brought out a large gathering of the Faithful who expressed keen delight at several new features in the Second Section which had been prepared for the occasion. There was a large class of novices, and the pilgrimage across the desert will be long remembered. The Drum Corps of Al Oula Shrine Club of Columbus, Ga., of which Noble Bruce A. Renfro is Director, with Noble Jack Walter, Drum Major, was a big hit.

CALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

An entertainment for Shriners and their families preceded the last Ceremonial Session. The Spirit of '76, featuring the Band, Patrol and Drum Corps, and a song cycle, formed part of the program. After the First Section, the Nobles listened to a report of the work of the Shrine Hospitals which aroused much enthusiasm. A large class of novices made the pilgrimage to Mecca. The Temple gave a children's party which included a concert by the Band and Chanters, and a dance. The little guests had a great time.

CANEZEH, MEXICO CITY, MEXICO

Many Texas Shriners joined the Faithful of this Oasis in making the Ceremonial Session on December 17th a great success. Several novices who lost their way and failed to appear at the Ceremonial at Tampico were brought to this Oasis under guard and added to those who were waiting here to make the pilgrimage. As a result the desert presented quite an animated scene, much to the gratification of the Faithful. A banquet and entertainment closed the session which was declared a great success.

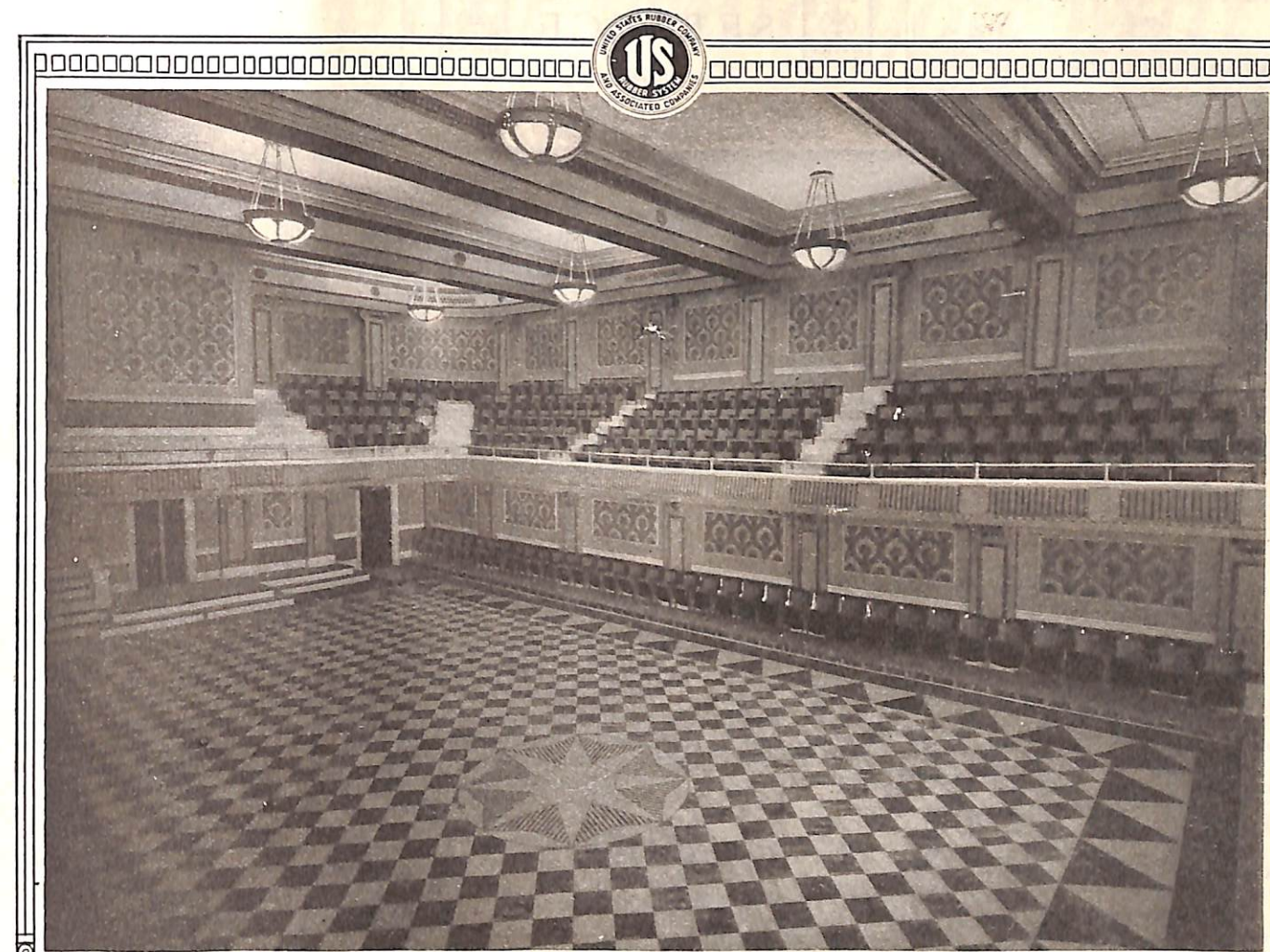
CANSAR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

The Ceremonial Session of December 16th will be long remembered by the Nobles of this Oasis. There was a large class of novices, and the condition of the sands made the pilgrimage a memorable one. Among the guests was Major General Amos A. Fries, Potentate of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C., who received a warm welcome. General Fries and Colonel John M. Tipton, Recorder of Ansar, are old friends, having met in France during the World War.

CANTIOCH, DAYTON, OHIO

With the Imperial Potentate present, Shriners of this Oasis held one of its best Ceremonial Sessions, December 16th. An entirely new Second Section was introduced which made a great hit with the Faithful. The distinguished guest received a rousing welcome. A band concert, banquet and entertainment were features of the session. The Shrine Club gave the third of its Winter parties, December 19th. Nearly \$4,000 was realized from the circus given recently by the Temple. Many Nobles of this Oasis plan to make the pilgrimage to Miami in May to attend the Imperial Council meeting.

[Shrine News Continued on page 50]



Floors, rich in colorful beauty,
~comfortable, resilient and durable!

The illustration above shows an interesting floor of "U. S." Tile in the Masonic Temple, Spokane, Washington.

What a warmth of friendly color and richness of tone a well-chosen floor of "U. S." Rubber Tile adds to an interior! Those who fully realize the visual importance of the floor and its important relation to effective interior decoration find in this modern floor covering of rubber an ideal combination of beauty and utility.

Durability that approaches permanency, noiseless, resilient comfort and minimum maintenance cost. The floor perfect for home, office, or lodge. Another famous product of the United States Rubber Company—known for fine floors in rubber since 1897.

United States
1790 Broadway



Rubber Company
New York City

"U.S." TILE FLOORING



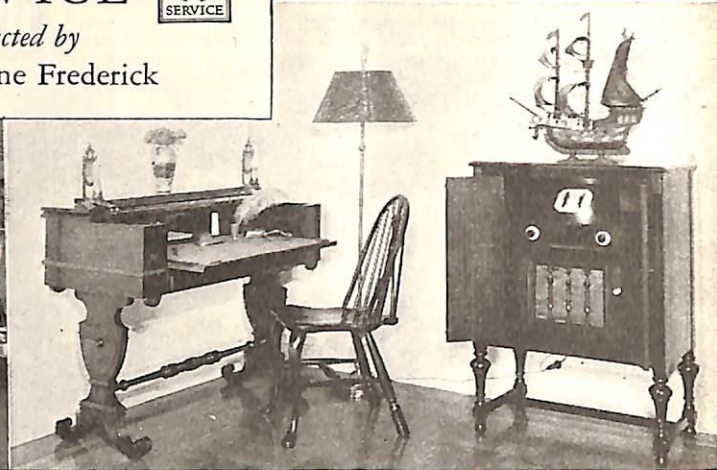
Avarat Temple, Kansas City, Mo., is justly proud of its Mounted Patrol. The beautifully matched black steeds, the sheiks, displaying the Shrine colors in their Arab costumes, make an eye-filling picture.

(Below) The voice of the radio is eagerly awaited by its expectant audiences in every home in the land.



SHRINE SERVICE

Conducted by
Mrs. Christine Frederick



(Below) Today we have a selection of radio furniture showing the art and design of the craftsman.

THE development of the radio industry reads like a tale out of the Arabian Nights. And well may its mysterious cabinet be regarded as the modern counterpart of that magic lamp of Aladdin which required but a slight rub or manipulation of its owner's hands to gratify his every desire. Where does its possessor wish to be?—Davenport, Iowa, Winter Park, Fla., New York or Chicago? What does its owner prefer to hear—opera, jazz or the moment's happening at the ringside? The improved radio installation will satisfy every need, even to telling the perplexed housewife what she should have for dinner.

Radio rapidly and quite miraculously emerged from the stage when it was more or less a toy and play-mechanism for boys, to the dignified place it now occupies in the average home. No other invention can claim to be a combination newspaper, theater program, cure-all for the "blues," a college course, and a five-foot encyclopedia of general information. But the rapidly improved programs of broadcasting stations have literally established a "home service bureau" in every room where stands a radio set. The range of subjects is as wide and as varied as popular taste itself. The radio is daily proving more and more of a service to every member of the family, whether the interest be musical, political, educational or along the specific problems of the home manager herself.

The most important and specific achievement of the radio is its ability to banish loneliness. The rural dweller and the small town family so constantly cried out against their isolation that in 1915 the Department of Agriculture issued lengthy reports dealing with the subject and what might be done about it. Housekeepers as a group have felt that they were "tied down" and imprisoned in their four walls from lack of time to attend cultural advantages or because they were unable to leave their small children. The aged, because of infirmity or handicapping weather were often marooned from contact with their neighbors for the entire duration of winter. But today, no matter where the home, on western ranch, on eastern farm, small town or large city, the radio makes us one with the world.

And in addition, there has sprung up, over night as it were, the teaching of woman's own housekeeping subjects direct to her over the air. There are now more than fifty large stations with a regular household service to women listeners-in. Many of them are operated by large concerns having definite interest in better home management or cooking. But there are also universities offering well-defined study courses, with all the typical registration requirements, examinations, and even certificates and diplomas! The State Agricultural College at Manhat-

RADIO

The Aladdin's Lamp in Modern Form

tan, Kansas, has an excellent course which permits the listener-in to sign an enrollment card and become a part of the real student body. Not only western women, but housekeepers from Canada are "air-students" and receive a certificate if they pass their work satisfactorily. Davenport, Iowa, offers a Happy Homes Club with helpful morning talks; Minneapolis broadcasts cooking lessons, talks on nutrition and women's club programs. In Chicago the radio carries the

talks, recipes and suggestions put out by the staff of a large public utility.

Why should there not be an "Aunt Sammy" to keep company to "Uncle Sam"? There is one, and she chats with 5,000,000 women five days a week on a fifteen minute program syndicated to about sixty radio stations. "Aunt Sammy" chats are devoted exclusively to giving authentic information on subjects of interest to women. The Bureau of Home Economics of the Department of Agriculture has fully co-operated in this instructive idea. Its specialists have planned well-balanced menus, and furnished seasonable recipes. On the release date of a certain program, literally millions of women will prepare the dinner suggested by radio. So great has been the interest in this feature, that the Department has printed 50,000 cookbooks. These are furnished in looseleaf form with a binder, and supplements are sent out from time to time.

Midwinter is one of the most opportune periods to invest in and install some type of radio set. The clear cold weather gives little difficulty in the way of static, while at the same time the broadcasting programs are the most complete, generous and varied of any time of the year. Now is the height of the season for lectures, concerts, ballroom music, after dinner and political speeches in forthcoming campaigns. The full use of a set now will do much to remove loneliness or the dragging days of these longest, grayest months in the year—February and March.

So wide has become the choice in the type and appearance of the improved radio installation that the prospective buyer must be influenced by taste, pocketbook and his local conditions and distance. Gone are the unsightly dangling wires and plain black box so typical of the early "crystal" sets. In their place we have a selection of real radio furniture, of cabinets and tables showing the art and design of the craftsman. The radio set need no longer be out of harmony with other fixtures in the room and call attention too obviously to its electrical parentage. It may be bought in models whose lines and finish are in perfect keeping with whatever "period" the room's other furnishings and decorations express. This tendency to quiet, unobtrusive taste is seen also in the loud speaker and other radio accessories which tend more and more to become integral parts of the room as well as of the set. Just as the piano has an additional appearance value to whatever space it occupies, so the latest radio installations are beautiful, often "built-in," harmonious and enhancing to the modern exterior. Only by use and experiment with it in its present forms and sets can we hope to find new avenues it may disclose, new power it may generate, to bridge distance and link the whole world together.

Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

—In Your Household Problems—In
Your Travels—In Your Investments—
In Your Shopping

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.

FEBRUARY, 1928

Sore throat while you wait

Working in stuffy quarters, sleeping in over-heated homes, mingling with crowds and using appliances that others constantly use, people run an almost constant risk of a cold or sore throat—or worse.

At the first sign of either, use Listerine, the safe antiseptic, full strength. Gargle with it repeatedly. Rinse your mouth with it. Employ it occasionally as a nasal douche.

This simple precaution may be the means of sparing you a trying—and possibly—a costly and painful siege of illness. In thousands of homes it has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, Listerine immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria that lodge in the nose, mouth, and throat waiting until body re-

sistance is low to strike.

Remember that while you are thus helping Nature ward off disease, you are also putting yourself on the polite side socially, for Listerine, as you know, ends halitosis (unpleasant breath). Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Do something about it ~ ~ ~



LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46])

(ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS)

A ball in honor of Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones, of this Temple, was given by the Nobles of this Oasis on the night of December 5th. The ballroom presented a beautiful scene, the decorations and soft lights creating a picture of Oriental splendor. Special entertainers appeared between dances. It was a notable gathering, with many Shriners from other Oases joining in the tribute to the distinguished guest.

(ARARAT, KANSAS CITY, MO.)

With the Imperial Potentate as the guest of honor, this Temple held one of the most notable Ceremonial Sessions in its history, December 9th. The event was further distinguished by the presence of two Past Imperial Potentates—Noble John H. Atwood of Abdallah, Leavenworth, Kans., and James E. Chandler of Ararat—and Potentates and officers of several Temples. More than 5,000 Shriners stood and cheered when the Imperial Potentate, in an automobile, was driven into the Convention Hall and presented by Noble Chandler. The Second Section was unusually interesting, the pilgrimage of the novices being beset with perils as unexpected to them as to most of those who witnessed the hazardous journey to Mecca. The session was thoroughly enjoyed by the Imperial Potentate, who, later, spoke warmly in praise of the manner in which the work had been put on by Potentate O. H. Swearingen, the Divan and the various units. Additional details of Noble Dunbar's reception will be found in the account of the Imperial Potentate's tour.

The Temple has one of the most unique organizations in the Shrine in its Mounted Patrol. All its members are live stock men at the Kansas City Stockyards, each member owning his own horse. The animals are all of the same color and height and many of them have won blue ribbons. The uniform of the Guard consists of a large mantle, a head piece, burnoose, boots, riding trousers and sash. The mantle is a combination of red and white, yellow and white and green and white, and with the other accoutrements, makes a striking display. The Guard was organized while Noble Fred O. Wood was Potentate, and is composed of forty men. The officers are: Captain, Al Coffman; First Lieut., W. B. Gresham; Second Lieut., Estil Reid; Quartermaster, Willard Frommer; Assistant Quartermaster, H. Keeler. The civil officers are: President, George R. Collett; Vice-President, Jos. Hoover; Treasurer, Frank J. Morgan, and Secretary, W. Frommer.

Five other Temples have Mounted Guards. They are Abu Bekr, Sioux City, Iowa; El Maida, El Paso, Texas; Osman, St. Paul, Minn.; Salaam, Newark, N. J., and Kismet, Brooklyn.

(BEDOUIN, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.)

In the current number of "Camel Tracks," issued quarterly by this Temple, Potentate Jacob L. Haner commends the work of the various committees and especially that of the Entertainment Committee, of which Noble Fred Bockenheuser is chairman, and urges all Nobles, particularly those living outside of the city, to attend the parties, a series of which has been arranged up to Easter. The Temple recently elected Past Potentate Harry H. Ogden, Treasurer, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Noble Gilbert T. Thompson, Jr., who held the post for twelve years.

(BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.)

Shriners of Stockton, Cal., were lavish in their hospitality on the occasion of the recent pilgrimage of Potentate Fontaine Johnson, the Divan, Uniformed Units and many Nobles to that town to convert a crowd of heathen. The session was held in the Civic Auditorium and was followed by a dinner and entertainment. The Temple is making plans for a trip to Alaska this Summer. The party will be limited to 245. The arrangements are being made by Noble George Neubourg. The membership of the Temple is now near the 3,000 mark. At the beginning of 1927, it was 2,581. On the occasion of the Imperial Potentate's visit a large oil painting was presented to Noble Dunbar, and Past Imperial Potentate James S. McCandless of Aloha Temple, Honolulu, who was in the Imperial party, was presented with a life membership in Ben Ali, in recognition of his help in obtaining a charter for the Temple. Life membership also was voted to the Imperial Potentate. The Temple's Band received a set of cathedral chimes from Noble J. A. Robinson of Williams, a gift from Shriners of Superior, Cal., in appreciation of the many concerts given by the Band in that part of the State.



(The late George H. Smith, Recorder, Aahmes Temple, Oakland, Cal., whose sudden death occurred November 23rd last.

(CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.)

Potentate Earl E. Jeffries and members of the Divan were guests of the Wildwood Shrine Club of Cape May County, New Jersey, at its year end meeting, which was followed by a banquet and entertainment. A report was made on the club's activities in behalf of crippled children. In an address, Potentate Jeffries reviewed the work of the Temple during the year, the outstanding feature of which was the progress made in plans to build a new Mosque. Noble H. H. Eldredge, Judge of Common Pleas, Cape May County, was introduced by Noble Robert Pierpont, President of the Club, who spoke on "Tolerance." The invocation was pronounced by Noble James H. Clark, Rector of St. Simons' Episcopal Church. The Club meets every Friday, and Noble George E. Sheer, Secretary, wants all visiting Shriners to know that a warm welcome awaits them. The children's Christmas party, an annual affair, was a great event and thoroughly enjoyed by the little guests.

(DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.)

The Temple's Sunbeam Committee carried cheer to children in the homes of the poor, the orphanages, hospitals and other institutions during Christmas week, with the enthusiastic assistance of many willing workers among the Nobles. The Shrine Lunch Club, which meets every Friday, announces that it has completed its program for the entire Winter and that several well known speakers will be heard and a wide variety of entertainment provided. The Temple will give a masque ball on February 9th. This is an annual event and the most important social gathering of the season. Plans have been made for an attendance of 10,000. Imperial Assistant Rabban Esten A. Fletcher is chairman of the committee in charge.

(EL HASA, ASHLAND, KY.)

The Moslem test was applied to a large group of novices at the recent Ceremonial Session which drew almost a record attendance of the Faithful. Potentate C. R. Callihan extended the welcome of the Temple to many visiting Shriners.

(EL JEBEL, DENVER)

Interesting information on the history of the Temple, which celebrated its fortieth anniversary, December 2nd, at a big Ceremonial Session, with the Imperial Potentate as guest of honor, is given in a review by Noble J. Harry Carson, Recorder from 1900 to 1906, in an elaborate announcement of the notable event. Among other things the Temple is distinguished by having in its membership two Past Imperial Potentates—Noble Albert B. McGaffey and Noble James C. Burger. Noble McGaffey, who is the senior Past Imperial Potentate, also was the first Potentate of El Jebel, serving two years, in 1888 and 1889. Noble Burger was elected Potentate

[Shrine News, Continued on page 58]

VETERAN TEMPLE ANNIVERSARIES

Eleven Temples are in the half century class.

Three will be fifty-one years old this month—Cypress of Albany, N. Y.; Oriental, Troy, N. Y., and Syrian, Cincinnati.

Kaaba Temple, Davenport, Iowa, will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary next July.

Temples that have celebrated their Golden Jubilees are—Mecca, New York, which will be 56 years old next September; Damascus, Rochester, N. Y., 52 next June; Mount Sinai, Montpelier, Vt., 52 next October; Al Koran, Cleveland, Ohio, 52 next November; Pyramid, Bridgeport, Conn., 51 next April; Syria, Pittsburgh, Pa., 51 next May, and Ziyara, Utica, N. Y., 51 next October.

(BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEXAS)

Potentate A. C. Bull welcomed a large number of visiting Nobles at the recent Ceremonial Session which drew a big gathering of the Faithful from all parts of this Oasis. The pilgrimage of the heathen to Mecca was more than usually interesting, some falling by the wayside. With help, however, they finally reached the haven of refuge. An entertainment closed a successful session. The Temple is making plans to be well represented at the Imperial Council meeting in May.

(BOUMI, BALTIMORE)

Children of the poor and in the orphanages and hospitals of the city were guests of the Temple at the annual Christmas theater party. Hundreds of automobiles were used to convey the children to and from the theater. Many Shriners marched in the parade to church, December 4th, to observe Divine Service Day.

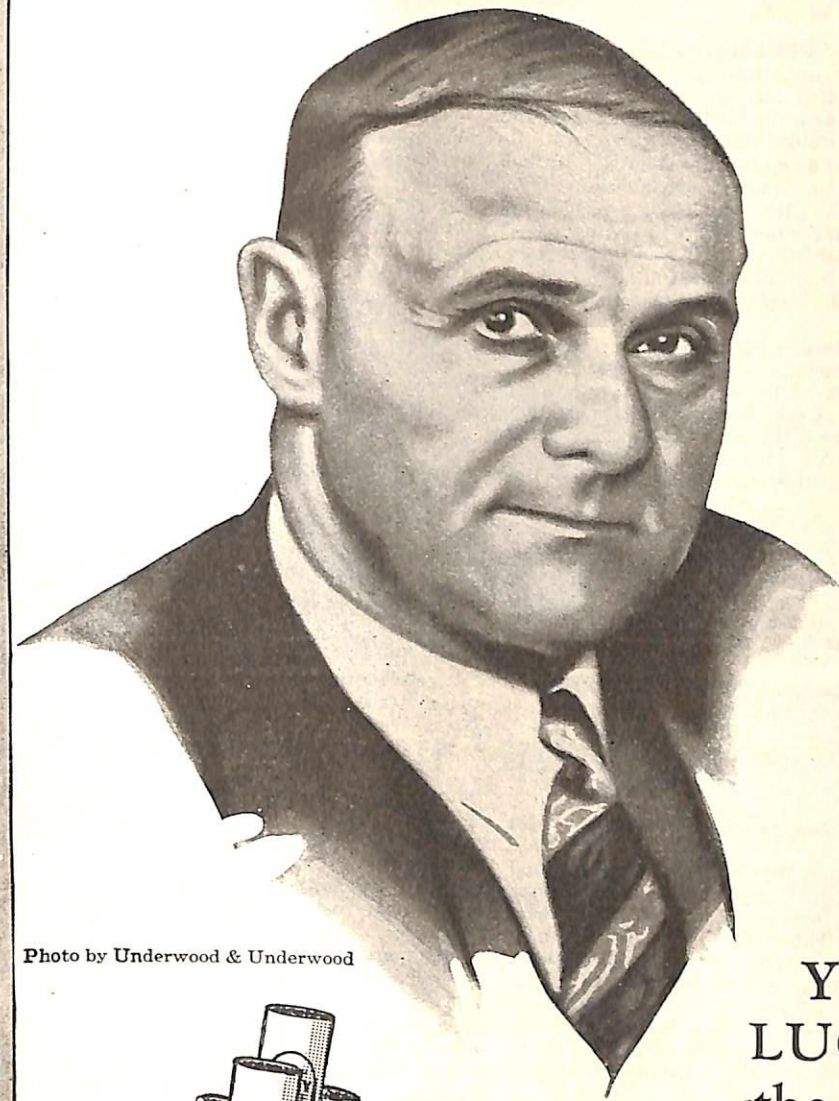


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"TEX" RICKARD

World Famous Sports Promoter,

writes:

"Lucky Strikes never injure my throat. Many of my friends in all walks of life use and enjoy them."

Tex Rickard

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—"IT'S TOASTED"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

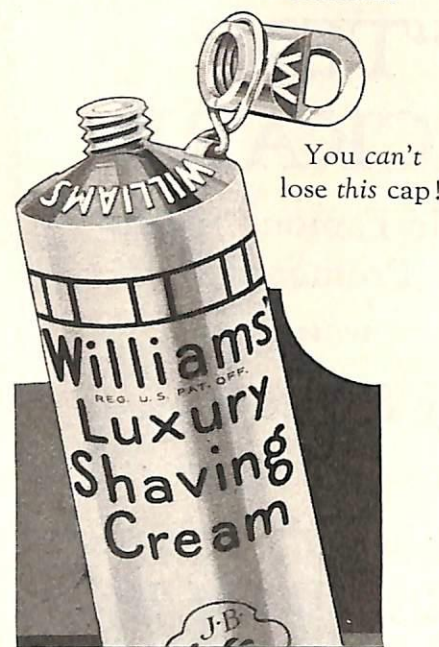


MADE OF THE CREAM OF THE CROP

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

"Just notice the fine skins
of men who use
Williams"



You can't
lose this cap!

The Cream that
leaves **FACES**
FIT!



The Williams lather,—abundant,
softening every hair, supremely
mild,—gives a shave that's quick
and close and comfortable. And
it does far more than that.

It leaves your Face Fit!

It gently cleanses every pore.
Soothes and tones up facial tissue.
Helps to maintain the fine clear
complexions that mean face
health,—Face Fitness.

Williams is unique. Into every
tube of it have gone 88 years of
specialized study of what is best
to keep Faces Fit!

The drug clerk knows. Ask
him. He will tell you, "Oh, yes,
sometimes they change . . . but
they all come back to Williams!"

The J. B. Williams Company,
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.—Montreal, Canada

Next time say

Williams
Shaving Cream
please!

HE WHO LOVES LAST

[Continued from page 14]

wall . . . Say, who's that?" he yelled.

Apparently unnoticed, a lone figure on a sled had slipped out from the crowd, and as Ames shouted, the sled sped past him and disappeared around the turn.

There was a moment's silence. Broken abruptly by a muffled exclamation from Wes Stafford: "It's our sled, Brett! It's Pat—she won't know where to swing off—" he sprang toward a small sled beside him, lifted it, and stumbled through the snow down the hill. Several of the men followed him.

Brett Stafford hadn't moved. He stood just where he was when his brother had yelled to him. Still as a statue . . . Until he saw Ray Corey racing toward a long Flexible Flyer on the edge of the road. Brett suddenly lunged at him, sent Corey spinning, and leaped ahead with the Flyer like a shot . . .

Four months following that January night, Patricia Hale was still lying on the same white bed in the Elms Ferry hospital that Wes and Brett had carried her to—after the accident.

Patricia remembered little, if anything, of what happened that night. Only a few things that Wesley told her afterward. More particularly the account of the two doctors who had attended her when she was brought in.

To them, the most extraordinary part about it all was that Patricia never once cried out. Though she must have suffered excruciating pain from the moment she recovered consciousness. It was Brett who whimpered. They said he stood there in the doorway of her room, leaning back against the sill, and sobbed like a child. They asked him to leave, but he only shook his head stubbornly. Then Wesley and one of the doctors tried to put him out. Brett shook them off. Gripped the doorway still harder.

It was Pat who finally made him go. She turned her head and looked over at him through filmed eyes. The ghost of a smile on her lips.

"You'd—better go—pug-wug . . . You see—they're going to—undress me and . . . I'll be all right—"

Brett never referred to the incident afterward. He seemed to have forgotten it altogether. Yet, he didn't let Wesley forget for a second that he still had a fight on his hands. That is, not until later when he began to believe that Wes was winning hands down.

It was a week after the accident before Brett went near the hospital again. And to Pat he was just the same as he'd always been. If anything, a little grumpier than ever. Despite the fact that her injuries, though not as serious as first believed, included a roughly broken thigh-bone, and a none too certain opinion among the doctors as to just how badly her spine had been hurt. Plaster casts—and wait.

As for Wesley. No day passed that he didn't come up to see Pat; or at least telephone her. He brought her books and candy. Sent her huge boxes of flowers and fruit. Cheerful, talkative, breaking his neck to be attentive to her.

But Brett. Well, other than the first bunch of roses he and his mother sent to Patricia a couple of days after the accident, he hadn't so much as brought her a magazine to read. And whereas Wesley's visits had, for awhile, been almost daily events, Brett seldom went to the hospital more than once a week.

And he made a great show of indicating that he thought it was a nuisance to have to do it, too. To Pat, particularly.

He as much as said so—and several other things—when he ambled unexpectedly in to her room one March evening with a curt, "Hello." Shifted around awkwardly until the nurse had left. And then dropped into the chair that always stood by the door. He'd never gone closer to Pat's bed than that. "Well, I suppose you want me to amuse you or something. My Lord! you've been more darn trouble—"

"Oh—have I?"—casually from Pat. She knew how to handle Brett by this time.

"Yes, you have! Mother's worried more over you than Wes and I put together. Got the whole house upset. Nothing's right."

"Why don't you move over here with me then?"

"Don't be funny." Brett yanked a blackened stubby pipe from his pocket. Began filling it. Went on: "And that reminds me. I was idiot enough to tell Wes once that I was crazy about you . . . Well, I'm not."

Patricia's fingers tightened a little on the coverlet. A barely perceptible movement. Scarcely more noticeable than the faint tinge of color that rose to her cheeks. Sometimes Brett's remarks got under her guard.

"All this stuff," Brett continued, waving his hands around. "Books and flowers and what not. What good is it? The flowers wilt, the candy's bad for you, and who the devil wants to read the trash they write nowadays?"

"Well, at least Wes is decent enough to bring them to me!" Pat flared up. "You're not!"

Brett grunted. But he didn't look at her as he said: "Why should I? You two fit together hand and glove."

And Brett believed that, then. He'd decided he'd been a fool to think he could get a girl like Pat away from Wes. To even think he could get her at all. She'd belonged to Wes from the very beginning . . . But he didn't let Wes know how he felt. Pride.

Patricia believed that, too—for awhile. Certainly Wes had been adorable to her. He made Brett look, in comparison, like a glum obstinate intruder.

Except that every once in awhile she'd recall what they'd told her that first night at the hospital. Brett—and the way he'd acted. It made her wonder . . .

Until one May evening when everything happened at once. It had been six days since Wes had visited her—the longest time he'd ever been away. And when he appeared about seven o'clock, Patricia instantly noticed the change in him. His restless manner.

After a few casual remarks, he suddenly said: "Aren't they ever going to let you out of here, Pat?"

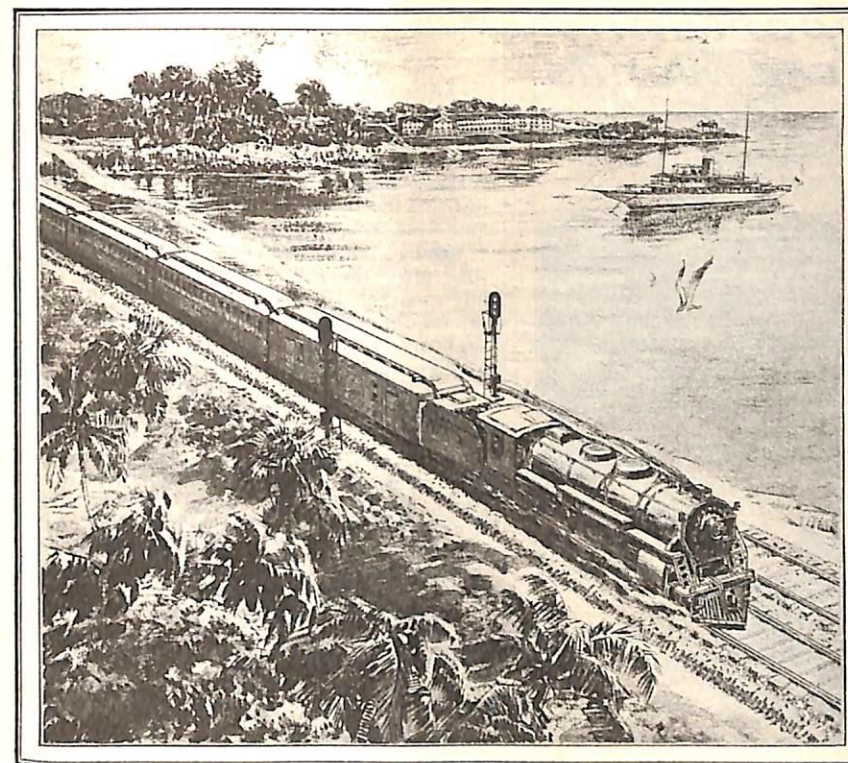
"The end of May, Dr. Lang thinks—"

"Lord! three weeks more?" Wes lit a cigarette. Fiddled nervously with the burnt match. "And I don't suppose you'll be able to play around any for months afterward."

Pat gazed at him curiously. "Not much more than a daily walk, Wes. no. You see, on account of my back. It'll be a year before it's really strong again." She paused. Studied him a moment. Then, quietly, "Why, what's on your mind, Wes?"

"Oh, I don't know, Pat. Only I—" he stopped. Drew hard on his cigarette. Finally picked up his hat. "You won't mind if I leave a little early tonight, will you, Pat? That party at the Kremers, you know—"

[Continued on page 54]



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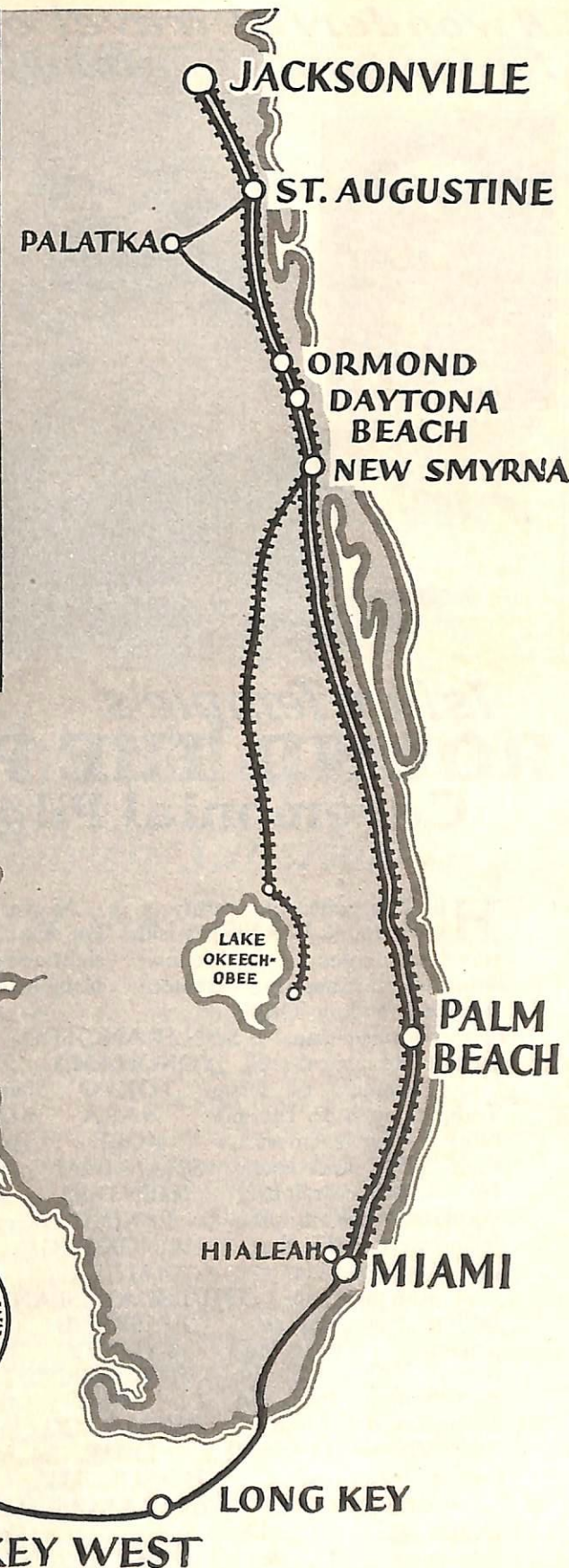
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My Address
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THE WHO LOVES LAST

[Continued from page 52]

"Of course not, Wes! Please—you don't think I'm angry because you haven't come over lately? Why, Wes, you've been awfully sweet—really."

Wesley made a slight expression of protest. Seemed confused as he said goodnight and went out.

Patricia lay quite still in her bed for some time after the door closed. Her eyes fixed on a corner of the ceiling where the late afternoon sunlight, sifting through the tree branches outside, painted fantastic little amber-and-mauve streaks.

Wes, of course, hadn't meant . . . but the strange part of it was she hadn't been thinking of Wes. Not of anything really. Until just this instant when her glance wandered to a small table at the other side of the room. The only thing on it was Brett's black, stubby pipe. Just where he'd left it two nights before . . . She'd meant to give it to Wes to take home with him. But at the last moment she deliberately changed her mind. She wanted it there—until Brett came over again next week. Silly, of course—and Brett would probably be furious.

A nurse entered. "Mr. Brett Stafford is here," she announced.

He came in before Patricia had hardly turned her head . . . "Brett?"

"Hello, Pat."

And then she saw what he was carrying. Stared at him as he closed the door and walked straight over to her bed.

"Brought you Johnny to play with." Brett sort of mumbled the words. Placed the toy dog beside her pillow. Turned and went back to the chair by the door. "You said you wanted him once, Pat. Well, he's yours. I'd have brought the darned thing before if you—if I'd thought."

Slowly, almost bewilderedly, Patricia picked up the tousled, soiled Johnny and held him in her hands. She started to speak, but her throat felt suddenly choked—crowded with something else. Tears rushed to her eyes. Her hands pressed and pressed against the toy dog's chubby flanks . . . Why, she'd almost forgotten about Johnny. And Brett giving it to her now—after four months—the only thing he'd brought her in all that time—his funny old toy dog . . .

"Brett—please come here—I mean so I can—"

"No." Brett had picked up his pipe. Stood with his back to her—filling the bowl. "No—Wes will be trotting over soon, and I—"

"Wes—just left." Patricia said it in a very low voice. She could get the words out now—by saying them slowly. "I don't believe he'll come very often, after this. You see, Brett—Wes mostly liked me because—we played so well together. Wes always liked to play—he always will. And I guess he's rather disappointed because I can't any more—at least, not for awhile."

Brett turned slowly around. Fumbling with his pipe. Jamming and jamming the tobacco down. "You mean," he said, "you mean you don't really care for Wes?" There was none of the usual gruffness in his tone now.

"I guess that's it, Brett—" Patricia hesitated, drew the toy dog closer—"But, please, —won't you come over here? I want to thank you for Johnny—that's all—"

"But it isn't all to me, Pat!" He shoved the pipe into his pocket. "There's something I want to ask you—tell me first—"

"Then please come here and say it—" Patricia's voice suddenly broke—"you—you've talked to me from that old corner—for four months now . . ."

Brett moved then—quickly. Took them both in his arms, Pat—and the funny old toy dog.

FOR KEEPS

[Continued from page 21]

money with this act, is to let yourself get beamed up." He waited intently for her reply.

"There's not much chance of me getting chesty as long as Duke can sling words around the way he does," Polly said dourly.

Sam's premonition of trouble returned—increased—when he finally brought the act into New York for its Office showing. Playing at the Riverside, Swift and More stopped the show at each and every performance.

The Office offered a two-year contract, calling for eighty weeks' work and feature billing. Duke did not splutter any ink in his haste to sign. A little stalling and delay might tilt the salary another fifty, making it \$650.00 per week. His play was to place some advertising and Polly's picture in the trade-papers, and to circulate around getting his friends in the Office to plug the act.

POLLY returned to a New York she had never known. Success, as Sam had prophesied, brought new friends; admirers. They gave her a taste of Broadway night life. Polly liked it; wanted more. From the start of her partnership with Duke, she had saved her bit of their comparatively small break-in salary. With it she bought clothes—the kind her flair for that sort of thing told her she could wear best. Dancing in restaurants and night-clubs she attracted a world of heady attention.

So many of her new friends kept telling her that she should have more to do in the act—a specialty alone—that she was primed to believe it when "Variety" printed a similar suggestion in its review of the Swift and More turn. Polly hesitated to broach the subject to Duke. For one thing, she hardly saw him these days except at the theater. With so much depending on every performance until the new contracts should be set and signed Duke wasn't burning up his vitality with late hours and long parties. It was much wiser, he suggested pointedly to her one afternoon when she appeared for the matinee with shaking nerves, to save the old pep for the stage, where it would buy them something worth while.

"You're going to have trouble with that girl," Sam stated bluntly the morning he sent for Duke to come to his office. "All this excitement, flattery, rich food and crazy hours—it's getting to her. She told me yesterday she must have a solo dance in the act."

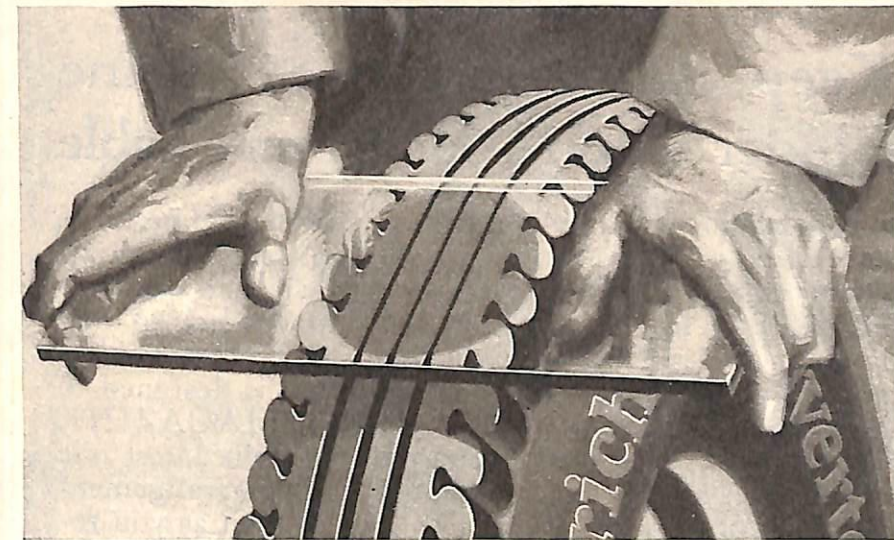
"She's only a kid," Duke excused her. Racially sentimental, Sam eyed him closely for a moment. "You like her a lot, don't you," he stated.

"What's that got to do with—anything?" "She's crazy about you, too. Half of all this chasing around she's doing—it's to show off to you. Wait," as Duke stirred uncomfortably, "I'm not just gabbing to hear myself talk. Also, I'm not interested in Polly's morals; that's her look-out. What I'm worrying about is keeping the team intact. It's never been proved she's got enough brains to choose right between vaudeville and this hooey she's enjoying now."

"What are you driving at?" Duke asked, unhappily.

"This; liking you the way she does, she'll do pretty near anything you ask her. You've got to talk to her, kid; and talk straight."

IT WAS Sunday night before Duke made any attempt to follow Sam's advice. That day Polly came to the theater half-dead for sleep; jumpy, frayed out. Turning in a peepless matinee performance she followed it with a worse [Continued on page 56]



The plate glass test—This glass was pressed against a Goodrich Silvertown till the tread flattened as it would flatten against the road. Note how the center grooves can close up, when the tire is under load.

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FOR KEEPS

[Continued from page 55]

night show. Exiting at the finish she was so dizzy she stumbled and fell into a chair. Duke stood watching her. Tomorrow they were to open at the Palace. Their reception there would determine whether they were to get the extra fifty dollars a week—for eighty weeks.

"Did they take the bed out of your hotel room?" he asked, following her to her dressing-room. "I'd like to talk to you for a minute."

"And I want to talk to you," Polly tossed her wardrobe on a chair.

"Let's get dressed first and talk it over while we eat."

"I'm dated up tonight."

"Can't you break it?"

"No. I promised Sherry Bostell I'd come."

Bostell was right-hand man of a leading showman. Duke knew the battle was on. "I'm thinking about our Palace opening tomorrow. You—"

"I'd be more excited about it if I had a solo dance to show the Palace," Polly cut in. "Everybody says I should have one."

"Everybody is not running the act. You'll have a specialty when you're ready to do one."

"I'm ready now. Sherry Bostell says—"

"I don't care what he says. I'm not going to let you insert any flop in this act."

"Flop! Have you ever given me anything to do that I couldn't manage? Would the papers be printing my picture if I wasn't a hit in the act?"

"You're no star—yet."

"Sherry says I'll never be—as long as I stay with you."

Then Duke saw red; lost his temper.

"And you fell for that moss-covered line! I suppose he told you all he'd do for you if you split the act and went into a show."

Don't you know that's his business—rounding up pretty girls for his boss? This wouldn't be the first act he's wrecked. He's not even clever, or he could see, sitting out front, that I'm carrying you all the way through."

"Carrying me!"

"Certainly. I'm doing all the hard work; getting all the laughs. I'm making you look a hundred percent better than you are. Sam knows it. It's time you knew it, too."

"And Sam warned me not to get swell-headed," Polly jeered. "So I'm just the excess baggage with the act, am I?"

"I didn't say that. I'm saying you're not ready to do a specialty. And I'm running this act. It's got to be my way—or nothing!"

"Your way or nothing, eh?" Polly walked swiftly to her wardrobe trunk, standing against the wall, open.

"Yes. And at the Palace tomorrow—"

"Don't worry about that." She whipped their team contract from a drawer of the trunk; opened it to tear it up.

Duke jumped to her side, seized her arm to prevent her. In yanking herself free the back of her hand struck Duke's face smartly. The next instant she had torn the contract from top to bottom.

"Now run your half," she cried. "I'm going with Sherry Bostell."

In the hall outside the dressing-room Duke found Sam Shart.

"I heard her. Now don't get excited," Sam said, himself shaking. "I'll fix it."

"No," Duke's face was white. "I don't want to have anything more to do with her."

Nothing Sam might say could alter Duke's decision.

So Sam fixed it another way. He teamed Duke and Fifi Biltman, finagled a small-

time route from the office, and sent them away to play it. Then he prayed that Polly might come into his office. "Unprofessional" was the mildest epithet in the speech he rehearsed to give her.

EVEN though Polly stayed away Sam kept track of her progress. He knew that she had been let out of the show Bostell had put her in. He heard of several unsuccessful attempts she made to find another partner for vaudeville. He knew that her high esteem of herself had been pretty thoroughly flattened by her dismal showing as a single entertainer at a night-club. He was figuring her money must be about gone when she called at his office.

"Where is Duke?" she asked.

Sam got much satisfaction in saying, "On the road with Fifi Biltman. What did you want him for?"

"It doesn't matter—now."

"I thought maybe you wanted to apologize to him," Sam found his opening. "In case you don't know, I'll tell you why." Pacing up and down the office, he let her have it. Polly's head bowed beneath the blast. The climax was—"It wasn't enough to bust up the act—you had to break his heart, too."

Sam plumped himself in his desk chair, clamped a cigar between his teeth—and began wishing Polly would stop her quiet, hopeless weeping. Presently she opened her vanity case; covered the ravages of the storm as best she could. On her way to the door, she stopped.

"It had to be Fifi—of course."

Sam was mystified; asked her what she meant.

"Didn't she tell you? Fifi and I were always meeting—in restaurants and clubs. I never see you with your adorable partner," she drawled one night. "Aren't you afraid someone will try to steal him from you?" "Listen, I told her cocky and mirthful, 'If Duke ever suspected the plot, it would give him a good laugh.'" Polly shrugged weary shoulders. "Well, she won. Good-by, Sam."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to Madame Rose's fitting room."

"Fitting room?" Sam hadn't expected that. "That's foolish. You could make more in the chorus, and learn something besides."

"Learn!"

"Show business. If you'd known more of the show business none of this would have happened."

Polly's lip trembled. "You know where I can get a chorus job?"

"Am I an agent or not?" Sam retorted, reaching for his telephone.

Eddie Boller and His Six Steppers was the act. Polly became the littlest stepper—for forty dollars a week.

FIFI and Duke were dividing three hundred and a quarter, less commissions, railway fares and baggage charges. But that wasn't the principal cause of Fifi's disappointment in vaudeville. Playing dates with Duke had turned out to be no sentimental journey. Outside the theater, except to see that she safely reached hotels and railway stations, her partner showed little interest in her. Once in a while they had meals together. Not often.

This quite usual state of affairs wasn't what Fifi wished at all. Searching to alibi her failure to change it closer to her heart's desire, she discovered that Duke was brooding unhappily. Her first thought was Polly. Making a long daylight jump one Sunday she managed a sympathetic mention of Duke's secret worry.

"Now that you've asked for it," he said slowly, "I'm going to confess. Maybe it'll help—getting it off my chest. I—this is the trouble—my stage [Continued on page 59]

HAL SKELLY, leading actor of "Burlesque", the new Broadway success



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50])

and Representative in 1911, and has represented the Temple continuously ever since. In 1916 he was elected Imperial Outer Guard, and in 1925, Imperial Potentate. The Temple is about to build a Mosque on its Country Club property to cost \$300,000.

CEL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

Shriners of this Oasis made it a real Christmas for the little patients in the Shrine Hospital Mobile Unit here. Many gifts were distributed, and impromptu parties held in the wards. Additional reports of the Ceremonial Session, which was honored by the presence of the Imperial Potentate, indicate that all attendance records were broken. One thousand Shriners remained for the banquet. A feature of the new Masonic Temple, in which Al Kader has a large financial interest, is a roof garden, which will be used by the Patrol for drilling, and for Summer entertainments. A dance and a band concert were among the activities of the Temple last month. A ball will be given on Washington's birthday, February 22nd.

CEL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

Oriental mysteries were unfolded to fifty novices who successfully passed the Moslem test at the recent Ceremonial Session. Instead of appearing in the parade wearing manacles, according to custom in this Oasis, the novices were kept under guard at the Temple to prepare themselves for what was to come. There was a large gathering of the Faithful. The session closed with a banquet and entertainment. The last party given by the Temple in the old year was thoroughly enjoyed by the Nobles and their families.

CEL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

The Band, Patrol and Drum Corps are preparing for the pilgrimage to Miami next May to escort the Temple's delegation to

the Imperial Council meeting. The units made a great hit at the recent Ceremonial Session, all three appearing in new uniforms. The Temple has agreed to pay \$1.50 per member of record the first of each year for five years, to aid the Masonic Hospital Association of El Paso. No assessment will be made, the money being paid out of the treasury.

GIZEH, VICTORIA, B. C.

There was a large attendance of Shriners and their families at the first of the Winter entertainments given by the Temple. The services of the Band are in constant demand. Recently it gave a concert as part of the Ice Carnival given by the Rotary Club of the City.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

There was a large attendance at the recent luncheon of the Shrine Booster Club to hear speakers from the Y. M. C. A., as part of the program of Religious Emphasis Week. Music was furnished by the club's orchestra, with Miss Mildred Gentry as soloist.

CHEJAZ, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Noble John M. Holmes, Chief Rabbah, and Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shrine Hospital in this Oasis, was nominated for Potentate at the last meeting of the Temple. Nobles George T. Bryan, Recorder, and W. E. Cleveland, Treasurer, were nominated for re-election. The minstrel show for the benefit of the hospital was a big success.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

The closing entertainment of the year drew a large attendance of Nobles and their families. On the program were the Temple's Quartet, composed of Nobles Maurice Peterman, Walter Emmerson, Tyson E. Payne and Harry J. Thomas; Noble Dwight [Shrine News, Continued on page 60]



Herbert L. Rutherford,
Illustrious Potentate,
Elf Khurafeh Temple,
Saginaw, Mich.



ELF KHURAFEH'S NEW MOSQUE

The Nobles of Elf Khurafeh Temple at Saginaw, Michigan, recently dedicated their beautiful new Mosque (above), which cost \$800,000 complete. The photograph at the left shows part of the Mosque's theater which has an extension stage for use at ceremonials.

FOR KEEPS

[Continued from page 57]

confidence has been shot to pieces. Let me explain:

"Eileen and I were a hit. I took Polly out of a fitting room, taught her—we're a hit. I get the idea I know so much I'm sure-fire. The guy that wrote show business—that's me. Polly can go to hell or Bostell—what do I care! I know you. I start teaching you. You learn. I'm satisfied. But audiences—that's different. Oh, we get over; sure. But our salary figure tells the story.

"I'm not criticizing you. You're as good looking and clever as Eileen ever was. She and I got five hundred."

"Then why can't we?"
"We don't work together like Eileen and I did. We never will, though we try for fifty years. Our stage personalities just don't blend—like Polly's and mine did. You can see, though, how I've been shown up to myself. Instead of a clever showman that can take almost any pretty girl and make a success with her, I've got to have exactly the right partner before I'm worth serious money."

Duke was silent a moment. "I've always claimed I could find a laugh in anything. But this has me stopped. It's easy enough to get swell-headed. But the un-beating process—I'll say that's tough!"

"Well," Fifi dared, "as a business proposition it would pay you to double with Polly again."

"Not," Duke said with quiet effectiveness, "for twice the thousand dollars a week we soon would have got if we hadn't split."

THAT had encouraged Fifi—for a while! But stepping off a train Christmas morning in Waterbury, after a sleepless night, she couldn't locate an ounce of merriment in her entire system. Taxi-ing to the theater with Duke she asked herself peevishly why she stayed in vaudeville. What could it give her? Not Duke. Not fame. Not riches she didn't need. Then what?—beside two depressing railroad jumps every week, uncertain restaurants, long hours in theaters too hot or too chilly, strained nerves. Only a few hours distant lay New York. Broadway. Friends—her own kind. Parties. Yes—even home!

"I'm a fool," Fifi said, alighting from the cab at the stage door. Duke made no comment. With three big holiday shows ahead of them, it was no time to tell her exactly what he thought of her vile moods, her senseless, furious gusts of temper.

An hour later, Polly More walked in through the same stage door. Reading the dressing-room lay-out to learn which rooms had been assigned to Eddie Boller and His Six Steppers, she found Duke's name on the list. In a fluttering panic she crossed the stage to the stairs that carried down to the dressing-rooms.

Fifi was standing in the doorway of one room, smoking a cigaret and closely watching a colored girl—one of the theater maids—press her costumes on the ironing board arranged against the wall for the convenience of the performers. As Polly reached the foot of the stairs Fifi saw her.

"What wild wind blew you into this dump?" was her greeting.

"I'm with Eddie Boller," Polly said. Then, because she couldn't help it. "How's Duke?"

"Gangway!" a heavy voice on the staircase interrupted. The property man and his helper were bringing down a costume trunk. Polly and the colored maid were in their path. Standing the electric iron on end, the maid stepped aside. Neither she, nor Fifi nor Polly noticed the trunk strike the end of the ironing board with a jar that upset the hot iron. Face down it fell on Fifi's best [Continued on page 61]



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WITHIN THE SHRINE

[Continued from page 58]

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Brown, in an organ recital, and Noble Russell Koch, Director of the Drum and Bugle Corps, who gave a Xylophone solo. At the recent Ceremonial Session a handsome Shrine emblem was presented to Noble Rod Gambrell, Chief of the Fire Department, a gift from the Firemen's Masonic Degree team. Another presentation was that of a clock to Noble J. E. Forest, Director, a gift from his assistants. The guests of honor were Past Potentate Hugh Robertson of Alzafar Temple, San Antonio, and Potentate W. B. Hill of Al Chymia, Memphis.

CHILLAH, ASHLAND, ORE.

The Temple wants a band of its own and steps are being taken to organize one. It has a Patrol, and a Drum Corps, composed of members living at Klamath Falls. A donation was sent to the Christmas fund for the little wards in the Shrine Hospital at Portland, Ore. Many Shriners and their wives attended the dancing party given by Nobles at Grants Pass, the home of Potentate Samuel H. Baker.

INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Three parties were held at the Temple in December, in addition to the Sunday concerts by the Band. The principal event was a ball on New Year's Eve, an annual affair, plans for which were made on an elaborate scale. The bridge parties are developing into popular gatherings for the families of the Nobles.

ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Several new features marked the last Ceremonial Session of the old year. The First and Third Sections were held at the Consistory in the afternoon, and after a concert and review of the marching units, the Second Section was held at the Auditorium where plenty of space was available to spread the hot sands. The pilgrimage of the heathen gave great joy to the Faithful. The session closed with a smoker and boxing tournament.

An attractive vacation trip has been arranged by Judge George H. Rowe, Chief Rabbah, which will take Shriners and their families to many historic places in the new and old worlds. Starting from Buffalo, July 10th, the party will go by special train to Montreal where it will board the steamship Duchess of Athol for a cruise down the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic and on to Liverpool. The tourists will go at once to Glasgow, thence by steamer on Loch Lomond to Inversnaid, where a trip in coaches to the Trossachs will show them the actual setting for Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake." After Edinburgh, a stop will be made at York for several hours. This city is of particular interest because of its association with Masonry. Four days will be spent in London, then the Hague, Amsterdam and Brussels will be visited, and a motor trip made to the Battlefields of Waterloo. Paris will follow, where the party will remain six days for shopping and sight-seeing. The visit there will end with a theater party and banquet. On August 7th the start for home will be made from Cherbourg on the Canadian Pacific liner Mont-royal, arriving at Quebec, August 14th. A special train will take the party to Buffalo. The trip will cover thirty-five days. Reservations are now being made through Recorder Edward Cumpson and Judge Rowe. The rate that has been arranged includes all costs of the trip. [Continued on page 62]

DEATH OF NOBLE SEWELL HAGGARD



Sewell Haggard, Editor of The Shrine Magazine, who died suddenly at his home, January 3rd, from a heart attack.

Noble Sewell Haggard, Editor of The Shrine Magazine, died suddenly of heart attack at his home in New York on the night of January 3rd. He had complained of not feeling well while attending a meeting of St. Cecile Lodge, F. & A. M., during the afternoon. Later, however, he felt better, but the attack returned and he passed away while he was sitting on a lounge talking with his wife. News of his death was a sad blow to his associates and to a wide circle of friends.

Noble Haggard was born in Lebanon, Tenn., February 6th, 1879. He began journalistic work in the South at an early age, and was a correspondent in the Spanish-American war. Following this he became identified with New York newspapers and was on the staff of The Evening Sun, The Times and The World, where his work attracted wide attention and led him into the magazine field.

He joined the staff of McClure's Magazine and was its Managing Editor under S. S. McClure until 1910, when he went with the International Magazine Company. In that organization, as Editor, he was credited with bringing Hearst's International Magazine to its maximum circulation, and later he received the credit for firmly establishing Nash's Magazine, in London.

After the World War, he took over Everybody's Magazine and quadrupled its circulation in three years. He aided in the organization of The Shrine Magazine, as its Editor, and established an editorial policy making for its continued improvement.

Noble Haggard was an officer of St. Cecile Lodge, a member of Corinthian Chapter, R. A. M.; Ivanhoe Commandery, Knights Templar, and Mecca Temple. He also was a member of the Players and Dutch Treat Clubs. He is survived by his widow, the former Edith Zorn, daughter of Victor L. Zorn, and two brothers.

FOR KEEPS

[Continued from page 59]

chiffon gown. Swiftly it burned its way through the sheer material.

"Look—what you've done!" Fifi screamed. "I didn't do it," the frightened maid said. "Don't lie to me!" Sinking her fingers in the maid's arm Fifi pushed her against the wall. "I'll teach you—"

As the maid raised her arm to protect her face Duke ran down the stairs. Quickly he pinned Fifi's arms behind her.

"Get out—go upstairs," he told the maid.

"It wasn't my fault, sir. The iron—"

"She's lying!" Fifi struggled to free herself. "Let me go!"

Duke paid no heed. "Go upstairs," he told the maid again.

While she hurried toward the stairs, Fifi redoubled her efforts to free herself. With a sudden jerk she broke loose. The maid was gone. Fifi whirled on her partner.

"Strong-arm me, will you!" Once—and once again she struck Duke's face.

With the first blow, Polly stiffened. A vision flashed in her memory; herself and Duke in a dressing-room; she intent on destroying their team contract; Duke trying to prevent her; her hand striking his cheek—

As Fifi lifted her hand once more Polly sprang to her, caught her arm and swung the girl around, away from Duke, so roughly the sleeve was torn from Fifi's dress.

"Don't—you mustn't!"

Fifi stared at her, dazed. And in that second the other men and women on the bill intervened, crowding between the two girls, taking Duke to one side. Briggs, the house manager, spoke from the stairs.

"What does all this mean?"

"It means," Fifi's voice was shrill, "either she leaves this theater—or I do. Look—what she's done to my dress. For no reason. What cause had she to interfere? It was none of her business. Do you think I'll stand being clawed—my clothes torn off—by any cheap chorus jane? Listen; I don't step on the stage today until she's gone!"

Briggs made a mistake. He threatened her. "You'll go on today—or every date you have will be canceled."

"Will they?" Fifi laughed. "All right—cancel them. I'm through!" Catching up her coat she ran up the stairs, across the stage—out.

"Aren't you going to stop her?" Briggs demanded of Duke.

He shook his head. "It's no use. I know her." Turning, he found Polly before him. "That's twice you've broken up my act," Duke said. "You must enjoy it."

Without waiting for her answer—even if she'd had one—Duke walked into his room and closed the door.

"YOU realize what you've done," Briggs said worriedly to Polly. "You've left me short an act for my Christmas bill—an act in one, too, which means a dead stage wait that will kill the show. With the house packed to the roof and the matinee starting in ten minutes, where am I going to get another act—to save my theater the black-eye it will get by offering an unsatisfactory holiday bill?"

There was only one thing for Polly to say. "Duke—Mr. Swift and I used to do an act together. A good act. We could save your show for you—if he will work with me."

Before she finished, Briggs was knocking on the door of Duke's room. He entered to find Duke re-packing his stage clothes and make-up. Briggs talked fast, explaining all he would do—the wonderful report he'd send in to the Office; the special letter he'd send along with it—if Duke would save his [Continued on page 63]



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S-2-28



WITHIN THE SHRINE



(SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 60)

TENTATIVE ITINERARY OF THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

February 13th to 29th

Feb. 13th Cincinnati	Syrian
Feb. 14th Hammond, Ind.	Orak
Feb. 15th Hammond, Ind.	Orak
Feb. 16th Peoria	Mohammed
Feb. 17th Peoria	Mohammed
Feb. 18th Springfield, Ill.	Ansar
Feb. 19th St. Louis	Moolah
Feb. 20th Springfield, Mo.	Abou Ben Adhem
Feb. 21st Tulsa, Okla.	Akdar
Feb. 22d Muskogee, Okla.	Bedouin
Feb. 23rd Oklahoma City	India
Feb. 24th Dallas, Texas	Hella
Feb. 25th Fort Worth	Moslah
Feb. 26th Dallas	Hella
Feb. 27th San Antonio	Alzafar
Feb. 28th Galveston	El Mina
Feb. 29th Houston	Arabia

(KARNAK, MONTREAL, CANADA

The Faithful crowded the Grenadier Guards' Armory to witness the pilgrimage of thirty-seven novices at the recent Ceremonial Session. An entertainment following a banquet closed one of the most successful sessions in recent years.

(KAZIM, ROANOKE, VA.

Shriners of this Oasis have decided to build a Mosque and preparations are being made to start the work at once. The last Ceremonial Session of the old year brought out a record attendance.

(KERBELA, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

The largest group of candidates of the year passed the Moslem test at the Winter Ceremonial Session. New features in the Second Section came as a surprise to the Faithful and as they made a marked impression upon the novices, they were received with much enthusiasm.

(KHARTUM, WINNIPEG, CANADA

A storm swept the desert during the pilgrimage of a group of heathen at the recent Ceremonial Session. Some of the pilgrims went astray, but after much wandering they were rescued, far from the haven of refuge. All were accounted for later. The session was one of the most successful ever held in this Oasis. The Patrol has arranged a series of dances for the Winter. Several other entertainments by the Temple have been planned.

(KHEDIVE, NORFOLK, VA.

Plans are being made to send a large delegation to the Imperial Council meeting in Miami, Fla., next May. The matter is in charge of a special committee. The recent dance given by the Temple, the first of a series during the Winter, was a marked success.

(KISMET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

More than 3,000 Shriners attended the Ceremonial Session, December 5th. A class of ninety-five novices crossed the hot sands. As usual, the session was attended by a large number of visiting Nobles who enjoyed the famed hospitality of this Temple. A style show, a mock wedding, vaudeville and a dance, were features of the entertainment on Ladies' Night, December 19th, the attendance at which broke all records for a party of this kind.

(KOREIN, RAWLINS, WYO.

Shriners entertained the Imperial Potentate at their last Ceremonial Session, one of the most successful held here in recent years. A banquet and dance followed the session. Details of Noble Dunbar's visit to this Oasis will be found in the account of his tour.

(KOSAIR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

"Best Ceremonial in years," "I enjoyed it fine, but I couldn't find a seat," "I wish we could have a show like that every month." These were some of the opinions on the recent session, expressed by the Faithful to Potentate Dennis R. Lindsay, after it was over. The sands were in fine condition for the pilgrimage of the novices, who did all that was expected of them. The Christmas party for the children was a most enjoyable event. There was a gift for every child, delivered personally by Santa Claus.

(LU LU, PHILADELPHIA

Three hundred Shriners participated in "Potentates' Night," arranged by the Wildwood Shrine Club in honor of William J. Highfield, Potentate of LuLu Temple, and Earl E. Jeffries, Potentate of Crescent Temple, Trenton, N. J. Delegations from the Millville Shrine Club and the Atlantic City Shrine Club took an active part in the entertainment. Noble Robert G. Pierpont, Mayor of Wildwood, is President of the Club.

(MAHI, MIAMI, FLA.

Shriners from all parts of Florida and the South were here to join Mahi in welcoming the Imperial Potentate to this Oasis on December 19th. The distinguished visitor was met by a large committee and the uniformed units, and escorted to his hotel where, later, he conferred with various committees in charge of plans for the Imperial Council meeting next May, and arranged for Imperial headquarters. After a reception, Noble Dunbar was taken for an automobile ride to see the many points of interest in and around the city. In the evening he was guest of honor at a big dinner. The feature of the entertainment the following day was a Ceremonial Session. One of the largest classes in the history of the Temple was received after a pilgrimage in which several new features were introduced for the first time in honor of the occasion. The session closed with a banquet and ball. Thousands of Shriners paid homage to the Imperial Potentate, who, expressing his great pleasure in being Mahi's guest, said he had thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of its Nobles.

The recent ball given by the Temple was a brilliant event. Potentate Henry R. Pridgen, members of his Divan and the Patrol led the grand march. The Temple's Band, seated on a stage at one end of the ballroom, played for the dancing which was interspersed with numbers by the Chanters and the Saxophone Octet.

(MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

After making several good-will pilgrimages to various towns in its jurisdiction, the Temple held a big Ceremonial Session at which the largest class of novices in several years made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Two days were required to complete the entertainment program which included receptions and parties for the women visitors; a parade, banquet and dance. A polo game was one of the features.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 64]

FOR KEEPS

(Continued from page 61)

show. It was Duke's chance to make himself solid with the Office for life. Watching his face, Briggs couldn't guess what impression he was making.

"As a favor to you—while you're getting another act, I'll do it," Duke said finally. "Ask her if she needs a rehearsal." Briggs chased himself to Polly's room.

"Rehearsal?" Her lips quivered. "I remember every comma in the act. And tell him I've got the costumes, too."

Polly delayed going up on the stage until just in time to make her entrance in the act. Sixteen minutes later she and Duke bowed off together—for the fourth time.

"Give 'em another bend," the stage manager ordered. "That's stopping the show right—what I mean."

Duke made a brief speech of thanks. Polly ran off, gathered her costumes from the change table and hastened downstairs.

STILL tingling from the audience's riotous enthusiasm, Duke watched her go. Then Briggs, coming from the front of the house, grabbed his hand and shook it, his face happy, but bewilderment in his eyes.

"Why the heck did you ever split with that girl? The act is a sensation—you've got to play it the three days here for me. You two belong on the big-time—your names out in lights. I'm going to write the Office just that. Did you always get over as strong as you did just now?"

"We generally did."

Briggs gave it up. "Then one—or both of you—belong in the coo-coo house."

Duke made no answer as Briggs walked away. For another moment, without really seeing them, he looked at Eddie Boller dancing with his Steppers—minus Polly. Turning to leave he noticed a satin slipper of Polly's on the floor under the change table. He picked it up—smiled as he always did at its fineness. Then frowning, he made his way belowstage.

"Come in," Polly answered his knock at her door.

As he opened it she leaned against the make-up shelf, concealing something in her hand behind her.

"Your slipper." He placed it on top her trunk.

"Thank you." He regarded her reflection in the mirror for a moment. "The manager says we did a great act."

"We needed him to tell us," Polly said. There was a flicker of Duke's old grin. Then, "He wants us to play out the three days. It's up to you." Waiting for her reply, he fingered the slipper absently.

"Up to me?" Slowly Polly brought her hand from behind her. It held a crumpled sheet of paper. With unsteady fingers she smoothed it out on the make-up shelf. Torn from top to bottom, the sheet had been carefully pasted together again—the original Swift and More team contract.

Duke's throat filled. Also his eyes. Polly was ready to pass out of the picture before he spoke.

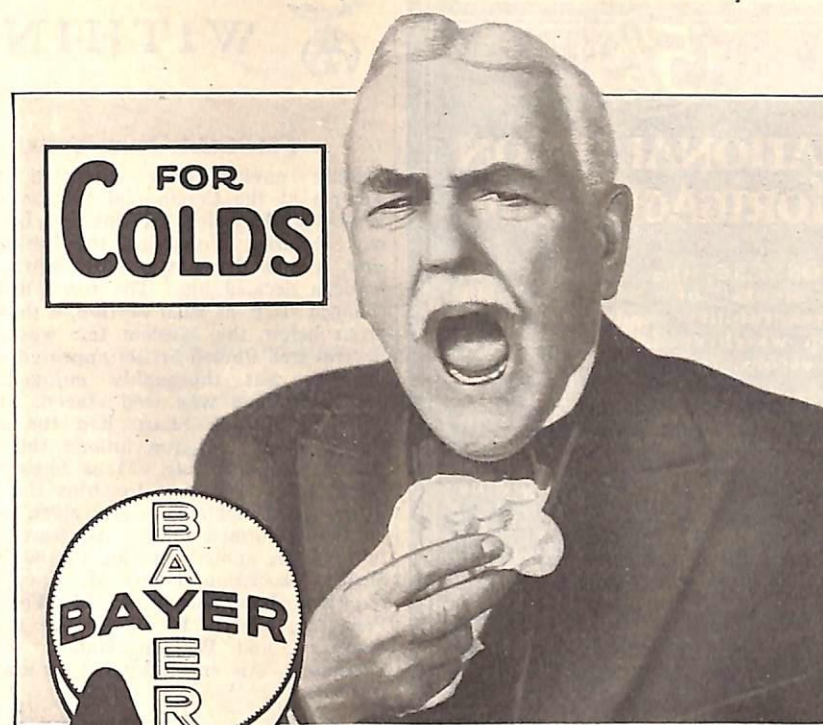
"What is to prevent you from—from tearing it up again?"

Polly's little hand couldn't hold her heart steady. "You ought to know when once I learn anything, I learn it for keeps!"

That opened Duke's arms. Polly filled them. Curtain.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE



[Continued from page 62]

MECCA, NEW YORK

Sixty novices were admitted to the Temple at the Ceremonial Session on November 29th, which was marked by several new features. Following the business session, a comedy movie was shown, which made a decided hit. The usual order was changed after the First Section, a show being given before the Moslem test was applied. Several well known artists appeared and the program was thoroughly enjoyed. The Second Section was well staged, and Potentate Edgar B. Sharp had the satisfaction of seeing his son among the novices making the pilgrimage. Many Shriners from other Oases were there to enjoy the session. Three entertainments were given recently by the uniformed units. All were successful. At the annual meeting of the Yonkers Shrine Association, Frank M. Knepper was re-elected President; John M. Voss, Vice-President; Joseph F. Le Count, re-elected Secretary, and William Halley, re-elected Treasurer. An entertainment followed the meeting.

MEDIA, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Life members of the Temple were the guests of honor at the recent Ceremonial Session, and the Faithful were out in force to pay tribute to them. Two hundred and sixty-three names are on the life membership roll. A goodly company of heathen survived the Moslem test, and after much tribulation, found the light. A reception was held for the guests of honor at the close of the session.

MEDINAH, CHICAGO

The last Ceremonial Session of the old year was distinguished by the presence of Noble Louis L. Emmerson, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Illinois and an honorary member of Medinah, as the guest of honor. Cheers greeted his introduction to the assembled Nobles. Surpassing all previous tableaux, the feature event of the session depicted the return of the A. E. F., and the scenery was enhanced by the maneuvers of the Bands and Patrols. The stage was arranged to show the Victory Arch erected in New York City, with a cottage in the background, in front of which were standing, in uniform, a representative of the Blue, and one of the Gray of '61. Medinah's Band, the members attired as Marines, entered through the arch, followed by detachments of doughboys, marines and sailors. Next came the Jackie Band, which was also a part of the Temple's famous Brass Band. A motion picture portraying the return of the spirit of the "unknown soldier," and the lifting of the screen, blended the picture into the tableau with startling effectiveness. "Taps" were heard through the huge Mosque as the curtain descended at the conclusion, and Old Glory was seen floating in the breeze.

Following the introduction of Noble Emmerson, Noble Melvin Nichols of Aloha Temple, was presented. Potentate Richard E. Kropf next presented Past Potentate Edwin E. Mills, and in behalf of the Temple, gave to him an order for \$1,000 for a set of silverware then in process of being engraved. The gift was in the nature of a reminder of his year as Potentate, and as an appreciation of his many years' service as Marshal of the Temple. In his farewell address as Potentate, Noble Kropf thanked the Nobles for their co-operation and the consideration they had shown to him during his term, which had made his task easier and made of it a labor of love. The

session was declared the best of the entire year.

Medinah plans to have a large representation at the Imperial Council. A committee, headed by Potentate Kropf went to Miami recently to arrange for hotel accommodations.

MIDIAN, WICHITA, KANS.

Before making the necessary pilgrimage across the hot sands, the novices who were received at the recent Ceremonial Session, sold perfume on the streets and realized \$637 for the fund for the relief of crippled children. The parade had to be abandoned because of rain and snow. The session closed with a dance at the Shrine Club.

MIRZA, PITTSBURG, KANS.

A delegation of Shriners from Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Mo., attended the recent Ceremonial Session in this Oasis, at which a large class of novices made a notable pilgrimage. The visiting Nobles received a hearty welcome from Potentate Fred M. Bumann.

MIZPAH, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Homecoming Ceremonial Session of December 6th, brought out a large gathering of Shriners, who marched in a parade, one of the features of the celebration. The parade, which was arranged by Past Potentate E. H. Kilbourne, was led by the Temple's Band, under the direction of Noble John Verweire. The Divan followed, then came the Drum Corps, in command of Noble Jack Baldock; the Chanters, led by Noble Fred Church, and the Patrol, in command of Captain Victor W. Miller. The Second Section was put on after a band concert and banquet. The session was a great success and many old friendships were renewed. The Uniformed Units gave a surprise party December 16th and more than made good. The Telma Shrine Club gave a dance to open the Winter's program of entertainments.

MOHAMMED, PEORIA, ILL.

The Nobility of this Oasis is looking forward with keen anticipation to the big Ceremonial Session to be held the middle of this month in connection with the convention of the Shrine Directors' Association. Recent activities of the Temple included two dinner dances, a stag party and two informal dances. Seventy novices were admitted at the last Ceremonial Session.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 69]



(Left) Charles H. Bacher, present Potentate, Moila Temple, St. Joseph, Mo.



(Right) Walter J. Hilton, first Potentate, Moila Temple, from 1887-1890.

[Continued from page 17]

the game itself. It has not been in any outstanding sense an interest in the kind of people I have met through being in politics, because I do not believe they are more interesting than the people one meets in any other kind of public work.

"In general I believe political work has changed many women, educating many, broadening some, encouraging them to think for themselves and to be more or less independent.

"On the question of whether they show differences from men, while it is difficult to be specific, I believe they are more likely to be fanatical and enthusiastic over principle than men are. At the other extreme, they are more likely to be swayed by personalities. Men are more likely to be guided by their own interests.

"The principal thing we accomplished on the Federal Industrial Relations Commission was that Labor for the first time felt that it was given a square deal—an equal opportunity with Capital to air its grievances.

"Much valuable data was collected through investigations and is now on file with Congress, and I have always felt that some day it may be brought to light and be influential in securing some reforms.

"For myself, sitting on the Commission was a liberal education, and in no other way could I have gained so clear an understanding of the importance of liberalism in relation to the toiler."

I ASKED her about the later lives of the old suffrage leaders and Mrs. Harriman replied:

"Since the suffrage fight some of the leaders have continued to play a part in public work, and some have not. If women have been united on any one thing it has been in the effort for peace. It is interesting to notice that a number of women who opposed suffrage have since become prominent in public affairs. Among them are Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, Mrs. Charles Sabin, Mrs. John Pratt and Miss Elizabeth Marbury.

"The interest of American women was aroused much later than that of British women. Even today a smaller proportion of American women are interested. Just as the British in general are more thorough than we, so in politics their women are infinitely more concentrated than we are. As to office-holding, I am sometimes discouraged at the small number, but investigation is more encouraging on account of the number starting up through local offices.

"On the question of the effect on men, I think it is clear that the quality of men now in the state legislatures is higher than it was at any time preceding suffrage."

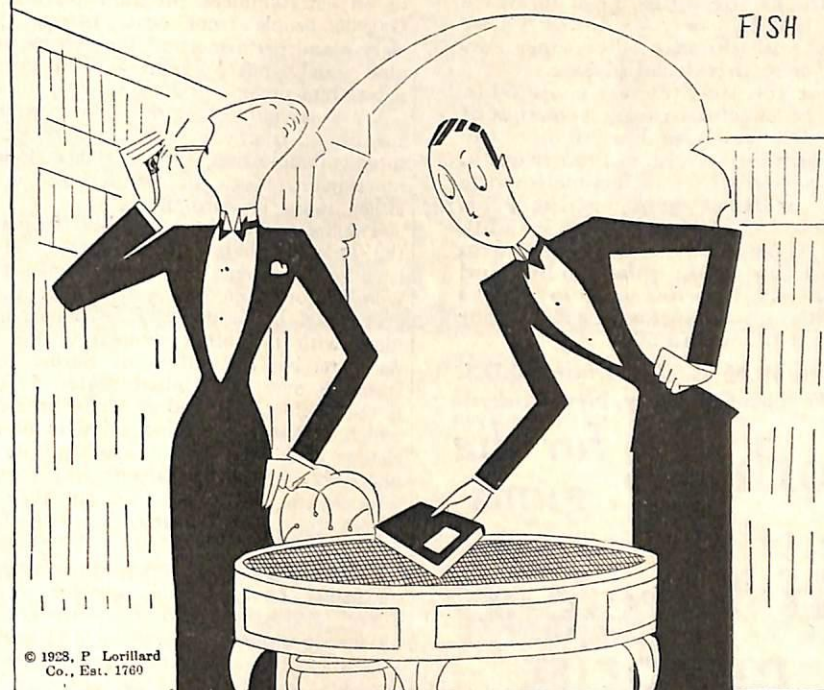
More than once Mrs. Harriman has spoken to me of the intelligence and excellent work of Mrs. Emily Newell Blair, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. In Mrs. Harriman's book, "From Pinafores to Politics," she quotes with approval Mrs. Blair's view of the way women are going about their new political job:

"What the men expected, I suppose, was a terrible old-fashioned house-cleaning, the kind of a rumpus their mothers used to make in the Spring just about the time the first robin came—carpets up, dust in every room, all the family in flight. I clean house with a vacuum-cleaner, don't you? My husband scarcely knows the cleaning is going on. But it is. That's the way it seems to me women are breaking into politics. A room at a time."

It is a good slogan, that. A room at a time. I believe myself that though quiet, the political freedom of women is one of the large beneficent revolutions of history.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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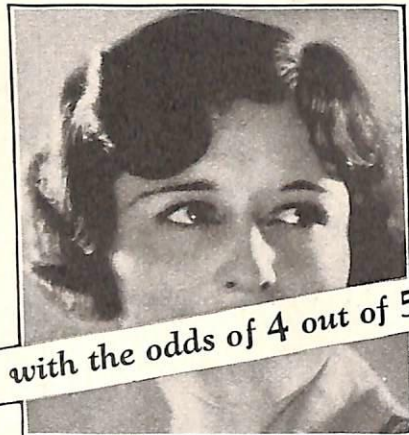
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I'd be primed for changing tires along dark country roads, ready to pick out road-signs at dark intersections, ready for all those jobs that come to the man who drives a car at night.

Not only ready, but Eveready, if you get me, with a good flashlight. And I'd keep that flashlight hitting on all cylinders by using genuine Eveready Batteries—the kind that lasts and lasts and lasts.

Get the flashlight habit. That's my tip to motorists, and no foolin'.

Ask Mrs. FREDERICK.



recipes stored away in their private Cookie Chests. Everybody loves cookies, either plain, filled, iced, drop cookies or whatever kind of cookie, so we expect our readers to send in any and all kinds. And why not have the little girls enter too? What are the cookies little Daughter can make when she helps Mother? Competition will be keen, so send in as many recipes as you like!

COOKIE CONTEST

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
- 4—Address Cookie Contest Editor, Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by March 15th.

First prize, \$10, next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes, and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

BUDGET CONTEST WINNERS

1ST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. E. L. ARNOLD, 822 Kirby street, Shreveport, La.		
Shelter	\$50 per month	25%
Food	45 "	22 1/2%
Clothing	30 "	15%
Operating	40 "	20%
Advancement	5 "	2 1/2%
Savings	30 "	15%
Total income	\$200	100%

2ND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. ZENAS P. WARD, Cimarron, New Mexico.		
Shelter	\$25 per month	16 2/3%
Food	40 "	26 2/3%
Clothing	10 "	6 2/3%
Operating	40 "	26 2/3%
Advancement	10 "	6 2/3%
Savings	25 "	16 2/3%
Total income	\$150	100%

\$2.00 WINNER

MRS. M. W. SHUEY, 2816 State street, New Orleans, La.		
Shelter	\$70 per month	21 7/13%
Food	60 "	18 6/13%
Clothing	45 "	13 11/13%
Operating	65 "	20%
Savings	65 "	20%
Advancement	20 "	6 2/13%
Total income	\$325	100%

[Shrine Service, Continued on page 68]

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 39]

But he never ran away again. When he became high-handed at home a reference to his life as a sailor put him in his place. Ridicule, the most powerful of weapons, had done him a world of good, putting him in his place as a small boy dependent on his father needing his guidance.

That kindly old man was a Noble that night! He used the favorite weapons of the Shrine. He aroused in his boy a sense of humility and of humor, which can be seen today in the twinkling of his merry eye.

A divan of officers can confer a Shrine degree but it takes more than that to make a real Shriner. Nobility cannot be bought or sold, wrapped up like a bag of peanuts and taken home from a Ceremonial. It is a state of mind, not a state of fact.

Like that small boy, you and I are inclined to be sorry for ourselves at times. We dramatize our lives in imagination, feeling we are unappreciated. In that worst of all mental states, we feel sorry for ourselves. We need nothing so much as some iconoclastic incident, like the water swishing on that boy's bedroom window, to bring us to realize the absurdity of our mental attitude.

YESTERDAY morning I put on a suit I bought late last fall. A whole family of moths had set up housekeeping in the trousers and they were as full of holes as a colander. In my morning mail was a letter I childishly tore to shreds because it showed lack of appreciation of me! At lunch my soup had so much salt in it I could not eat it. All day there was a succession of such incidents. At night I attended a Ceremonial of my Temple.

Almost the first man I saw was the Past Potentate hero of the story I have just told. I laughed at him. At the moving picture of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children tears ran down my cheeks, tears of gladness at what we were doing. I had the great joy of helping put on the Second Section and instilling into a lot of candidates the idea that they really amounted to very little in life's great scheme!

I caught the Shrine spirit by its tail and pulled it out of its hole. I put it back into my life where it belonged. This morning I am joyously hammering this out on the typewriter, knowing all I needed yesterday was some one to swish the Shrine spirit up against the windows of my soul!

From crib to coffin is a dreadfully short trip with no round trip tickets. In a world of many laughs it is a sin to snuggle a grouch in one's bosom. In a world where joyous kids are contemplating running away, is no time to waste in getting so close to them they will tell their troubles. On a continent where are three hundred thousand children with twisted limbs to be straightened, is no time for a fellow to feel sorry for himself!

Unhappiness is a disease. I have recovered. You, too, can recover if you will let the Shrine spirit catch you by the slack of your attention and hang on!

Illusion is the elixir of life. If you doubt this read a story in our March issue in which Illusion seemed to have the power of a life force.

AMBASSADORS OF ILLUSION
BY DREW HILL

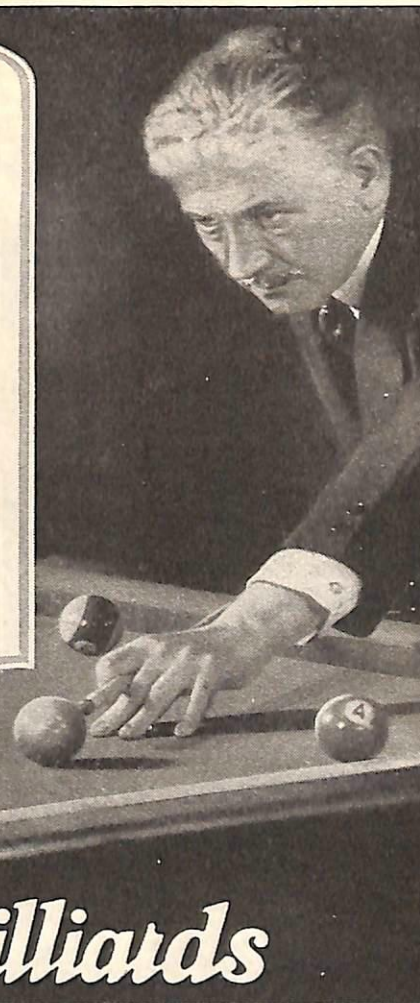
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These are a few items taken at random from our new twenty-page illustrated booklet of Canadian properties seized and sold for taxes, which is free for the asking. Beautifully situated hunting camps and fishing lodges where there is real hunting and fishing, summer cottage sites, islands, heavily wooded acreages situated in Muskoka, Highlands of Ontario and the New North. Also farms in Old Ontario, Quebec, The Prairie Provinces and British Columbia. You couldn't buy these for ten times the price in the ordinary way. Now is the time to invest in Canada's future—minerals, forests and farms. Don't delay. Send no money but send for the booklet to-day so you will have first choice. Full particulars.

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The cakes and sandwiches of the afternoon tea tray should be the perfection of daintiness.



When Hospitality Plays Hostess

FEBRUARY seems to have more than its share of holidays. What with Cupid loosing his darts on St. Valentine's, and two patriotic birthdays, the hostess has her choice of gay or dignified entertaining. Mid-winter also offers many occasions for the theater supper, the afternoon tea which makes a welcome cheering break in a dull day, club and community festivities. Elaborate menus are not necessary to express the finest spirit of hospitality. Unusual and colorful dishes served in unique style, a clever idea or striking decorative plan for foods and favors—this is what the hostess seeks for her success.

Red is the color and hearts the trump played at the Valentine Party. Either a lunch, tea or supper may be carried out in schemes of red or pink, and white, if one uses in the menu such foods as shrimp, lobster, salmon, tomato, strawberry, cherry, etc. A few drops of red vegetable coloring will give a rosy hue to cakes and their frostings, to creams and sherbets, salad dressings, cream cheese, gelatins and bonbons. The use of several sizes of tin cutter in heart shape will ensure sandwiches, cookies and other foods appearing in true Valentine form.

If luncheon or supper begins with a canapé it at once becomes a more fancy repast. This easily made appetizer can be prepared from two slices of bread cut heart shape, spread with any savory egg or anchovy paste, capped by a heart cut from pimento, and lightly toasted. Shape an arrow from an inner white stalk of celery, allow the fringed leaves as one end, and tip with a dash of egg-paste. Lay arrow across both hearts and the meal starts off with the Valentine spirit.

A novel individual luncheon salad is made from seasoned cream cheese molded heart shape. Remove to a flat lettuce leaf, and garnish the entire heart outline with a thin strip of pimento cut with scissors. Make a tiny heart of pimento, and lay exactly in center of the cheese heart. Serve with pink tinted whipped cream mayonnaise. An edible Valentine dessert is easy to arrange from red jelly and a brick of vanilla ice cream. Make a firm jelly into a sheet and from it slice miniature hearts, clubs, flowers in the manner of "mottoes" used on lace Valentines, and as many large birds as there are guests. Have angelica and citron cut into thin strips. Place a thick slice of cream on a square lace doily on an individual dessert plate. Arrange the jelly

mottoes one on each corner of the cream and place the bird in the center, with a strip of angelica as a perch. Or use assorted small candy hearts at each corner, and make the guest's initial in quick icing forced from an ornamenting tube.

Salad for Washington's Birthday may take the shape of any preferred fruit ingredients with two oblong saltines set upright above the salad to simulate a tent so closely associated with Valley Forge. Stick smallest flags at the tent ridge, and serve with balls scooped from hard cheese with a vegetable cutter, piling three at the tent-side to simulate cannon balls. Either patriotic holiday may use a tri-colored fruit gelatin. This is made in a brick pan with alternating layers of red jelly, plain white jelly, and a third layer given a blue shade with grapejuice. When firm, the jelly is to be sliced crosswise in layers, a portion of red, white and blue for each serving. Use the whole candied cherries stuck on strips of green angelica as a garnish to the jelly for a Washington festivity.

Buffet suppers are one of the most flexible and delightful ways of entertaining, whether the guests be few or many.

A suitable menu requires one main hot or cold dish, assorted dainty sandwiches, hot or cold beverage, small cakes and relishes. The chafing dish and the electric table stove serve admirably here for supplying the hot dish which may well be some one of the seafoods treated to a Newburg sauce, deviled oysters, or mushrooms grilled and in many combinations. Guests may assist in helping themselves, and at the buffet supper may seat themselves informally where they prefer. The entire service may be passed on the newer and substantial but most colorful paper dishes, or on the fiber trays which come indented in four places to hold four separate foods. If a fruit salad is liked, a novel way to serve it is to pack portions into tall paper cups and these again into small real flowerpots. The salad should be disguised with chocolate sprinklings, and a real or make-believe or a candy "flower" stuck into each flowerpot.

Our new leaflet will help you entertain with any kind of party. Send for "Every Kind of Party Menu," with stamped envelope to Shrine Service Editor, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Shrine Service

Are you taking advantage of expert advice on these Important Subjects?

HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT

Under the direction of Mrs. Christine Frederick, noted authority on scientific household management. This feature is popular with our readers because it lightens the burden of home-making.

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT

Expert knowledge regarding the financial strength and future prospects of a corporation is a prime requisite to successful investment. Jonathan C. Royle, financial editor of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, possesses this knowledge and is prepared to give any reader the benefit of it.

TRAVEL

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, an authority on travel the world over, will assist you in planning any journey, whether you go by automobile, railroad or steamship.

BOOKS

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE not only recommends a selected list of books each month, but will purchase them for readers if desired. See page 31 in this issue.

THE THEATER

Our dramatic editor selects monthly a list of offerings in the New York theaters which possess something more than ordinary merit. Seats will be arranged for upon request. See page 31 in this issue.

You are not only urged but cordially invited to take advantage of the various services outlined above. Address all inquiries to Shrine Service, % The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 64])

(MOILA, St. JOSEPH, Mo.)

An interesting review of the history of the Temple appeared in an elaborate announcement of the Fortieth Anniversary Ceremonial Session, which was celebrated recently with the Imperial Potentate as the guest of honor. The review, which was written by Recorder Wm. J. Vannix, contains the pictures of every Potentate from 1887, when the Temple was founded, to the present time. A ball on December 12th, marked the opening of the social activities of the Winter. The Drum Corps now has charge of the popular Saturday night dances.

(MOOLAH, St. LOUIS)

One hundred and forty-one novices crossed the hot sands at the Ceremonial Session, December 12th, and the Imperial Potentate watched them make the pilgrimage. The session, which was part of the program arranged for the entertainment of the distinguished visitor, details of which will be found elsewhere in this number of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, drew the Faithful from far and near. Many new features were introduced much to the delight of the large gathering. The formal ball given by the Temple recently, was the social event of the season in this Oasis.

(MOSLAH, FORT WORTH, TEXAS)

A short form Ceremonial Session was held December 8th for the benefit of a score of novices who were unable to attend the Fall session. The next Ceremonial will be held about the middle of April. The uniformed units gave an entertainment for the 366 children in the Masonic Home and School in the city. A Christmas dance closed the social activities of the old year. A Shrine Luncheon Club has been organized with 350 members.

(MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.)

The dance at the Mosque, which opened the Winter's series of entertainments, was attended by more than 1,000 Shriners and their wives. The Temple has arranged to give a circus from February 6th to the 18th.

(MURAT, INDIANAPOLIS)

The true spirit of faith was implanted in the souls and minds of 116 heathen at a Ceremonial Session December 15th, which brought to this Oasis a great outpouring of the Faithful to pay honor to the Imperial Potentate on the occasion of his recent official visit there on his return from the Pacific Coast. The pilgrimage across the hot sands developed into a series of thrills. There was no chance for any of the heathen to go astray—there were too many of them. Their efforts to avoid dangerous zones, however, were not always successful. After much tribulation, all arrived safely at Mecca. During the session Noble L. Slack, Mayor of Indianapolis, made an appeal for the Temple's Christmas fund. Nearly \$3,000 was contributed as a result. Announcement was made of a gift of \$1,000 from Noble Perry L. Sisson of Valparaiso, Ind., to the Temple's refinancing fund. Details of the Imperial Potentate's reception will be found in the account of his tour.

Noble William H. Bockstahler, acting for Potentate Arthur B. Wagner, who now lives at Elgin, Ill., installed the following officers at a meeting of the new Caravan Club: President, Frank D. Stainaker; Vice-President, Edward V. Fitzpatrick; Secretary, W. J. Baker; Treasurer, Frank V. Martin, and William F. Kruger, Sergeant at arms. After the meeting there was an entertainment, and a concert by Murat's Band.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 71]

Save Your Eyes

Dr. C. W. Trail says:—"When I am not using the Farrington, my wife is using it; when my wife is not using it, our 8-year old daughter is using it. Every home should have at least one."

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Here is the helper you have always needed. It saves your eyes—conserves your energy—insures correct posture—prevents eyestrain—permits concentration with real relaxation and absolute comfort. The FARRINGTON supports books, magazines, reading matter, typewriter, writing materials, etc., at just the right angle to insure correct vision, regardless of position. It will help everyone who reads, writes, draws, etc.

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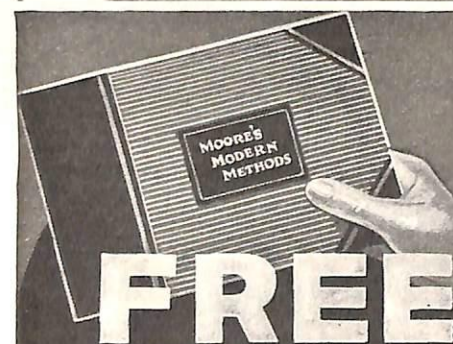
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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

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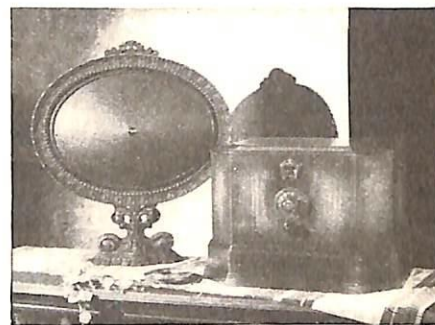
(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of this up-to-date home radio equipment)



((Right) There will be no more necessity for "B" batteries if this eliminator is used which provides for thoroughly accurate adjustment of "B" current. Just plug it into your electric light socket.



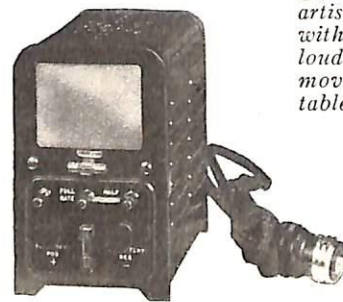
((Left) The richest home surroundings will be given added decorative value by a radio set like this. Simple in line, it nevertheless achieves a luxurious appearance.



((Left) A harmoniously decorative radio set with in-door aerial which when closed gives no suggestion of being a radio outfit.



((Above) A compact and artistic small radio set with unusually decorative loud speaker. It can be moved about on a library table or placed handily anywhere.



((Right) Your storage battery need not again be moved from its place if you attach to an electric light socket this trickle charger.



((Left) This "A" eliminator makes it possible to operate your set direct from an electric light socket, without any storage battery. It eliminates any need for attention to power supply except "B" and "C" batteries.



((Above) In a neat metal box is kept the B and C Battery eliminator in one unit with an electric light socket connection.



((Right) Still another way to disguise the magic music of the air! Looks like an innocent little table when not in use, but is actually a radio loud speaker.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors. This address is for manufacturers only. Readers wishing to communicate with Mrs. Frederick will please address her at The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FEBRUARY, 1928

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 69])

(NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

The ball given in honor of Potentate William A. Eastman, December 8th, surpassed any social event given by the Temple in recent years. The annual dance of the Patrol, Captain Don H. Evans, commanding, drew a large gathering to the Temple's new clubhouse at Lake Ballinger, thirteen miles outside the city. A substantial sum of money was realized from penalties in one of the dance numbers, which was sent as a gift to the little cripples in the Shriners Hospital at Portland, Ore. The clubhouse is becoming quite popular for dances and card parties. The Christmas Tree party for the children was a great success.

(COASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The Temple has decided to arrange for a special train to take the Shriners and uniformed units of this Temple to Miami next May. More than 500 are expected to make the pilgrimage. Details of the big Ceremonial Session held January 20th, will appear in the March number of THE SHRINE MAGAZINE. The event had been planned for the Fall, but was postponed so that the Nobles could attend the dedication of the new Shriners Hospital at Greenville, S. C.

(COMAR, CHARLESTON, S. C.

The recent Masque Ball at the Temple's clubhouse was one of the most enjoyable social events ever given by the Mosque. Prizes were awarded for the best costumes. One of them went to a Noble attired as a flapper. He carried out his rôle so well that there was quite a lot of running to cover when the time came for unmasking. The gifts were presented by Past Potentate Harry B. Snyder. The decorations and lighting effects, which were arranged by Noble John D. Doscher, created a beautiful scene which added greatly to the success of the affair.

(CORAK, HAMMOND, IND.

The outstanding feature of the recent Ceremonial Session at which a score of novices were received, was an elaborate prologue called "The Year Naught, or 1927 Years ago." The gathering of the Three Wise Men was shown in the first scene: "When Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night," was the subject of the second; the third showed a scene in Herod's court, and the fourth, the birthplace of a King. The session closed with a banquet and dance. Two nights later, the prologue was repeated as part of an entertainment for the families of Shriners, Masons and their friends, at which the uniformed units of the Temple appeared.

(COSIRIS, WHEELING, W. VA.

The Potentate's Ball, which marked the opening of many parties and entertainments planned for the Winter, was enjoyed by nearly 1,000 Shriners and their wives. On the night of December 10th, Dr. W. D. Murphy, Potentate of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, was guest of honor at a ball given by the Temple. An entertainment followed at which moving pictures of the work being done at the Shrine Hospitals were shown.

(PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

With the Ceremonial Session of December 10th, the Temple closed one of the most successful years in its history of half a century. There was a large attendance and many visiting Shriners were present. One of the features of the session was a moving picture showing scenes during the celebration of the Temple's golden anniversary. The three-day county fair conducted by the Patrol was a great success.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 72]



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WHEN you make the Annual Pilgrimage this year to MIAMI—DO NOT miss the Opportunity to see and visit BOTH COASTS and the Beautiful SCENIC HIGHLANDS of CENTRAL FLORIDA—At No Additional fare—by requesting your Ticket Agent to route your Ticket Via SEABOARD AIR LINE.

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WITHOUT OBLIGATION, send me free literature, AMAZING SPECIAL WHOLESALE PRICE OFFER, testimony of nearby users, etc.

DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

THE Massachusetts Protective issues a "Perfection" policy which provides that weekly benefits will be doubled if the insured is injured in an automobile accident, and an "Acme" policy under which the accidental death benefit will be doubled if the insured is killed in an automobile accident. One has merely to glance at the morning paper, as issued in any city, or to observe what goes on in the community in which he lives, to realize the automobile hazard, and how many persons are being killed or injured by motor accidents every week of every month in every year, in practically every locality. The M. P. A. provides extra benefits for the accidents most apt to happen (rather than for those which seldom happen), and when an automobile is in a collision or overturns, and one of its members is taken off to the hospital, the M. P. A. (if he holds a Perfection policy) stands ready to issue its check for double benefits, to help meet the cost which may be involved. In these days, when so many travel by automobile, this special feature of M. P. A. service is a very valuable one, and with M. P. A. economy of administration it is able to issue a policy granting double benefits for automobile accidents for no more than other companies charge for policies omitting this unusual and distinctive feature.

**The Massachusetts
Protective
Association, Inc.**
Worcester, Massachusetts

WITHIN THE SHRINE

(Continued from page 71)

(RAJAH, READING, PA.

With the class of novices admitted at the Ceremonial Session of December 19th, the Temple's membership is about 7,200, the highwater mark in its history. An innovation at the Ceremonial was a concert by the Band on the stage. Heretofore this was given in the social hall of the Mosque before the Ceremonial. Another public recital on the Temple's big organ was given on December 18th. Potentate George F. Eisenbrown and members of his Divan went to Coatesville recently and appointed a committee to look after the Temple's interests in that town. The Lancaster County Shrine Club has elected the following officers: President, Guy R. Smeltz; First Vice-President, Dr. John A. Nightengale; Second Vice-President, John C. Brown; Secretary-Treasurer, Paxton W. Wolfe. The club held its third Ladies' Night in the Mosque with the largest attendance at any party it has given. A dinner, vaudeville, dance and cards made up the program. Potentate Eisenbrown led the singing between the dinner courses.

(RAMESES, TORONTO, CANADA

Twenty-five novices found the light, and Oriental mysteries were unfolded to them after a hazardous pilgrimage across the desert at the recent Ceremonial Session. Potentate U. E. Gillen welcomed visiting Shriners from Winnipeg, London, Cleveland and Akron, Ohio. The session closed with a dinner and dance.

(SAHARA, PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Shriners made a day of it for their Saharamonial, the program for the session including an entertainment, dinner, parade and dance. Many visiting Nobles brought their wives, who were entertained at luncheon, a card party and reception. During the Ceremonial Session they were taken for an automobile ride. The Temple is making plans to be well represented at the Imperial Council meeting at Miami.

(SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

The Ceremonial Session December 19th rounded out another successful year and the Temple will show another large gain in membership. A large class of novices crossed the sands and expressed deep gratitude when the pilgrimage was over. Families of Shriners living in Northern New Jersey gave a benefit party for a fund to maintain a bed in the orthopedic hospital at Orange. The Patrol made a big hit with its home talent show and it is planned to give another. The recent Sunday concert given by the Temple was well attended. Two ministers gave short talks.

(SALADIN, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

The Band and Chanters entertain Shriners and their families at concerts every Friday evening. The program is broadcast over station WASH.

(SESOSTRIS, LINCOLN, NEB.

The Faithful took compassion on seventy-five novices who overcame many obstacles in their pilgrimage to Mecca at the recent Ceremonial Session, by seating them as guests of honor at a dinner at the close of the session. Before the session, many Shriners visited the Temple's camp where improvements are being made to transform it into a real country home and playground. Nearly one thousand couples attended the New Year's Eve dancing party. The Band gave a concert, and the Patrol an exhibition drill.

(SPHINX, HARTFORD, CONN.

Past Potentate John H. Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, and twelve other Past Potentates, Noble George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Shriners Hospital at Springfield, Mass., and Potentate John A. Webster, members of his Divan and several Nobles of Melha Temple, were among those who attended the Winter Ceremonial Session. The Directors of Melha and the Waterbury Kaabans assisted in guiding eighteen novices across the hot sands. The Patrol and Drum, Fife and Bugle Corps gave a snappy exhibition drill, and the Chanters from Middletown entertained with songs and saxophone selections. The session ended with a vaudeville show. A voluntary collection was taken for the benefit of the Christmas party at the Springfield Hospital. A Sphinx Temple Jewel was presented to each of the following Past Potentates: Joseph E. Root, John T. Henderson, Walter S. Garde, Henry G. Toothaker, Clayton W. Rowley, Charles W. Heusted, Horace W. Eddy, Otis J. Hart, Louis C. Kingsbury, John H. Trumbull, Wilbur L. Scranton, George H. Gabb and Fred B. Griffin.

(SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.

The Durham Shrine Club entertained a group of children from the Oxford Masonic Orphanage at a dinner prior to their appearance at their annual entertainment at Durham. These children are selected for their musical and dramatic ability to make a concert tour of the State once a year for the benefit of the orphanage. After the dinner, raincoats were presented to the girls, and lumber jackets to the boys, all gifts from the club. Potentate Fred B. Crowson, Chief Rabban Harry S. Storr, Captain of the Guard Charles Wetherington and Captain J. C. Benjamin of the Band, all of Sudan, were guests at the dinner. Both Sudan, and Oasis Temple of Charlotte, N. C., contribute liberally to the support of the orphanage which is maintained by Masons of North Carolina. Of the 300 children in the institution, less than 20 percent are those of Masons.

(SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.

The Executive Committee of the Temple authorized a contribution of \$1,000 to the fund for the sufferers from the recent gas tank explosion in Pittsburgh. The Shrine Luncheon Club now has a membership of nearly 800. It is planned to increase this to 1,000 within the next few weeks and a campaign among the Nobles of Syria has been started. Unusually good entertainment is provided for the members at each meeting.

(TANGIER, OMAHA, NEB.

With a large class of novices contributing thrills for their benefit, the Faithful of this Oasis expressed complete satisfaction with the manner in which the pilgrimage across the desert was conducted at the recent Ceremonial Session. The uniformed units, as usual, did much toward making the session a success.

(TEBALA, ROCKFORD, ILL.

Two band concerts, a patriotic pageant, dinner, and a theater party were features of the recent Ceremonial Session at which fifty novices were admitted to the Temple. Among the guests welcomed by Potentate Burton E. Chapman were Past Potentate Edwin E. Mills and several Nobles from Medinah, Chicago; Potentate James B. Leedom and

[Shrine News, Continued on page 75]

Amazing New Facts for Men Past 40 About the Misunderstood Subject of Rejuvenation

MANY men have a false notion about the real significance of rejuvenation. This misinformation has been greatly fostered by the distorted newspaper accounts of European gland operations. These spectacular operations are but one aspect of a subject which is of the utmost practical importance to aging men.

Rejuvenation is not merely an attempt to turn back the hands of time. It is not just a whim or vanity that interests men past middle age in the subject of rejuvenation. Few men past the prime of life are interested in rejuvenation simply for the sake of growing younger or prolonging life.

Robust Health...

Abounding Energy

By far the most important aspect of rejuvenation is health... freedom of pains, weakness, debility and certain distressing and often painful symptoms so common to old age.

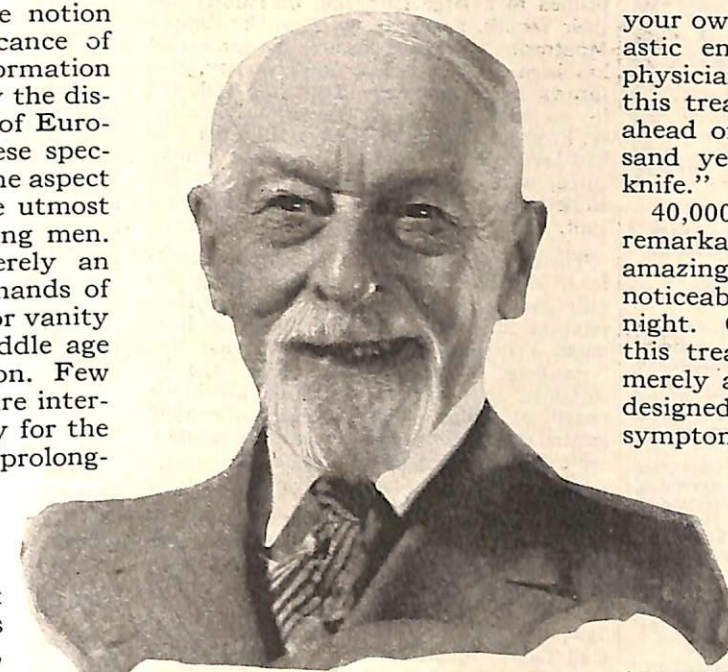
So little is generally known about the subject of glands that it would probably amaze many men to learn that most of their suffering and distress oftentimes is due to the failure of the tiny prostate gland.

Symptoms of Prostate Trouble

When this vital gland slows up in men past middle age it often **hypertrophies**—and becomes congested, swollen and greatly increased in size. In this condition it often bears or presses on the bladder and colon—thus directly causing severe bladder trouble, frequent nightly risings, broken sleep, and not infrequently, both chronic constipation and hemorrhoids.

Are You Blaming These Troubles on Approaching Age?

Prostate trouble is also the frequent cause of debility, weakness, pains in the back, feet and legs, chronic fatigue, and a general lack of ambition, a feeling of age, depression and irritability. This is prostate trouble. Few people realize how widespread it is. Some medical men believe, however, that fully two-thirds of all men past middle age—and many much younger than 40—



Do You Suffer Any of These Distressing Symptoms of Debility and Breakdown?

After age 40, do you suffer any of these distressing symptoms of gland disorder

Frequent Nightly Risings . . .
Backache . . . Weakness . . .
Foot and Leg Pains . . .
Chronic Constipation

have some or all of these symptoms of gland disorder. Untold thousands of aging men suffer in this way and do not know the cause. For the most part they blame these troubles on approaching age.

There is no medicine known which can reduce the prostate gland to normal size. All that medical science can do is to massage this gland or remove it with the knife.

A Safe Home Method of Natural Stimulation

Now, through the discovery of an American scientist working in this field, you can stimulate the prostate gland in a safe, natural way. This discovery goes directly to the area of the gland without drugs, medicine, diets, or application of electricity and greatly increases the circulation. The method is as safe and harmless as washing your hands. It is easy and pleasant to use in the privacy of

your own home. It has the enthusiastic endorsement of many noted physicians. One doctor says of this treatment: "A hundred years ahead of modern medicine; a thousand years ahead of the surgeon's knife."

40,000 men have already used this remarkable treatment with the most amazing results in many cases. Often noticeable relief comes almost overnight. Quick as is the response to this treatment, it is by no means merely a temporary relief, but it is designed to relieve the distressing symptoms by correcting the cause!

Feel Ten Years Younger

While it is not claimed that the treatment will actually make you grow younger, the method is so amazingly effective that it is offered under an agreement that unless you feel ten years younger in six days the treatment costs nothing.

Remarkable Book FREE

This new discovery is of such universal and far-reaching importance in the health, activity and robust vigor of men past 40 that it is described in a remarkable 24-page illustrated book, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40."

Mail the Blank Below

If you have this gland trouble or any of the symptoms mentioned, write today for this free book. You can ask yourself certain frank questions that may reveal your true condition. Every man past 40 should make this test, as insidious prostate disorder often leads to surgery. This book is entirely free, but mail the coupon immediately, as the edition is limited. Address

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Address.....

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BY THIS amazing system (the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine), you can weigh what you want and take off or put on weight where desired. Approved by physicians. Endorsed by thousands. Following the 30-Day Program will enable you to take off at least 10 pounds and convince you that you can be youthfully slender, perfectly formed.



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Without cost or obligation to me, send me your 30-Day Weight Control Program.

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WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING

(Continued from page 42)

leave it long on top," was one of many requests. There were tow-heads, blondes and brunettes; fine and coarse hair, and all varieties received the careful attention of the barbers. It was a surprise visit to the children, and to many of them it was almost as good as seeing a circus.

The work of the Shrine Hospitals was explained to a large gathering of Nobles and their friends, arranged by Karnak Temple, Montreal. A moving picture, the same that has been shown all over the country, was thrown on the screen. This was followed by an address by Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick. Several children who had been treated and were partly or wholly cured, were introduced to demonstrate the work being done at the Montreal Hospital Unit.

The Shrine Club of Tebala Temple, Rockford, Ill., listened to some interesting details about the work of the Shrine Hospital at St. Louis recently, when its little guest, a boy of fifteen, told of what had been done for him. Seven years ago he sustained an injury to his head which affected his spine. He is still undergoing treatment, but was away from the hospital for a few days on leave of absence.

Wa-Wa Temple, Regina, Canada, has active women's auxiliaries at different points throughout its jurisdiction, all helping the cause of the little crippled children. The largest is at Regina. Others are at Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Melfort, Shaunavon and Gull Lake. Members of the Regina auxiliary with those of the auxiliary at Winnipeg, are paying for the cost of the furnishings of the addition to the Winnipeg Hospital Unit, now being constructed at a cost of \$20,000.

Miss Margaret McKee, the noted whistler, visits the Shrine Hospitals whenever opportunity presents itself. After her appearance recently at a benefit performance given by the uniformed units of Mecca Temple, New York, she said she would not miss a visit to one of these hospitals for a good deal. Recently, she said, she found delight in teaching some of the children how to whistle.

The little patients in the Shriners Hospitals always are glad to see visitors, especially when those visitors happen to be pretty women who smile sweetly as they pause by each bed, and so, when Lois Delander, "Miss America," visited the children at the Springfield (Mass.) Hospital recently, the little ones had a fine time. Miss America was accompanied by Noble George M. Hendee, Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mrs. Hendee, and Mrs. Palmer, who travels with the national beauty. At the hospital she was met by the members of the Board and by Dr. R. Nelson Hatt and his staff. During the visit she had her picture taken with two little girl patients, both of whom were quite overcome, as neither had been photographed before. The children, of course, did not realize that they were seeing the prize-winning beauty of America, but she quite charmed them with her unassuming sweetness of manner. Miss America expressed surprise at the ease with which the doctor called each child by his or her first name. The visit developed into quite a party with the children contributing their bit. One little chap recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb" without a mistake, while others showed no hesitancy in joining in the conversation.

As a result of the showing of the picture "An Equal Chance", at Medinah Temple, Chicago, recently, Potentate Richard E. Kropf said that he had received several very fine letters from members, most of them enclosing contributions. One Noble, he said, wrote:

"I was in Winnipeg a few weeks ago and rode West with a little chap who had just been treated in Winnipeg. The hope and joy of that little chap made the Shrine seem more worth while to me. More power to the hospitals!"

An impressive scene was witnessed in the boys' ward of the Shriners Hospital at Montreal recently. One little patient, lying in his bed with his body weighted down, was talking earnestly to a man, one of a group of visitors. Standing around the patient were other boys leaning on crutches or finding support against the bed. The only sound was the voice of the child in the bed and now and then the soft response of the man. Presently the child, pointing to the American flag and the Boy Scout flag hanging beside the bedside, turned a beaming face upon the man and said:

"Oh, Mr. Dunbar, I am so glad you are one of us."

He was addressing the Imperial Potentate, who stood at attention, gave the salute and grasped the hand of the little patient. The head of the Shrine had been made a Boy Scout. An enthusiastic reception followed, for nearly every boy in the ward is a member of the Scout troop organized at that hospital.

The Imperial Potentate, who never misses an opportunity to visit a Shriners Hospital, tells this story:

"During the visit of some Shriners to a certain hospital, one of the little patients who possessed a \$2 bill, asked a Noble to change it so that he could get a quarter. The Noble, of course, didn't have the change but he did have the quarter. The same thing happened with the other visitors, and before they left the little chap had \$4.75, including the original \$2 bill. It was thought by some they ought not to let the boy work this scheme, but when the matter was put before the Board of Governors it was decided to say nothing. One of the members remarked, 'Let him alone; some day he'll be on Wall street and have them all backed out of the way.'"

Of the many happy visits the Imperial Potentate has paid to the little crippled wards of the Shrine, one scene, he said, would forever remain in his memory. His coming had been heralded and eagerly awaited. When he and his party entered the girls' ward, one little patient advanced and led the visitors to the bedside of a child lying with weights on her shoulders, feet and legs. There the children sang a song of welcome, with the little helpless patient, smiling bravely, leading the singing. "We smiled bravely, too," the Imperial Potentate said, "—to hide our tears."

This is the story of an Indian boy, 13 years old, a direct descendant of a chief, who, taken from a home of squalor in the northern extremity of Canada, and suffering from an acute case of tuberculosis of the left hip joint, making it impossible for him to walk or even stand, became a ward of the Shriners. Many obstacles had to be overcome before an investigation of the case was possible, but finally he became a patient in the Shrine Hospital at Winnipeg. It

took a long time to win the boy's confidence. He was not at all inclined to accept the comfort of a clean, white bed, and the ministrations of a pleasant, smiling nurse, but kindness broke down the barrier and the boy became a model patient.

In this hospital the children have a society which they call the "Shrine Hospital Order of Obedience," with a regular ritual of initiation and rules to be observed. The Indian boy, who was a patient for nine months, joined the society. The sympathy, unfailing kindness and care, which are marked characteristics of all Shriners Hospitals, won the complete confidence of the boy and brought about such a change in his pitiful outlook on life, that he became a leader among the little patients, and for three months before his discharge, cured, he was chief officer of the society and insisted upon its rules being obeyed. It was a proud, grateful and fine looking boy who left the hospital arrayed in a new suit of clothes supplied by the Ladies' Auxiliary. Surgeons at the hospital declared that he would have died had he not received treatment at the opportune time.

There is the case of a bright boy of eight years who was in a Shrine Hospital for three months. His parents did not see him while he was under treatment. When they were told they could take him home, the father went for him. When the father saw his son running to him he was dumb with gratitude. He tried to express his thanks, but no words would come. Finally he said "Mama," and the doctor understood that he was thinking of his wife and what it would mean to her to have her son back, straight and strong as other boys.

SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 72)

Past Potentate Henry F. Zarse of Tripoli, Milwaukee; Potentate D. Fred Scribner of Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, and Col. Richings J. Shand of Ansar, Springfield, Ill. Members of the Elgin Shrine Club, led by Noble Bert Loomer, President, appeared in uniform. The Rockford Shrine Club has elected Noble L. E. Richmond, President; Noble A. Ekeberg, Vice-President, and Noble R. E. Flanders, Secretary and Treasurer.

TRIPOLI, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The present home of the Temple, which formerly was an orphan's home, will be remodeled to provide an auditorium to seat more than 2,000. Owing to the lack of accommodations, Ceremonial Sessions have been held at the State Armory. The Potentate's Ball, held in the ballroom of the Hotel Syracuse, was a brilliant affair. Several dances and entertainments have been planned for the Winter.

TRIPOLI, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The exterior of the new Mosque has been completed and work is now progressing rapidly on the interior which is expected to be finished in another month. Owing to the liberal response for contributions to the Mosque fund, the building committee has found it unnecessary to negotiate a loan authorized by the Temple. At a recent meeting, the Temple voted honorary memberships to Imperial High Priest and Prophet Thomas J. Houston of Medinah, Chicago; Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland of Mohammed, Peoria, Ill.; Potentate H. B. Wood of Zuhrah, Minneapolis; Potentate Ellis W. Ranney of Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich., and Potentate Albert H. Kahler of Mohammed. The Superior Shrine Club gave a dinner dance recently and made the rule that no speeches were to be made.

[Shrine News Continued on page 77]

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.


I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely

too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of old age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrill Hygienic Institute, Dept. 762, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

Tear Off and Mail at Once

Tyrrill's Hygienic Institute, Inc.

152 West 65th Street, Dept. 762,
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

IS YOUR OLD TEMPLE GOOD ENOUGH?

NO doubt there are a great many cities and towns in the United States where new Masonic or Shrine Temples are badly needed. Most of them would build new ones if they only knew how to raise the money.

No Bonds, Stock or Loans

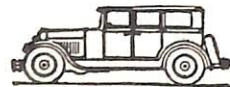
NEW Temples costing from One Hundred Thousand to Four Million Dollars have, with our help, recently been made possible in Scranton, Pa.; Rochester, Albany and Troy, New York; Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, Ohio; Providence, Rhode Island; Niagara Falls, Canada; Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and elsewhere.

Particulars Upon Request

THE HERBERT B. EHLER COMPANY

12 East 41st Street, New York City

Starts Easily in Coldest Weather



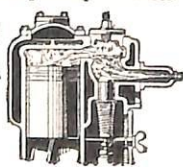
AMAZING INVENTION Starts Car in 5 Seconds

And does it without any complicated mechanism, without any fuss. Install an Impelerator on your car and forget winter driving troubles. Let your car stand where you want to, in any kind of weather. Step on the starter and away you go.

Utilizes well known scientific principle which

Puts POWER Here

Yes, even in the coldest weather you get the vital vapor that spells power, and you get it when you want it, when your engine is cold. Starts any engine like a shot in frosty weather. Over two hundred thousand now in use, proves beyond a shadow of a doubt that this is the most valuable auto accessory ever sold. Have one on your car. Put it there now. Send for complete details of our offer. You can install it yourself in a few minutes or any garage will do it for you. The Impelerator is an amazing device, startlingly simple and yet marvelously effective. If you ever use a car in cold weather, don't be without it, but write quick for free particulars to the



Impelerator Corporation

Dept. 2428 25 E. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Illinois

AGENTS Don't wait a minute to get the amazing details of this marvelous invention. Write for particulars of the big discounts and the special proposition now open to live wire agents in territory not yet covered. If you want to be sure, wire for this information. If you want to make a lot of money arrange quick, for good territory.



(Ellen Terry, the much-loved actress (left) and her daughter, Edith Craig.)

DAME ELLEN TERRY

The World-famous Actress and England's Most Charming Woman

By Alfred Powers

SINCE the death of Eleanora Duse, in 1924, Ellen Terry holds a position unrivaled by any living actress. She is strictly speaking to be called Dame Ellen Terry, the comparatively new title for women having been conferred upon her by the British government. When she reached her seventy-fifth birthday there was a national celebration. If she lives until the twenty-seventh of this month (February) she will be eighty years old.

In her youth she was married to the famous portrait-painter, Watts, then an old man. The marriage was not a permanent success, which is not surprising considering the gay and over-flowing energy of the young acting genius. However, it is a gentle and mellow remembrance to Miss Terry. In two years she was back in the theater. A number of years later she retired from the stage and had two children. For six years she gave herself to them. Then she returned to the theater, but no mother has ever been more devoted or prouder of her children.

Her first certain rôle was not until she was eight years old. Then she played in "A Winter's Tale" with the famous Charles Kean. Her knowledge of Shakespeare began early. She had both the elocution and the brains to bring out the full value of his comedies and romances.

Speaking of her elocution—to hear it was like listening to a bird. She was lucky in her father.

It was to his elocution that Benjamin Terry owed his engagements with the

then leaders of the stage, Kean and Macready. He never allowed young Ellen to speak any word, as she put it, "in a slipshod fashion." Those who have heard her speak the English language will be grateful to her father. To quote her own words: "Perhaps I was a born actress, but that would have served me little if I had not been able to SPEAK." The lesson is needed today when the speaking voice is most likely to be the weakest part of an actor's equipment. The ability to speak, the love of the work, and the realization of the whole effort of a production, those were the big lessons of Ellen's early professional career. You can get the woman's temper from a passing comment like this: "The ambitious boy thinks of Hamlet, the ambitious girl of Lady Macbeth or Rosalind, but where shall we find the young actor or actress whose heart is set on being useful?" In Ellen Terry's golden heart was ever the desire to serve. It made her a wonderful mother, a constant friend, a miraculous co-worker of Henry Irving, and it must have helped the soundness of her acting by the integrity that pervaded it. Before she was fifteen she had learned the words, and thoroughly studied them, of EVERY WOMAN PART IN SHAKESPEARE.

She has often said that she was a woman even more than an actress. Perhaps. More likely, the very completeness with which she has been a woman—a lover, a mother—has added a delicacy and truth to her acting that not all her brains and study could have added without those human instincts.

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 75])

A concert by the Chanters was a big success. The fund being raised to defray the expenses of the uniformed units to the Imperial Council meeting was increased materially as a result of a benefit theater party.

(ZEMBO,

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Two thousand Shriners, including many from other Oases, gathered for the recent Ceremonial Session, which was one of the best in many years. Eighty-five heathen clamoring for light, were led across the desert and overcame many obstacles before they found it. The Patrol did fine work, and the Chanters did much to make the event a success.

(ZIYARA, UTICA, N. Y.

There was a record attendance at the "Recorder's Ceremonial," so named in honor of Noble Heber E. Griffith and as a tribute to his loyal services to the Temple. In announcing the event, Potentate Curtis F. Alliaume called upon all the Nobility "to show our appreciation of what Noble Griffith has done, is doing, and for what we know he will do for Ziyara Temple." The response was shown in the large gathering. Among the congratulatory messages received was one from Recorder Frank B. Lazier of Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash. Another was from Noble James W. Barber, Recorder of Syria Temple. Apparently candidates for admission also desired to join in the tribute, for an unusually large class was presented, and the pilgrimage across the hot sands was all that could be desired by the Faithful. A banquet and a band concert preceded the Second Section, and the session closed with a delightful vaudeville program.

(ZORAH,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

One of the best Ceremonial Sessions in the Temple's history was that of December 14th, when the Imperial Potentate honored it with his presence and complimented Potentate Jay Short on the manner in which the work was put on. The Mosque was crowded with the Faithful eager to welcome Noble Dunbar and he was greeted with cheers when he entered. Some new features were introduced which made the desert scene most realistic. A long line of novices was led out into the dreary waste where, in fear and trembling, many wandered off the narrow trail and were rescued only with great difficulty by the guides. It was an exciting pilgrimage and will not soon be forgotten by those who made it.

* * *

NOBLE IRELAND'S FATHER DEAD

The sympathy of all Shriners goes out to Noble Clifford Ireland, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, whose father, Frank N. Ireland, died recently at his home in Washburn, Ill., at the age of 91 years. Mr. Ireland was a veteran of the Civil War, serving under Colonel David P. Grier in the famous old Seventy-seventh Illinois Volunteer Infantry. He resided in Washburn for sixty-three years and was its oldest citizen. In 1874 he established the Washburn Bank. He was proud of the fact that he cast his first presidential vote for Abraham Lincoln, and that he had voted for every Republican candidate for President ever since. Besides Noble Ireland, he leaves another son, Charles, who several years ago succeeded him as President of the bank.

[Shrine News Continued on page 80]

Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp

RELIEVES

Common Colds
Sinus Troubles
Ear Trouble
Deafness
Tonsillitis
Neuralgia
Bronchitis
Influenza
Asthma
Neuritis
Catarrh
Rheumatism
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RELIEVE PAIN WITH PENETRATING HEAT

Will Not Sunburn or Blister

Relieve Congestion with Infra-Red Rays

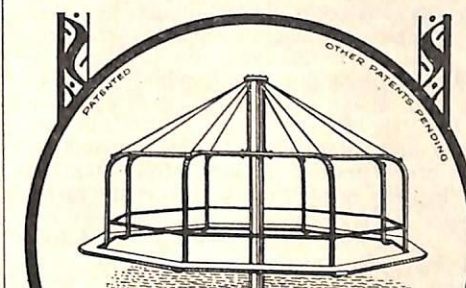
Don't let lumbago, rheumatism, or similar ailments bump you off the job this winter. If you but knew how Infra-Red Ray treatments relieve these and other ailments such as neuralgia, colds in head or chest, catarrhal deafness, head noises, etc., you would never be without this wonderful therapeutic aid. Users everywhere are telling of wonderful results had with Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp.

A. Harold Mayer, M. D., Alliance, Ohio (Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist), reports on two outstanding cases. Case 1. John K. Age 30. Had two mastoid operations three years previously and since then the ear had been discharging. Various treatments had been tried without success. Daily treatments brought complete

recovery in three weeks. Case 2. John D. Age 51. Cervical adenitis (gland trouble) of five months standing. 15 minute applications of the Infra-Red Ray Lamp, twice daily for three weeks, complete recovery. C. K. Morris, Chicago, got rid of a bad cold just overnight. Frank L. Wood, Petersburg, Mich., says, it has relieved him of lumbago, catarrh and inflamed eyes.

Campbell's Infra-Red Ray Lamp—this safe, therapeutic lamp sold direct from maker to user. Simple, easy to use. Connect with any electric light socket. 30 days' trial. Money-back guarantee. Easy payments or low cash price. Write at once for our booklet giving full details and healthful suggestions.

1034 Union Avenue THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY Alliance, Ohio



Sell "Karymor" Merry Go Rounds

The World's Best Playground Equipment

Everywhere Schools, Parks, Etc. are buying and giving their ENTHUSIASTIC ENDORSEMENT.

"We find our six KARYMORS very satisfactory. I recommend them." R. W. Truscott, Supt., Loveland, Colo. "—one of the best and safest pieces of playground equipment obtainable." G. E. Clark, Sec'y, Groom, Tex.

SUBSTANTIAL YEAR 'ROUND INCOME. By selling just two KARYMORS a week you can make over \$400 a month. Many are doing a lot better, helped by inquiries from our national direct mail advertising.

Kingdon of Nebraska, writes: "I sold 6 KARYMORS in 4 days. The 4 inquiries you sent led to 2 more tips. This makes my commissions over \$600 the last two weeks."

WE NEED 200 MEN RIGHT NOW. Write for details and application blank. Do it NOW!

ADDRESS
R. E. Lamar & Co.
MANUFACTURERS
PUEBLO-COLO.



THE New MANDARIN BRIDGE SET!

Breath taking Beauty! Quality! A Chinese red, decorated, folding bridge set, with Boy and Dragon design in rich oriental colors—a delight to the heart of every hostess, a wonderful gift to your home. Dainty loveliness in every line, yet strong and comfortable, convenient and long lived. Set folds into a carton that slips into any closet. Bentwood, round-cornered; upholstered seats; decorated leatherette top; two convenient ash trays furnished. Ask for beautiful descriptive folder and prices now. You'll want this sure!

MAIL THIS COUPON
SOLID KUMFORT
Louis Rastetter & Sons,
190 Wall Street,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Send me folder about the Mandarin Bridge Set,
tell me where I can buy it, and the price.
Name _____
Address _____
My Dealer is _____

You'll Prefer ROSE MARIE PERFECTOS

to any 15c cigar you've ever smoked
and you can buy them for only

4c each

How can we afford to sell you these Imported, Hand-Made, Long-Filler cigars at such an unheard-of price—is a natural question for you to ask. Here are the reasons.

Because the tobacco is grown in the celebrated Cagayan Valley. Here lands are much less in value and nature supplies the fertilizer. The annual saving is about \$200 per acre.

Because "Rose Marie Perfectos" are Imported tax free. The regular duty is about 16c each for same size—made in Havana.

\$4.00
per 100
plus postage

Because low living expenses in the Philippines reduces the cost of production approximately 65%—compared with American countries.

Because we are Direct Importers and are able to save you another 50%—the profits which go to jobbers and retailers.

Because we are anxious to win more new friends for "Rose Marie Perfectos." Satisfied customers mean repeat orders. Only then do we reap a satisfactory margin of profits. This repeat business grows day by day.

Try Them at Our Expense

We will send you 100 "Rose Marie Perfectos" for only \$4.00 plus a few cents postage. The authorized retail price is \$8.00 per 100. You save \$4.00. So smoke 10 on us. Forget the price. Judge them on the taste and the pleasure they give you. If you are not 100% satisfied, send the other 90 back. And without any "ifs," "ands" or "buts" we will cheerfully refund your \$4.00. What a difference "Rose Maries" will make in your smoking budget. Order this very day. Simply mail the coupon.

National Cigar Co., 42-B
969 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Send me 100 "Rose Marie Perfecto" Cigars. I will pay postman \$4.00 plus postage. It is agreed that if the first 10 are not satisfactory I may return the other 90 and get back my \$4 without question. (Mild—? Medium—? Strong—?) Check preference.

NOTE—If you will send check or M. O. for \$4.20 you will prevent delays and save 12c C. O. D. charges. If you are east of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.25 (\$4 plus 25c postage). If west of Pittsburgh, remit \$4.40.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

JAZZLAND

(Continued from page 36)

"It's rather a tricky situation. Fact is, we don't know enough." Thus the detective, non-committally. "Not yet."

"I came over because of something my father told me this noon. I don't know that it means anything, but..." And Stella related the Harker incident.

"We didn't have quite all of that," said Wilbraham. "But on the other hand we have a little more. Before I go into it, Miss Bagot, I might say that as I understand it you are working with us."

"In-so-far as I can be of any use."

"You understand that a single careless word might undo my work."

"I can see that."

"You are planning to have a talk with Mr. Harmer, I suppose, in the course of preparing your article."

"Yes."

"WELL... I think I will tell you both a little. The knowledge may help you, and may possibly help the case. Simply remember that you mustn't appear to know anything of this. Henry Harker's five hundred dollars, the option money, came from Joe Harmer."

"You don't mean," began Homer.

"Harmer engineered the whole transaction. Acting through Harker, he bought both the Harker and Parmenter properties and sold the Parmenter place to Horwitz and Neddick. He had been approached by their lawyer in the matter of securing a victualer's license as a sort of guarantee of good faith on the part of the selectmen."

"That bears out your suspicions, Stella," said Homer. "Hm! So old Joe is tangled up with those birds, eh?"

"Not exactly. It isn't simple. And my information isn't complete. He paid something like sixteen thousand dollars for the two properties, and sold the Parmenter place for twenty-eight thousand, five hundred."

"Twelve thousand five hundred by way of profit, eh?"

"Yes. He did very well. Understand, he doesn't appear anywhere in the transaction. He worked through Harker. But after he got himself rather nicely involved, there appears to have been a catch. It was to have been a cash transaction. But Neddick and Horwitz refused to pay in full. I haven't the exact figures, but think they put up in the neighborhood of thirty-five or forty percent. Something like seventeen or eighteen thousand dollars is still coming to Mr. Harmer."

"Good Lord!" muttered Homer. He sprang up and paced about. "That pretty nearly makes him a partner of those queer birds, doesn't it?"

"Not quite. Their only hope of real protection lay in drawing him in. They tempted him with a neat profit. As soon as he committed himself, they had him. They just put on the screws. He couldn't give them a mortgage without involving the bank and exposing the whole transaction. So he simply took their notes and is keeping them in his personal safe at home."

"Why doesn't that make him a partner?"

"Because he isn't in business with them. He is outside, holding the bag. But he's got to protect them until they pay off the notes or he'll lose money. And Mr. Harmer doesn't like to lose money. He doesn't do business that way. There are several notes, maturing at different periods. I haven't been able to learn the dates or the exact amounts."

"Look here!" Homer said. "We've got him where we want him!"

"Oh, no we haven't!"

"But we only need to expose these facts to the town to..."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Pew! We're still

a long way from having a case that would stand up in court. I am counting on you and Miss Bagot to cooperate with me."

"But don't you see? He has a financial stake in the place. He is involved! Even after that damnable murder he goes on protecting the scoundrels! Covering up! Why..."

"Wait! Wait! Please, Mr. Pew! You must understand that while I've been able to develop several sources of information, very little of what I've picked up so far is in the form of legal evidence. Probably the persons who have given up a little could be easily frightened into swearing just the opposite in court. I haven't those notes, or even a photostatic copy of them. I haven't even a letter."

"Joe Harmer doesn't write letters... Look here, you'll admit that we could easily get him on the run?"

"I'm not at all sure that we could."

"I think," Stella remarked thoughtfully, "that I see what Mr. Wilbraham means. Mr. Harmer is in something of a fix. He doesn't want to lose his money. And he doesn't want the fact that he's tied up with Jazzland exposed to the town. But even if it were it would take a good deal of exposing to turn people here actually against him."

"Exactly." The detective flashed a keen glance at her. "Let me try and picture his situation as I see it. In the first place he is a very strong figure not only in the town here, but in the county. Even, modestly, in the state. People respect his character and his judgment, and they think a lot of his family background. He is quite a force politically. He has been a member of the state committee of his party, a delegate to national conventions, all that sort of thing. And it means a lot. More, perhaps, than you realize. Most of the men who hold high political office in the state are old friends of his. If we were to attack him, even on the basis of a little real evidence, we'd be swamped with counter attacks."

"But... but..." Homer was sputtering, like an excited boy... "here he is, crookedly involved in putting over that Jazzland place on the town..."

"No, Mr. Pew, he isn't crookedly involved."

"But..."

"We've got to try to look at it with the eyes of the average man. In the first place, we haven't a scrap of evidence against Jazzland..."

"But everybody knows..."

"WHAT everybody knows is not evidence. Before the law that roadhouse is a legitimate restaurant enterprise, and it is entitled to the same respect and protection as any other business enterprise. As the Ackland Age, even. There are hundreds of such restaurants in the state. A considerable amount of money is invested in them. True, Mr. Harmer helped finance it. True, he feels uncomfortable about it, and would prefer not to have the facts known. That is natural enough. But suppose we published those facts, prematurely. What would happen? Remember, Mr. Harmer is a very strong man. Stronger, very likely, than he realizes himself. He dominates this town. Think of all the people who owe him money. Think of all he knows, through his banking connections, about the business affairs of his neighbors. Think of all the people that have gone to him for personal advice. He has been active in all the substantial affairs of the town for forty years. Do you suppose a lot of hardheaded business men are going to regard him as a crook because he

undertook to make a little money out of a restaurant?"

"They'd jump to defend him," said Stella. "Of course. And if the deal turned out badly, they'd be sorry for him. They'd think it hard luck. And they'd help him cover it up. They'd be thinking of the things that might happen to any of them if their judgment should slip or if some deal should go a little sour. Business is pretty primitive. And pretty hardboiled."

"I'm glad that you understand, Miss Bagot."

Homer was still pacing about. Suddenly he whirled on the detective. "We know," he said bitterly, "that Jazzland is tied up with the liquor ring."

"We think so."

"Damn it, we know." "We haven't the evidence. And real evidence isn't easy to get."

"See here, is Billy Wykeham protecting the place?"

"I really can't go into that, Mr. Pew. It is a complicated situation."

BEFORE he could break out again, Stella sprang up and laid an impulsive hand on his arm. "Homer," she said gently, "you mustn't think I don't understand what you're going through. You wouldn't be human if you didn't blow up now and then. But we're in a difficult situation, and we've simply got to be patient and cautious. If you were to launch a premature attack on Joe Harmer, while a good many people would sympathize with you personally because of all you've gone through, still the town as a whole would simply measure you up against him. No matter what facts we might dig up. Measure you, man for man. And you'd lose. Isn't that about it, Mr. Wilbraham?"

Gravely the detective inclined his head. "That's exactly it."

Homer strode to the window. "It's a filthy world!" he muttered.

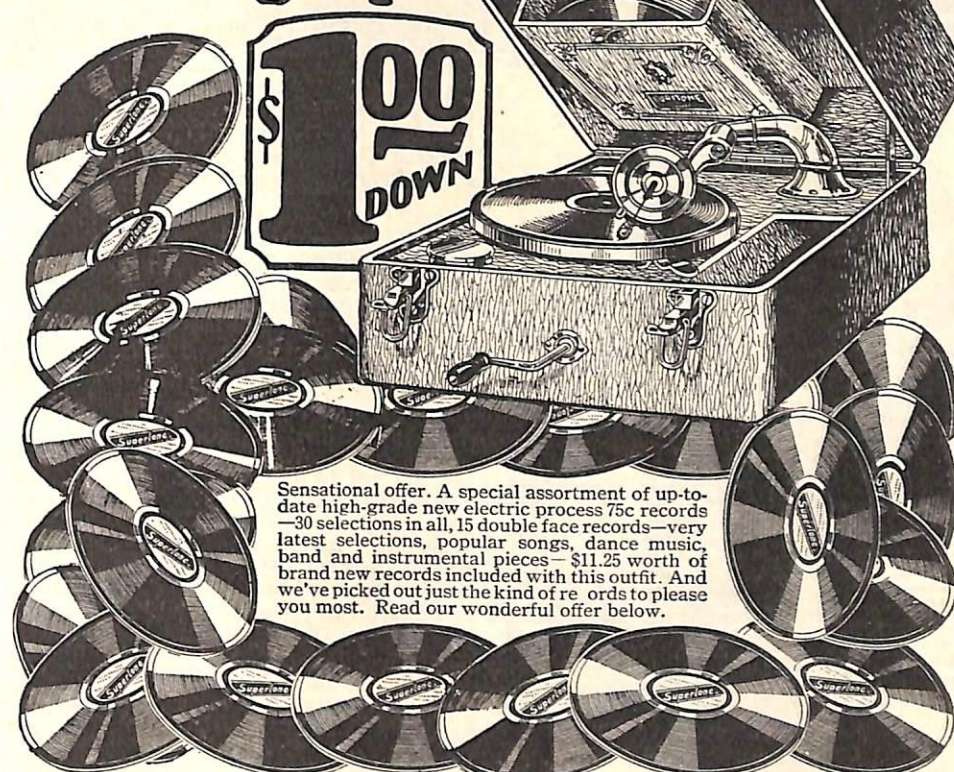
The detective rose. "I must be going along. There are a good many other angles to the case. Some of them rather more important than this... Mr. Pew, I'm going to make a request of you. There is a possibility that we may find out something more about Mr. Harmer. Suppose, for example, that they've drawn him in a little deeper than we suspect now. They could. It is quite within the range of possibility that he may know something about the murder and about this attack on you. My private opinion, at the moment, is that they're making him sweat. Don't misunderstand me. I really don't believe he is personally involved in the criminal aspect of the case. But it is possible that he has some guilty knowledge... I am going to ask you, for the present, to spare him from attacks in the Age. Keep after Jazzland. That's all right. But don't bring Harmer into it."

"Why not?" It was a cry of anguish.

"For the simple reason that he is living in terror of exposure. That is the only hold the Jazzland people have on him. It is also our only hold on him. When a man gets drawn into that sort of nervous fear he loses his perspective. This man has lost sight of his own real strength. I think he is in something of a panic. But people aren't going to let him suffer. It's just as Miss Bagot says. The political crowd, like the townspeople here, will cover up a lot to protect Joe Harmer. Once let him feel that wave of sympathy rising and he'd realize his strength. Get his vision back. And then he'd be too strong for us. All his friends would demand proof, and I tell you we haven't got it. First thing I know I'd be called off the case. And I don't choose to be called off. I want to stick. No, our hope, so far as he is concerned, is to leave him, for the [Continued on page 83]

30 UP-TO-DATE Selections

with this **Portable
Phonograph**



Sensational offer. A special assortment of up-to-date high-grade new electric process 75c records—30 selections in all, 15 double face records—very latest selections, popular songs, dance music, band and instrumental pieces—\$11.25 worth of brand new records included with this outfit. And we've picked out just the kind of records to please you most. Read our wonderful offer below.

30 Days' Trial

Yes, we will send this Puritone portable phonograph outfit, with 30 high grade selections, 15 double face 75c records to your home on 30 days' trial for only \$1.00 with the coupon. Use it as your own and see what a wonderful convenience it is to have a phonograph that you can carry from room to room, from place to place, wherever and whenever you want it—out of the way when not in use. Use the outfit on 30 days' trial. If within 30 days you decide not to keep the outfit, send it back and we'll refund your \$1.00 plus all transportation charges.

\$2.00 a month!

If you keep it, pay only \$2.60 a month until you have paid that sensational price on this special sale—only \$26.85. Think of it, a first-class high grade phonograph, more convenient and more useful than an ordinary phonograph and 15 high grade up-to-date double face records—(30 selections) a complete outfit, ready to play only \$26.85.

Send NOW

Seize this opportunity on this special sale, while it lasts. Only \$1.00 with the **FREE Catalog** of home furnishings sent with or without order. See coupon.

Send the Coupon NOW!

Straus & Schram
Dept. 3872 Chicago, Ill.

This Portable Phonograph

plays any make of 10-inch disc records including Edison and plays two ten-inch records with one winding. Weighs only 17 pounds. Comes in waterproof imitation leather case with hinged lid, closes up like a small suitcase with snap locks and a carrying handle (see illustration). Measures 14 1/2 x 12 x 7 1/2 inches. Records are placed inside of lid and secured so they will not rattle or break. Holds 15 records. Has quiet spring motor, tone arm and reproducer with indestructible diaphragm and wide throat for full sound volume. Reproducer is reversible for Edison records. Outfit includes 15 double face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. A complete record library without buying a single note. Shipping weight, packed about 25 pounds.

Order by No. W8824JA; only \$1.00 with coupon, \$2.60 monthly. Total price, \$26.85.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3872 Chicago, Ill.

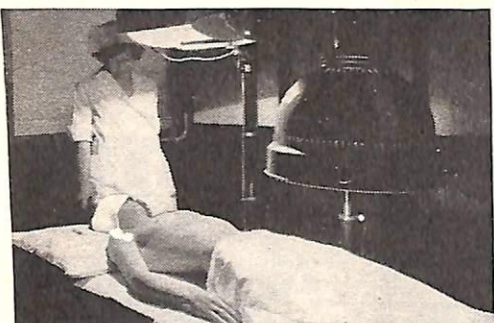
Enclosed find \$1.00. Ship special advertised Puritone Portable Phonograph with 15 Double Face 75c New Electric Process records—30 selections. I am to have 30 days' free trial. If I keep the outfit, I will pay you \$2.60 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the phonograph and records within 30 days and you are to refund my dollar and excess charges I paid.

Puritone Portable Phonograph and 15 Double Face Records, W8824JA, \$26.85

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Shipping Point.....
Post Office..... State.....
Married?..... Nationality..... or Color.....
or Single?.....
If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here: ☐

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Our world famous Sanitarium at beautiful Elmhurst possesses the finest equipment for the treatment of every ailment. Here you will find electrotherapy, Swedish massage, sun baths, manipulative methods, hydrotherapy, reconstructive diet, actinic rays—every modern method of healing administered by qualified physicians. The most searching diagnosis possible to science before a bit of treatment is prescribed. We accept only cases amenable to our methods.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

With a
PERSONAL TINGE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 77])

Past Potentate James T. Rogers of Kalurah Temple, Binghamton, N. Y., has been appointed Corporation Counsel of that city, by Mayor Norman A. Boyd, also a Past Potentate of Kalurah Temple. Noble Rogers is an honorary life member of the Imperial Council, and is one of the most active Representatives in the Council.

Noble Charles H. Kerschner of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa., defeated his rival for the city treasuryship at the recent election in the most spectacular and exciting recounts of ballots in the history of Reading. He was the only office holder of either older party to survive the Socialist landslide there.

Noble Edwin M. Whelpley, new Director of Aladdin Temple's Band, has played in and directed bands and orchestras since he was 12 years old. When he moved to Dallas, Texas, temporarily, some years ago, he became Director of Hella Temple's Band. He was Assistant Director of Aladdin's Band for five years, serving under Noble William B. Heston, who formed the organization and was its Director until his death last winter.

Noble John C. Manning, a member of Acca Temple, Richmond, Va., who is now in Bombay, India, recently sent a \$500 subscription for stock in Acca's new Mosque. More than \$700,000 has been subscribed by 2,500 Nobles, and an additional issue of \$225,000 is being sold.

Noble Raymond P. Weil of Ismailia Temple, Buffalo, N. Y., who was Captain of the Shrine team last year, has been elected President of the Inter-Fraternal Golf League.

Nobles Fred W. Brunlieb, Everett O. Wing and George F. Tisdale of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis., are among the incorporators of a new bank in that city which opened for business recently.

Noble Charles Raulf of Tripoli Temple, Milwaukee, Wis., is making a substantial contribution to the progress of two Wisconsin cities. Associated with his brother in the Raulf Hotel Company, he is completing a \$1,000,000 hotel, theater and recreation building at Oshkosh, and a large hotel and business building at Portage.

Dr. C. H. Creely, Past Potentate of Zamora Temple, Birmingham, Ala., whose illness necessitated an operation, has fully recovered. He spent several weeks at Panama City, Fla., after leaving the hospital.

Dr. B. J. Simon, City Health Commissioner of St. Paul, Minn., and an active member of Osman Temple, gave a general health talk at the recent meeting of Osman's Auxiliary to the Twin Cities Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children. The Auxiliary sent a large quantity of supplies and gifts for the little patients at Christmas.



Potentate Samuel H. Baker, Hilla Temple, Ashland, Ore., who provided elaborate entertainment for the Imperial Potentate on his recent visit to that Oasis.

Potentate Thomas C. Law and Recorder George E. Argard of Yaarab Temple, Atlanta, Ga., were among the guests invited to a formal dinner party given recently for Governor and Mrs. L. G. Hardman and members of his staff, by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of that city.

When Potentate W. B. Hill of Al Chymia Temple, Memphis, Tenn., went to Dallas, Texas, to attend Hella Temple's recent Ceremonial Session, he was welcomed to the spot where he was born, for the Scottish Rite Cathedral, in which Hella has its headquarters, stands on the site of Noble Hill's old home.

Past Potentate John J. McMurray of Jaffa Temple, Altoona, Pa., and Representative to the Imperial Council, who was elected Mayor of Altoona, took office January 1st. This is his first trip into the troubled waters of native politics.

Past Potentate James J. Thomas of Aladdin Temple, Columbus, Ohio, who is a life member of the Imperial Council, has started on his ninth year as Mayor of Columbus. He was re-elected for another four year term at the recent election.

Noble Louis L. Emmerson of Ainad Temple, East St. Louis, Ill., who was twice elected Secretary of State, has announced his candidacy for the office of Governor of Illinois.

Potentate Harry R. Brown of Salaam Temple, Newark, N. J., has decided to become a candidate for United States Senator in 1928, according to press reports.

Past Potentate Archibald F. Hamil of Nile Temple, Seattle, Wash., is serving his fifth term as President of the Pasadena Shrine Club. Ninety Temples are represented among the 600 members who meet once a month for a dinner and dance.

The Kiwanis Club of Evansville, Ind., wants Past Potentate R. W. Chambers of Hadi Temple, as Governor of the organization for the State. It cites his activities in civic, religious and fraternal matters in support of the movement.

Noble Monte Blue of Al Malaikah Temple, Los Angeles, recently was elected President of the famous "233 Club" of Hollywood, which is said to be the largest theatrical Masonic Club in existence.

[Shrine News, Continued on page 82]

Take 6 to 10 Inches Off Your Waistline in 35 Days



The Director Belt has made a big change in my waist measure. It took off 7 or 8 in. in just a few weeks and I am losing fat right along. I gladly recommend the "Director."—Wallis Bennett.



I used to measure 46 in. around. My Director Belt has taken off 9 or 10 in. and I'm just about the right size now. I also feel much more active than before.—H. W. Quintance, Chicago.



Three months ago I had a big, flabby stomach. Was fully 15 in. over-size. The Director Belt has reduced me 11 in. I will soon be back to normal.—N. W. Johnson, New York.



The Director Belt reduced my girth fully 8 inches in less than 2 months. I haven't felt as comfortable in years as I have since I began to wear it.—E. Tumler, Milwaukee.

"REDUCED from 48 inches to 38 inches in 35 days," says R. E. Johnson, of Akron, O., "just by wearing a Director Belt. Stomach now firm, doesn't sag and I feel fine."

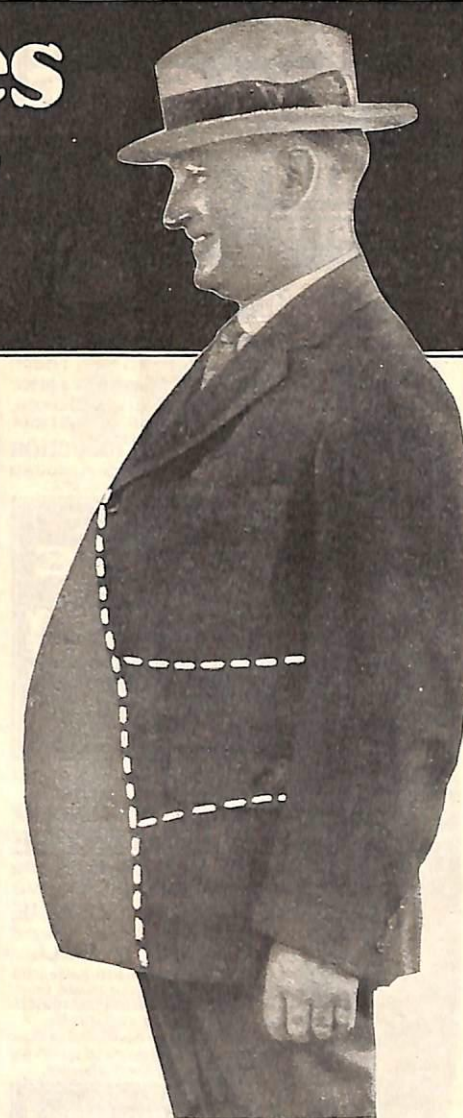
Let us prove to you, without your risking a penny, that you can quickly, easily and surely rid yourself of a bulging waistline. Let us prove to you that you can instantly redistribute the excess fat in such a way that the pulling-down weight will be removed from the muscle structure of the stomach and properly placed where it will be correctly supported, giving you freedom of movement and natural grace you have not known for years.

Slip the DIRECTOR On—That's All

The Director is made to your measure all in one piece, of finest mercerized web elastic. There are no buckles, laces or straps to bother with. It is light and compact and can be worn with perfect ease and comfort on any or all occasions. You will not be troubled with sagging trousers, vest creeping up and wrinkling coat in business hours. It improves wonderfully any man's appearance in a dress suit.

The improvement in your waistline comes as soon as you slip into this new belt. You look and feel years younger. The Director gives the necessary support to the stout man and serves to place the abdominal weight where it belongs. You no longer have that dragged-down feeling. Shortness of breath disappears.

With every step you take, with every movement of the body, the Director gently kneads and massages the abdominal muscles, disperses the fatty deposits until they are finally absorbed. The tension on the stretched and flabby muscles is relieved, for the heavy abdomen is actually supported from the back. The muscle structure in front is held firmly together, strengthened and restored. The constant, gentle massaging does not permit additional fat to form.



Gone—that ugly bulge and you feel and look years younger

You Take No Risk Whatever

Doctors not only endorse the Director, but many of them wear it. The Director improves health as well as appearance. It won't cost you a cent if you don't want the Director after you have seen it and tried it on.

"It's comfortable and I like it," is a statement made in hundreds of letters in our files. Let us prove our claims. We will send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements, instructions for self-measurement and letters from Director wearers. Use the coupon below, or just write a postcard asking for our free trial offer.

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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A Large Waistline
Tired Back Muscles
Afternoon Fatigue
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DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU!
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THREE REASONS WHY we can afford to sell these wonderful cigars at this price
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This Special Offer is limited to one order and holds **GOOD ONLY UNTIL MAR. 15**
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Smoke as many as you like and if you do not receive **AT LEAST DOUBLE VALUE** we will cheerfully refund **YOUR MONEY IN FULL.**

We have been established since 1903. In these 25 years we have made many thousands of satisfied customers who buy from us regularly. We refer you to any bank in U.S. or Cuba. Send check or pay postman on arrival. We pay all delivery charges.

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CARRY this amazing new adding machine in your vest pocket. Make \$3.00 an hour showing it to storekeepers, bookkeepers, professional men and others. Agents cleaning up with this fast seller. Everyone who does any figuring needs it and will buy on sight.

Complete Adding Machine Only \$2.95
VE-PO-AD duplicates work of large adding machines. Sells for only \$2.95. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Always accurate—never gets out of order. Over 100,000 in use. You make \$1.30 on every sale. Man! If you ever had a chance to **CLEAN UP BIG MONEY**—here it is!



Sample Ve-Po-Ad Free

You don't need experience. Shapiro made \$175 his first week. Others make \$50 to \$100 a week regularly. You can sell as many as 3 Ve-Po-Ads an hour—over \$3.00 clear profit for you. Grasp this quickly! Write at once for full details of **FREE Ve-Po-Ad** offer and my **MONEY-MAKING PLAN**. Don't NOW.

C. M. CLEARY

184 W. Washington St., Dept. 682, Chicago, Ill.

WITHIN THE SHRINE

[SHRINE NEWS (Continued from page 80)]

MIAMI Prepares for the Big Pilgrimage in MAY

IF MAHI Temple's plans for the entertainment of the thousands of the Nobility who will make the pilgrimage to Miami, Fla., in connection with the meeting of the Imperial Council in May, are carried out, there will be a display of hospitality that will equal, if not surpass, anything ever attempted at a Shrine gathering. Some idea of what is contemplated may be gained from the fact that there are thirty-three major committees and scores of sub-committees at work on the program. It is too early at this time to give any of the details. In a general way, however, it can be said that Miami's scenic advantages will be used to the limit to provide a series of outdoor tropical entertainments that will begin with the arrival of the first delegation, and continue until the last has left that Oasis.

One feature, plans for which have practically been completed, will be a massed

concert by the Chanters of the various Temples. Another will be a concert by the massed Bands.

The promise has been made that there will be no crowding in the matter of accommodations; also that the hotels and restaurants, which are working with the general committee, are under a pledge not to advance their prices during the period of the gathering. The hotels in the downtown area can accommodate 20,000 guests, and the number of rooms available in apartment houses, according to the committee, assures comfortable facilities for large numbers of the Nobility, so that the use of Pullmans will not be necessary unless, of course, some of the visiting delegations prefer them. The railroads have facilities for the parking of about 2,000 cars. Incidentally, the rates guaranteed by the hotels are from \$1.50 to \$5, single, and not to exceed \$8, double.

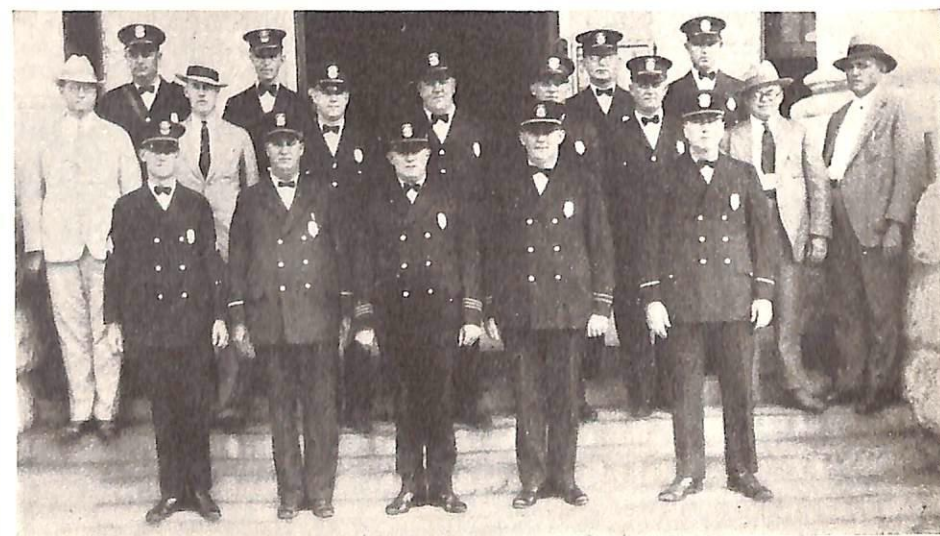
Judging from the number of reservations already made, the attendance will break all records. Many Temples have chartered special trains for the pilgrimage, and several have made plans to journey to Miami by steamship. Morocco Temple at Jacksonville, and Egypt, at Tampa, are prepared to entertain any number of visiting Shriners to or from the Imperial Oasis, and Shrine Clubs all over the State will help to entertain the visitors. One of these, the Miami Beach Shrine Club, is taking a leading part in arranging for the gathering. At a meeting December 16th, it elected the following officers: President, Horace C. Young; First Vice-President, F. Lowry Wall; Second Vice-President, Horatio Lloyd; Third Vice-President, Hugh Larrick; Secretary, Roy Baker; Treasurer, H. R. McQueen. The Palm Beach Shrine Club has remodeled and refurbished its clubhouse, and is ready to welcome all visiting Shriners.

Miami is in a sub-tropical zone, and in the same latitude as Cairo, Egypt. The Gulf Stream tempers its climate so that it has yearly a mean temperature of 75 degrees, and an average temperature in the Spring months, of 74 degrees. Bathing conditions are ideal and the beaches offer one of the greatest attractions at the resort. The waters in the vicinity of Miami abound with fish of more than 400 varieties.

A part of Biscayne Boulevard, over which [Shrine News Continued on page 84]



Golf at Miami Beach is played on three courses, and Rosie the Beach elephant is the most popular caddy.



Some Shriners on Miami's police force who will help to entertain the Nobles at the Imperial Council Session next May.

JAZZLAND

[Continued from page 79]

present, in his panic," Wilbraham finished. Stella, wholly forgetful of self now, went again to Homer and again took his arm. "He's right," she said, pleadingly. "You see that, don't you, Homer? He's right."

"But I'm planning to put up a fight for a special town meeting," said Homer. "How about that?"

"All right," Wilbraham replied. "Fight Jazzland all you want. Just don't go after Harmer."

Homer stared out the window. He was thinking of Ham, and a little of his own battered head; and of a circumspect town in which respect for property was rooted deep, deep.

"Why did he try to buy the paper?" he cried out, more than ever like a bewildered boy.

Wilbraham, standing near the door, was studying the couple by the window. Stella didn't know that she was tightly holding that boyishly resistant arm.

WILBRAHAM spoke. "For his own protection, Mr. Pew. His position is plain enough. He doesn't like Jazzland any more than you do. He's wishing he'd never touched it. But he can't let go. All he wants is to quiet things down, get as much of his money back as he can, and then as soon as he's free of Horwitz and Neddick, close the place up. You see, as it stands now, he's afraid even to hand them back the notes. They'd be unpleasant bits of paper for Neddick and Horwitz to have about the place. Even if he destroyed the notes, those men wouldn't let go. You may be sure they're holding him just as tight as they possibly can. Your Mr. Harmer is out on a limb, waiting for a nice quiet opportunity to crawl back to some safer position. But there won't be any quiet as long as you're hammering away at Jazzland."

"I'll hammer, all right," said Homer. "I'll hammer."

Wilbraham gave Stella a look that said—"Take care of him. Steady him." Then went quietly out.

[To be continued]

WITH THE IMPERIAL

POTENTATE [Continued from page 38]

Ceremonial. It was a wonderful spectacle, and the display of Oriental splendor made a picture that brought outspoken admiration from the Imperial Potentate.

Introduced as the "Apostle of Sunshine," by Potentate Crabill, Noble Dunbar, in a short address, expressed his great pleasure in being with the Nobles of Al Malaikah, told of his visits to the Shrine hospitals, and urged all Nobles to see for themselves what was being done to help the crippled children of the poor. It was expected a demand for a cornet solo would be made, and the Imperial Potentate was ready to meet it, much to the delight of the great throng.

Introductions of Past Imperial Potentate Albert B. McGaffey, Past Imperial Potentate McCandless, Potentate Webber and Past Potentate Victor Wankowski of Al Bahr Temple, Potentate Julian D. Harries, Chief Rabbah Phil Erbes and Past Potentate Ernest West of Islam, and Past Potentate Sugden of Osiris were made, after which a large Chinese rug was presented to the Imperial Potentate.

One of the events that greatly pleased the Imperial Potentate was when he was greeted by Past Imperial Potentate Albert B. McGaffey of El Jebel. As Noble McGaffey is the senior Past Imperial Potentate, it was a real reunion of the past and the present.

The following morning Noble Dunbar was guest of honor at a [Continued on page 86]

FREE TRIAL Grows Hair

Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

Famous Surgeon's Discovery

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so **RESTORE HAIR** in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in **NINE OUT OF TEN CASES**. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and **DERMO-RAY** has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

Infra-Red Rays Reach the Roots

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the *surface skin*—never get to the roots.

Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically, *revitalizes* it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

Send No Money

You can use **DERMO-RAY** in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

*****FREE TRIAL OFFER*****

THE LARSON INSTITUTE.
216 N. Wabash Ave. Dept. 194,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of **DERMO-RAY**.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

WITHIN THE SHRINE

MIAMI PREPARES FOR THE BIG PILGRIMAGE IN MAY

[Continued from page 82]

will be the line of march for the big Shrine parades, was the bottom of Biscayne Bay two years ago. The Boulevard was widened, and the Bayfront Park was pumped in from the sands from the bottom of the Bay. When the new ground became solid, it was planted in a gorgeous array of full-grown palms and tropical growth.

Miami is at its best in early May. Always in the tropics, the Spring season cloaks the land anew with verdure and flowers. Always there are refreshing breezes from the sea, and extreme climatic changes are not experienced. The city's colored sky line, the tallest in the world in that latitude, flash gaily the ochres and pinks of the Levant. Everywhere is a riot of color which blends into a harmonious whole, presenting a picture of scenic beauty which can be appreciated only by active participation in it.

With the aid of its natural attractions, those to be provided by Mahi Temple for the entertainment of its thousands of guests will transform Miami into more than the "Magic City," a name by which it is fast becoming known throughout the country.

SHRINE CLUBS

Places and Dates of Meeting

Akron—Tadmor, Fridays, Masonic Temple.
Altoona—Jaffa, Fridays, Penn Alto Hotel.
Baltimore—Scimitar Club, Mondays, Hotel Emerson.

Birmingham—Zamora, Thursdays, Bankhead Hotel.

Buffalo—Ismaïlia, Fridays, Hotel Statler.
Boise—El Korah, daily, Kelley's Round Table.

Cleveland—Al Koran, Fridays, Allerton Hotel.

Columbus, O.—Aladdin, Thursdays, Masonic Temple.

Charleston, W. Va.—Beni-Kedem, Thursdays, Scottish Rite Cathedral.

Detroit—Moslem Boulevard Shrine Club, Wednesdays, General Motors Bldg.

Detroit—Moslem, Caravan Shrine Club, Thursdays, New Masonic Temple.

Duluth—Aad, Mondays, 105 W. Superior Street.

Des Moines—Za-Ga-Zig, Saturdays, Ft. Des Moines Hotel.

Evansville—Hadi, Fridays, Shrine Club.

Flint—Shrine Club, Masonic Temple, Wednesdays.

Hastings—Tehama, Fridays, Hotel Clarke.

Hollywood—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Pig 'n' Whistle Cafe, Hollywood.

Honolulu—Aloha, Shrine Club, Thursdays, Young Hotel.

Knoxville—Kerbela, Farragut Hotel, Wednesdays.

Los Angeles—Al Malaikah, Thursdays.

Lexington, Ky.—Oleika, First Friday monthly, Phoenix Hotel.

Milwaukee—Tripoli, Fridays, Milwaukee Athletic Club.

Minneapolis—Zuhrah, every other Monday, West Hotel.

Memphis—Al Chymia, Fridays, Shrine Bldg.

Mount Hope, W. Va.—Beni-Kedem Shrine Club, 1st Thursdays monthly.

Nashville—Al Menah, Wednesdays, McFadden's Grotto.

Pittsburgh—Syria, Fridays, William Penn Hotel.

Philadelphia—LuLu, Wednesdays, Adelphia Hotel.

Pasadena—Shrine Club, Mondays, Hotel Maryland.

Portland, Ore.—Al Kader, Thursdays, Multnomah Hotel, Assembly Hall.

Rochester—Damascus, Fridays, Powers Hotel.

Rockford—Tebala, Fridays, Tebala Mosque.

Richmond—Acra, Sphinx Club, Thursdays, Seventh Street Christian Church Annex.

San Antonio—Alzafar, Fridays, Nueces Hotel.

San Pedro—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

St. Paul—Osman, every other Friday, St. Paul Hotel.

San Francisco—Islam, Thursdays, Palace Hotel.

Saginaw—El Khurafah, Caravan Club, Fridays, Hotel Bancroft.

Seattle—Nile, Thursdays, Chamber of Commerce.

Spokane—El Katif, Mondays.

Terre Haute—Zorah, Fridays, at Mosque.

Victoria, B. C.—Gizeh, Prince Rupert Shrine Club, third Monday each month at Commodore Cafe.

Waco—Karem, Tuesdays, Shrine Club.

Washington, D. C.—Almas, Fridays, Raleigh Hotel.

Youngstown—Shrine Club, Tuesdays, Y. M. C. A.

In his call for a meeting of the Yonkers (N. Y.) Shriners' Association, President Frank Knepper addressed the notices to the wives of the Nobles, urging them to send their husbands to the meeting and giving assurances that they would be returned home early.

At the annual meeting of the Gray's Harbor (Wash.) Shrine Club, N. L. Cotton of Melbourne, was elected President; George W. Sanford, Vice-President, and E. R. Prazak re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. The executive committee members chosen were H. D. Lasell, Gerald Tuttle, E. R. West and W. S. Hill.

Sixty-five Nobles attended the banquet of the Hannibal (Mo.) Shrine Club, which was served by members of the Eastern Star.

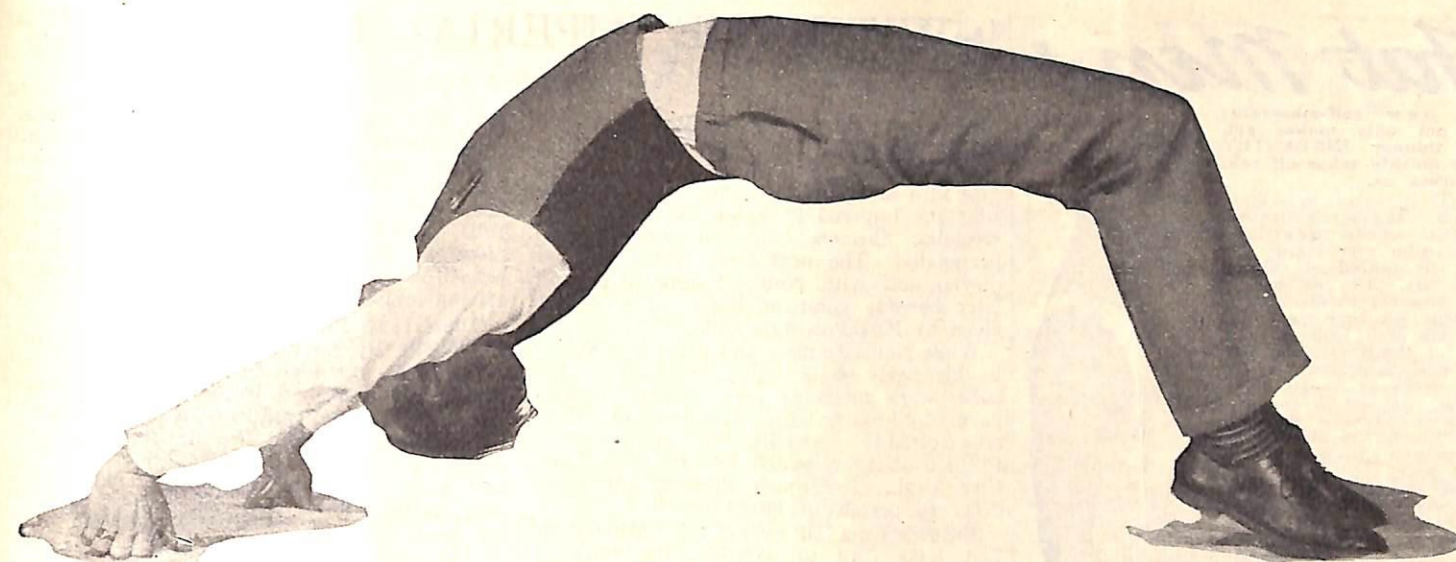
The St. Joseph Valley Telma Shrine Club held a golf match followed by a stag dinner at the Chain O'Lakes Country Club, South Bend, Ind. Shrine entertainers from Mizpah Temple, Fort Wayne, helped to enliven the proceedings.

One hundred Shriners got together recently and reorganized the Lakeland (Fla.) Shrine Club.

The Orlando (Fla.) Shrine Club recently gave a beauty pageant and dance for the benefit of the Band and Drum Corps of the Orlando Coliseum.

A Shrine Club has been organized at Stuart, Fla., with a charter list of fifty-five. L. W. Barnes is President, and Bert W. Keck, Secretary.

The recently organized Shrine Club of Southeastern Massachusetts, New Bedford, gave a Christmas Tree party for the benefit of the Shriners Hospital fund. It was the first event of the kind the Club had held and was a great success.



Ruptured 38 Years Is This a Miracle?

A Sudden Strain at the Age of Twelve...
Thirty-Eight Years of Pain and Discomfort... Now at Fifty Relief at Last!

"I HAD despaired of ever getting relief from torture, uncomfortable devices, and fear of strangulation. Then came the day that I learned of this remarkable new discovery. It appealed to my common sense, so I sent for it. Almost immediately I felt its wonderful relief. In a few months I was a new man. Today at 50 I enjoy life as a normal man should."

Is this a miracle? No. Thousands of others have also discovered the almost magic power of an amazing new invention which has revolutionized old-fashioned methods of helping hernia. Although only recently announced to the general public, scientific men have been watching with keen interest the tests made within the last eighteen months. The inventor, an American scientist of note, quietly offered it to a limited number of sufferers in every stage of replaceable rupture. The results are of keen interest to medical science.

A New York man who has suffered for 20 years reported it to be the first device he has ever publicly endorsed—a 90-year old man writes that his hernia has almost disappeared... A Nebraska man says that he has forgotten he is wearing it... Physicians praise it as an entirely new

departure... And now it is available to every rupture sufferer in America!

Seals Rupture With a Quarter

Now a queer little device—little larger than a quarter—weighing less than 1-25th of an ounce—reduces rupture by a new method called "sealing", a modern method heretofore impossible with old fashioned appliances. No longer need hernia sufferers wear awkward steel springs, weighty cushions, unclean leg-straps, and other make-shift devices that were always slipping off the wound.

Magic Dot cannot possibly slip off—for it anchors to the acute point of rupture. More, it allows free blood circulation to tend to knit the tissues over the wound, and heal it much like every other wound is permitted to heal. This exclusive advantage is important, says science. For the old-time "pressing" method with its harsh pressure, common sense warns, prevents free blood circulation and nature's healing process cannot fully operate. Test this fact—press the finger against the skin and note the white spot remaining, the spot is white because blood can't circulate under harsh pressure.

No More Heavy Unclean Crotch or Leg Straps

This new modern way is like no other appliance in the world. It is

an appliance for human beings. It enables the wearer to bend, cough, run, jump or sleep in any position without fear of the appliance slipping down. For Magic Dot is protected by a flesh-soft, air-porous pad which has no hard corners or harsh surface to grind into the flesh and which flexes with every move of the body. It "breathes." A new kind of comfortable method, gently supports the pad. So it is no wonder users say they forget they are wearing it! And no wonder it is healing thousands of rupture cases like those quoted here.

So confident are the inventors that Magic Dot will relieve and delight every sufferer—even cases of many years standing—that they are making an amazing "SEE IT FIRST" offer. Send no money. Be under no obligation. Simply get full description and details of this unusual free inspection offer. Learn how easy it is to reduce rupture at home in an amazing short time and banish pain and discomfort forever. Use the coupon.

New Science Institute

3845 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio

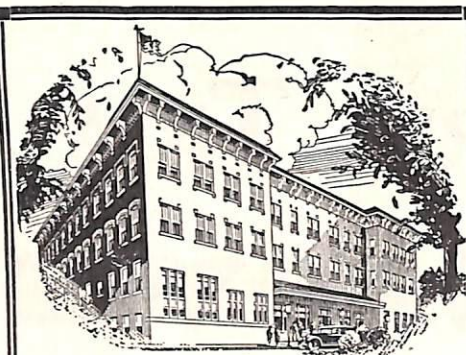
New Science Institute,
3845 Clay St.,
Steubenville, Ohio.

Yes, send me complete details of the Magic Dot that reduces rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



This illustration shows the main building of the McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic at Excelsior Springs, Missouri—the largest institution in the world devoted to the treatment of piles and other rectal troubles. (Only curable cases are accepted.)

A Treacherous Affliction Healed Without Surgery

THE old theory that piles could be healed only by surgery has been wholly disproved. This treacherous affliction which slowly but surely undermines the health of its victims can be healed—totally and successfully—without recourse to surgical aid.

Patients From All Parts of United States and Canada

For 27 years, Dr. A. S. McCleary and his associates have made an exhaustive study of rectal diseases. During that time, more than 13,000 patients from all parts of the United States, Canada and foreign countries have been satisfactorily treated. Scores of these had been given up as incurable and many others were chronic cases of long standing.

Absolute Relief or No Pay

No matter how long you have been troubled—

No matter how distressing your case may be—

No matter how many treatments you have had without avail, if your case has not been neglected so long as to be incurable, we can promise you absolute relief or no pay.

If you or any of your relatives or friends are interested, we will gladly mail you our free book, "Piles Cured Without Surgery." This book fully describes the McCleary methods of diagnosis and treatment, and tells you exactly what is offered here at a very nominal cost.

The McCleary Sanitarium

C290 Elms Boulevard
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

McCleary Sanitarium and Clinic
C290 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Please send me book fully describing the McCleary Method of Treating Piles Without Surgery.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town or City.....State.....

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

(Continued from page 83)

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 1202 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weil Company,
1202 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Stop Using a Truss

STUART'S ADHESIF PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different from trusses—being mechanico-chemical applicators—made self-adhesive purposely to keep the muscle-nerve "PLAPAO" continuously applied to the affected parts, and to minimize painful friction and slipping.

Free—Trial Plapao—Free

No straps, buckles or spring attached. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive.

For almost a quarter of a century satisfied thousands report success without delay from work. Stacks of sworn statements on file. Process of recovery natural, so no subsequent use for a truss. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Trial of "PLAPAO" will be sent you absolutely FREE. No charge for it now or ever. Write name on coupon and send TODAY.

Plapao Co., 350 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name.....
Address.....
Return mail will bring Free Trial "PLAPAO"



Yours for 10 DAYS FREE

Say the word and we'll send you a genuine L. C. Smith (world's only ball bearing typewriter) to test 10 days. All the latest operating attachments; beautifully rebuilt; GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Sensationally priced—40% saving; easy terms. FREE Typewriting Course, Too! Waterproof Cover if you act now. Write for Special Offer and free typewriter manual.

SEND NO MONEY 852-360 E. Grand Ave. Chicago

breakfast for fifty given by Potentate Crabill, at the Uplift Club, and in the evening Imperial Chief Rabban Youngworth was host at a dinner at his home. In the meantime the Imperial Potentate was kept busy receiving Shriners bent on meeting him personally. The next day, Noble Dunbar played golf with Noble Youngworth, and later he was guest of honor at a dinner given by Past Potentate Cole.

While Noble Dunbar and the other Nobles in his party were being entertained, the ladies were guests at teas, dinners, theater parties and motor trips. Hundreds of Shriners escorted the departing guest and his party to their caravan which left for Salt Lake City, Utah, after much cheering and some delay to permit of last farewells.

Shriners from all over Utah gathered in Salt Lake City to welcome the Imperial Potentate whose coming had been heralded a month before by Potentate J. Walter Ellingson of El Kalah Temple. A large reception committee and scores of the Faithful met the Imperial caravan and escorted the visitors to their hotel. Later, the Imperial Potentate inspected the new \$750,000 Masonic Temple. The Colonial room he declared was one of the finest he had ever seen. A visit was made to the Shriners Hospital Unit with gifts for the little patients. Forty-seven novices crossed the sands at the Ceremonial Session. A feature of the gathering was the presentation of a vase of Utah onyx embellished with Utah silver, gold and copper, to the Imperial Potentate. The session closed with a banquet. Before leaving this Oasis, Noble Dunbar and his party went to Ogden where, as guests of Potentate Ellingson, an automobile trip was made into the Ogden canyon. While in Ogden the Imperial Potentate was greeted by Potentate Charles B. Over of El Korah Temple, Boise, Idaho, who with several Nobles from that Oasis, helped to entertain the visitors. Returning to the caravan, the party was joined by Past Potentate Peter S. Cook of Korein Temple, Rawlins, Wyo., as advance guard of the welcoming committee of that Mosque.

AT RAWLINS, Wyo., the Imperial Potentate was met by Potentate Frank M. Johnston of Korein Temple, members of the Divan, and a committee of Past Potentates, and escorted to the Ferris Hotel for breakfast. Later, Noble Dunbar and his party were taken into the producers' and refiners' district. At Parco they were guests at a luncheon with more than one hundred Shriners present. The Imperial Potentate attended Korein's Ceremonial Session in the afternoon and addressed the Nobles who had gathered there from many points to participate in the welcome to him. Past Imperial Potentate James C. Burger of El Jebel Temple, Denver, who had joined the Imperial party during the day, also spoke. The visitors were guests at a banquet in the evening, followed by a reception and dance.

Accompanying Noble Burger to Rawlins to meet and escort the Imperial Potentate to Denver, were Potentate and Mrs. William T. Mayfield, Chief Rabban George D. Begole, and Nobles E. H. Park, Joseph J. Jacobs, Harry G. Goodheart and James Maitland, all of El Jebel. From Salt Lake City to Denver, the Imperial party traveled in the business car of Noble N. W. Williams, General Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

There was a great outpouring of the faithful to welcome the Imperial Potentate to Denver, and for three days he was kept busy attending the various events that had been planned for his entertainment by El Jebel. Two thrills were included in the program.

The first came with a view of Colorado mountain scenery under a beneficent December sun when, with Nobles Burger and Mayfield, he went to Lookout Mountain, near Golden, to visit the grave of Buffalo Bill. Silently he gazed upon the wonderful picture. "The Swiss Alps have nothing more beautiful," was his only comment, expressed after a long silence.

The second thrill came at a dinner given by Nobles Burger and Jacobs, when about forty of the Denver Firefarms made merry. Music was furnished by a calliope outside the dining room. Suddenly the proceedings were interrupted by a fire alarm. The Imperial Potentate, from his experience in the past as a Fire Commissioner, knows what that means, but he was not quite prepared for what followed, for he was whisked out of his chair, and a few seconds later he found himself in an automobile beside Fire Chief John F. Healy and making a mighty fast run through the city's streets. Returning to the dinner, a delayed course was served and the fun resumed.

There was a great throng at the Mosque for the fortieth anniversary Ceremonial Session, and a mighty cheer greeted Noble Dunbar when he made his entry.

The Imperial Potentate inspected the Temple's new Country Club grounds, and attended the telegraphic shoot at the Gun Club, where twelve Temples were represented. He opened the shoot, but declared that blank cartridges had been given to him to do it with. El Jebel's reception will be long remembered by Noble Dunbar as one of fast moving events, with all of them leaving decidedly pleasurable memories.

Potentate E. T. Shepherd of Al Kaly Temple, joined the Imperial party at Denver and escorted it to Pueblo, Col., in the business car of Noble Shields of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. At the station to meet the distinguished visitor were members of the Divan and the Temple's famous Indian Band and Patrol. There was a parade to the Vail Hotel where luncheon was served. A reception in the rooms of the Shrine Club followed. In the afternoon, accompanied by Potentate Shepherd, the Imperial Potentate visited the open hearth plant of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. A severe storm swept the Oasis in the evening and it was a late hour when Noble Dunbar and his party reached the Pueblo Golf and Country Club for the dinner prepared in his honor. A dance closed the day's program. A long automobile trip which had been planned for the following day, had to be abandoned on account of the storm. Despite the bad weather the visit was thoroughly enjoyed by Noble Dunbar and by the Nobles of Al Kaly.

THE Imperial party left Pueblo in the business car of Noble J. Hollenbeck, Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. At Kansas City, Mo., Potentate and Mrs. O. H. Swearingen of Ararat Temple, Kansas City, and members of the Divan and ladies, joined the party, and under the escort of Past Potentate B. P. Miller and Chief Rabban Walter Eshelman, of Moila Temple, proceeded to St. Joseph, Mo., where Shriners from many points had gathered to join Moila's Nobility in paying honor to the Imperial Potentate and to help them celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the Temple. Noble Dunbar received an enthusiastic welcome upon his arrival and again at the Ceremonial Session. Among the visitors were Imperial Oriental Guide Earl C. [Continued on page 87]

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE (Continued from page 86)

Mills, Potentate Harry S. Haskins, and Nobles Percy E. Hoak, Carl Pray, W. A. Baird, C. T. Gadd of Za-Ga-Zig Temple, Des Moines, Iowa, and Potentate John C. McKee and Past Potentate George F. Olendorf of Abou Ben Adhem Temple, Springfield, Mo. A reception and ball in honor of the distinguished visitor followed the session.

The Imperial caravan then journeyed to Kansas City, Mo., where there was another demonstration in honor of the Imperial Potentate, which found its greatest outlet at the big Ceremonial Session. With the present head of the Shrine there, as well as two Past Imperial Potentates—Nobles John H. Atwood and James E. Chandler—it was a notable event in the interesting history of that Oasis. At the banquet, besides the high officials named, were Potentates and members of Divans from nearly a score of Temples.

THE next Oasis visited was St. Louis.

Potentate William Walsingham, Chief Rabban George Fox, and Past Potentates George Matthews and Walter Wimmer of Moolah Temple, took the Imperial party, which had been joined by Noble Fred (Pinky) Pierce of Salaam Temple, Newark, N. J., in a special Pullman car to that Oasis where, as elsewhere, the Imperial Potentate was acclaimed by the Nobility. The party was escorted to the Hotel Coronado. After breakfast, the Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Past Potentate James R. Watt of Cyprus Temple, Albany, N. Y., Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals, and others including Past Potentate William Nussbaum of Nemesis Temple, Parkersburg, W. Va., and Past Potentate O. W. Burdats of Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va., visited the Shriners Hospital, where Noble Dunbar inspected the institution and had a great time chatting with the little patients. The visitors were then taken for automobile trips, and after lunch the Imperial Potentate attended Moolah's Ceremonial Session. In his address he again spoke of the great work of the hospitals for the crippled children of the poor. This beneficent service to humanity, he said, not only made stronger the structure of the Shrine, but provided a wonderful task for its members and the inspiration to carry it out. A Christmas donation of \$1,500 was made by the Nobles for the local hospital. Honorary memberships in the Temple were bestowed upon the Imperial Potentate and Past Potentate Sugden of Osiris.

Escorted by Potentate Stephen P. Knowles, Chief Rabban Louis Chackes, and Past Potentate Mark L. Harris, the Imperial party which was joined here by Noble Perry L. Sisson of Murat Temple, Indianapolis, journeyed to East St. Louis, Ill. Despite a continuous downpour of rain the Nobles of Ainad Temple managed to carry out some of the plans for the entertainment of the Imperial Potentate, which included a trip to Scott Aviation Field. The visitors were permitted to inspect a number of government dirigibles, but owing to the condition of the weather a flight was not possible. After lunch at the Elks Club at Belleville, Ill., the party returned to East St. Louis, where there was a dinner and reception attended by officers and Past Potentates of the Temple.

Shriners were out in force to welcome the Imperial Potentate to Terre Haute, Ind. Potentate Jay Short of Zorah Temple, headed the reception committee, which escorted the visitors to Deming Hotel. After lunch, Noble Dunbar was taken for a drive about the city. At the Ceremonial Session in the evening he received a great ovation, and during the session a handbag was presented to him. [Continued on page 88]

To You Who Worry About Excess Fat

People all about you have found a way to slender figures, as you know. You can see in every circle that excess fat is the exception now. It is evident on every hand that some new factor has been found in late years. The results you now see are not all due to starvation or to exercise.



Some twenty years ago modern science discovered a cause of excess fat. It is shortage of a certain substance which greatly affects nutrition. It was found by experiments that feeding that substance corrected this condition.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on that discovery. For 20 years they have been used in a large way—millions of boxes of them. Users have told others of the results. Now you can see in every circle how those results have spread.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal

exercise or diet, though moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Then use them only if you start to gain again.

The formula of Marmola comes in every box. Also an explanation of all results, not only in lost fat but in new health and vitality. This is done to banish any fear of harm.

Go try Marmola now. Learn what so many thousands have found out about it. Watch the many delightful results in addition to fat reduction. You will always be glad that you learned this scientific method. Order a box before you forget it. You cannot afford to stay fat.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber for you.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets The Pleasant Way to Reduce

America's Greatest Tailoring Line
FREE 130 large Swatch Samples—
All Wool—Tailored-to-Order
—Union Made—sensational
low price. Get outfit at once. Address Dept. 355.
GOODWEAR, 844 Adams, Chicago

EARN \$25 WEEKLY

Spare time. Write for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Write for details, and free Copyright Book, "How To Write For Pay."
PRESS REPORTING INSTITUTE, 1325, St. Louis, Mo.

LAW Free Book

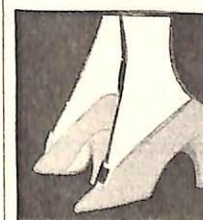
Write today for FREE 128-page book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN", which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court Justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.
Write for free book today
BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 4753 Grand Boulevard, Dept. 72 Chicago

FOOT PAINS IN 10 MINUTES Ended—or costs you nothing

RECENT scientific findings show 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. You slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists urge it widely. Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.

1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Thin bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.



2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

3 You walk, stand, dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes in comfort. Feet get permanently well.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails.
Jung Arch Brace Co., 672 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
Send one pair of braces marked below:
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES	FOR MILD CASES
—with cushion lift	—without cushion lift
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1
<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2.50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1.50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Name.....
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Canada: M. L. C. Bldg., Montreal. Add 25c to above prices.

He Mailed a Coupon Like This!

Rhodes Manufacturing Co., Dept. B-822
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligating me, please send KRISS-KROSS description of KRISS-KROSS Stropper and your offer of a 3-Way Razor FREE.

Address.....
City.....
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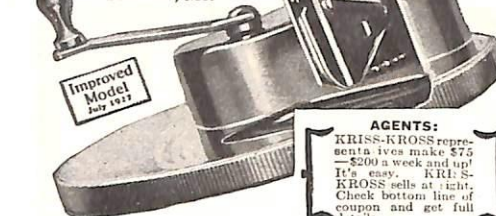
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WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 87]

While he was at the Mosque, his daughter and Mrs. Tingley, her companion on the tour, were entertained by the wives of the officers of the Temple.

A great gathering of the Faithful awaited the arrival of the Imperial caravan at Indianapolis where the Imperial Potentate was welcomed by Past Imperial Potentate Elias J. Jacoby of Murat Temple; Potentate Arthur B. Wagner, Past Potentate George M. Spiegel, E. J. Scoonover, Elmer F. Gray and Paul Richey; Chief Rabban William H. Bockstahler, and Noble Harry K. Stormont, editor of Oasis News of Murat, and escorted to the Columbia Club. After lunch there was a parade to the Mosque in which the Imperial Potentate participated by obligingly taking a seat in a palanquin drawn by two camels hitched tandem fashion. In the column were the Band, Patrol, Gun Squad, Drum and Bugle Corps and Chanters.

At the Ceremonial Session the Imperial Potentate scored a big hit when he responded to a request to play a cornet solo. Later, a Brazilian onyx desk set was presented to him, and the Temple sent an Oriental rug as a gift to Miss Dunbar. Hundreds of Shriners from other Oases joined those of Murat in their welcome to Noble Dunbar.

THE Imperial caravan next proceeded to Dayton, Ohio, where Potentate Earl L. Reeder and a reception committee of Antioch Temple welcomed the Imperial Potentate and the members of his party. The feature of the entertainment program was the Ceremonial Session, at which a great gathering of the Nobility greeted the distinguished visitor. After a band concert, Noble Dunbar was escorted to the Mosque by the Patrol and Field Music. After the session he was the guest of honor at a dinner which was followed by an elaborate entertainment.

A bag of golf clubs made in Dayton was presented to the Imperial Potentate by the Temple. During the Ceremonial, Miss Dunbar and Mrs. Tingley were taken for an airplane trip over the city.

From Dayton, the Imperial Potentate went to Columbus, Ohio. An addition to his party was Past Potentate Roe Fulkerson of Almas Temple, Washington, D. C. The visitors received a rousing welcome to that Oasis in which were gathered hundreds of Shriners from other Temples eager to greet the Imperial Potentate and help the local Nobility entertain him. At the Ceremonial Session, which also was a home-coming celebration of Shriners called to honor Noble Dunbar, delegations were present from Moslem, Detroit; Syria, Pittsburgh; Syrian, Cincinnati; Al Koran, Cleveland; Zenobia, Toledo, Ohio; Tadmor, Akron, Ohio; Antioch, Dayton, and Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va. One of the features of the session was the singing of Al Koran's Chanters. Another was the cornet solo by the Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Aladdin's famous Band.

Noble Dunbar held a reception after the First Session. This was followed by a banquet. The Second and Third Sessions were held in the evening. The Imperial Potentate, accompanied by Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown, and Imperial Recorder James H. Price, who had joined him in Indianapolis, left on the midnight train for Miami, Fla., where he ended his third tour.

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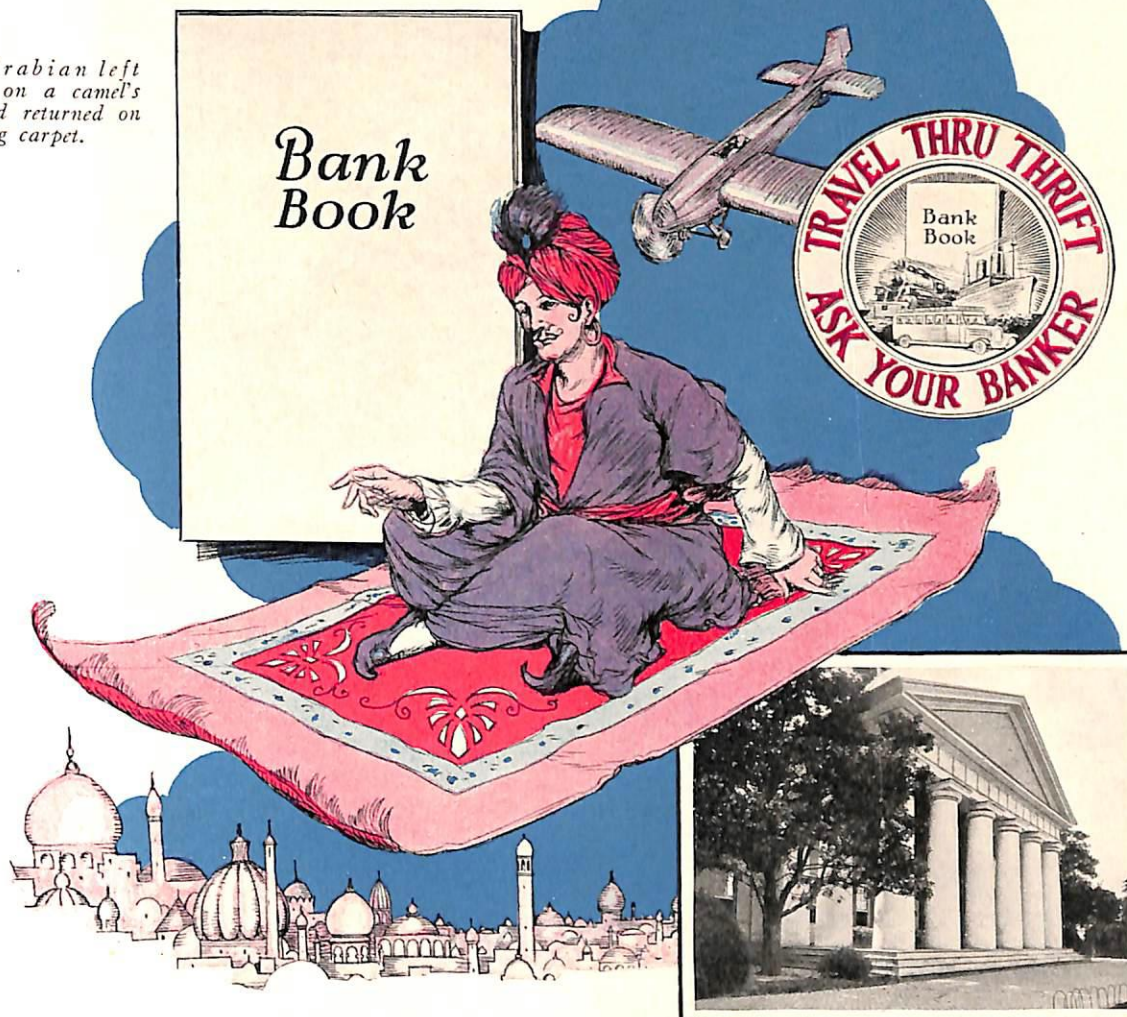
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